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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

OCT. 27, '23

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Kenneth L. Roberts—Philip Gibbs—Forrest Crissey—Walter Prichard Eaton



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Do you know there is a household size of Ivory Soap to protect your hands when you do general cleaning?

Yes, this fine big cake is exactly the same Ivory Soap that millions of women use to preserve the fresh beauty of lovely complexions—pure, mild, gentle, white.

You would not dare to think of using such a fine soap for general work? Of course you wouldn't, *unless it was economical.*

Ivory *is* economical. Indeed, actual tests have shown that in addition to its protective properties, Ivory is actually as cheap to use for general cleaning as all but the very commonest of "kitchen soaps."

The few-cents-a-week cost of Ivory over and above the cost of even these commonest soaps is negligible, when you count its benefits *to your hands alone.*

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Won't you let us send you our booklet, "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap?" It contains more than a hundred recipes for using this universal soap, and it is free. A postcard will bring it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE
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IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

"Say," puzzles Tom, the grocer's boy, "what I want to know is—what you all use all the Ivory Soap you get for? Gee, I bring 'n awful lot of it here."

"Well, let's see," replies Julia, smiling, "Mr. and Mrs. Jollyco and the children and Nurse Tippit and I—we all use Ivory for our faces and hands and baths. Then Nurse, she washes the baby's clothes with it. And Elektra, she does the laundry with it, and the dishes and—why, come to think of it, Tom, I guess we use Ivory for about everything."

"Gee! Well, I was just wonderin'. We been sellin' more of it 'n ever. Guess I'll try it myself."

"It wouldn't do you a bit of harm, Tom," says Julia, with just a bit of a twinkle in her eye.



"Been buying some new ones, Alicia?" asks Mr. Jollyco, running his hand over the soft, fleecy blankets which Mrs. Jollyco has just put out against a frosty night.

"No, those are three years old, Henry. You ought to remember paying the bill for them—all wool and extra heavy. Aren't they in beautiful condition? Elektra takes great pride in them—every spring she washes them with Ivory Soap."

"I'd like to know, Alicia, what you'd do if they suddenly stopped *making* Ivory Soap."

"I think I'd give up housekeeping."





NEW!
Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

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SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SUBLIMINAL QUACK

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

ON A SUNNY afternoon in May a young man strolled along a back street of Vancouver. It might have been supposed that he—or any other human, for that matter—would be savoring the fine weather that marked the break of the long winter rains or enjoying the sight of glittering snow peaks and the twinkle of waters on two sides of the peninsula on which Vancouver is so fortunate as to be situated. But if so, his appearance strangely belied him. He looked bored. Or perhaps bored is too active a word, implying too positive a mental state. Let us substitute. He looked uninterested, indifferent, vacant.

Withal he was a young man of pleasing exterior and costly but elegant habiliments. Only a woman or the older head clerks from the best haberdasheries on Granville Street could have enumerated the details of that elegance; but the most casual and contemptuous hand logger from the Skookum Chuck must have acknowledged—perhaps blasphemously—the altogether subdued, rich and harmonious superiority, not only of this young man's caparisons but also of the easy and feline grace of his movements. As he was in addition a thin-faced, high-nosed, eyebrow-mustached, long-lashed, altogether impossibly superior and supercilious-looking person, the hand logger would probably have been strongly tempted to hand him one—that is, unless he might suspect that this was, after all, a motion-picture actor in make-up on his way to depict the dastardly and polished individual who removes her virtue from the simple though marcelled heroine or his mine from her uncouth but golden-hearted father. This beautiful and exotic figure sauntered idly along the backbone street of Vancouver's peninsula for some five or six squares before it took the slightest notice of any of its surroundings. Then it came to a full stop before a certain house. At first glance the place seemed to offer no commanding elements of rivalry for attention to, say, Lion Peak soaring heavenwards across the First Narrows. It was a substantial brick house set back of a well-kept lawn. The square of its respectability was furnished forth by a cupola, a porch, a bay window, and an herbaceous border. All these things were in well-kept repair, but were obviously intended to fulfill the demands of unobtrusive decency rather than to express the stirrings of artistic aspiration. They corresponded to the neat and well-brushed business suit of that worthy youth who is destined to wed the rich heiress. But a second glance would have explained our own hero's interest. On a corner of the house, next the porch steps, was a small polished brass sign that read:



"In What Manner Does Your Soul Stand in Need of My Services?"

X. ANAXAGORAS
HEALER OF SOULS

The young man contemplated this for some moments. Then, a slight smile barely lifting the corners of his lips, he pushed open the swinging gate and sauntered slowly up the walk. For some moments further he examined the brass sign at close range, though its purport and the details of its application were both plainly discernible from the street. Then he mounted the steps and gave a tug at the old-fashioned bell pull that offered itself.

After some delay the door was opened by the sort of maid one would expect in a brick house of the kind described, and he was admitted to a hall that contained the carved walnut hatrack, the two straight-backed Inquisition chairs, and the one steel engraving appropriate to the type of house, if not to the brass plate.

"I should like to consult Mr. Anaxagoras," prompted the young man, as the maid seemed to hesitate.

The latter looked bewildered for a fleeting instant; then her face turned red with a sudden unexplained but repressed emotion. Without a word she hastily disappeared. Sounds of scurrying could be distinguished; the echoes of a man's voice in the funereal stillness. The maid returned.

"If you will step this way, sir," she requested, apparently flustered.

They passed through a door to the left, into what was obviously a parlor. The parlor also was appropriate to such a house. Its note was struck by spindle-legged chairs,

a davenport, a table with a round marble top, a betasseled and scalloped lambrequin across the mantel front, a curtain consisting of strings of seashells threaded on different lengths. The other details in no way were inharmonious with any of these things.

Our visitor seated himself on one of the spindle-legged chairs, deposited his hat, stick and gloves on the floor beside him, and settled himself without impatience to await the issue.

A complete silence reigned. The marble clock on the mantelpiece indicated the hour of 10:21, probably of some day in the year 1885.

After a considerable interval, during which the young man did not move by so much as an eyelash, the maid for the second time appeared, and with more self-possession again invited him to follow her. She led him down the narrow passageway of the hall, past a newel post of the stairs on which a half-draped female figure upheld a gas jet, and to a second door at the end of the hall.

"You may go in," she informed him, and at once left him with a haste that somehow suggested a self-control overstrained.

The young man turned the doorknob and entered. He found himself now in a small square cubicle furnished out in blue. The rug was a deep blue, the walls were done in blue distemper, the ceiling was a lighter cerulean. The subdued light admitted by a single window was filtered through a tinted ground glass. A flat-topped desk, bare save for a pad of paper and a silver pencil, stood across one side of the room. A swivel chair was pushed against the far side of this, and a second chair had been placed in the center. The visitor calmly seated himself in this, again deposited his hat, stick and gloves on the floor beside him, and glanced calmly about. There was nothing to see, but his eye lingered for a moment on an ornamentally carved door, and again the slight weary smile lifted the corners of his lips. After a few moments, as nothing happened, he addressed the empty room.

"If you have quite finished examining me through the cleverly concealed aperture in your remarkable door," said he, "you may come in. I am quite sufficiently impressed."

This remark producing no apparent effect, he shrugged his shoulders and resumed his impassive waiting.

At the end of five minutes the door opened briskly and X. Anaxagoras entered the room and seated himself in the swivel chair.

He, too, proved to be a young man, of perhaps thirty years of age, clean shaven, black haired, alert, with piercing black eyes. These and his long, nervous, competent-looking hands were the features that would have first struck any observer. He was dressed in the fresh white linen of the hospital surgeon.

"I was examining you, to be sure," he said without preliminary in a musical voice with the inflections of an old-fashioned courtesy, "but my purpose was not to impress you."

The visitor smiled slightly and his eyes barely flickered toward his surroundings.

"Nevertheless," X. Anaxagoras went on, "the influence of external impression is underrated. This blue lighting, for example, to which your thoughts this instant turned, is not, as you imagine, for the purpose of inducing or conveying an impression of the occult or mysterious. It eliminates certain nerve-rasping properties inherent in the red end of the spectrum. I understand you are consulting me professionally?"

"Such is my intention," acknowledged the other.

"In what manner does your soul stand in need of my services?"

"It is to determine that I consult you. I do not pretend to be an expert on souls. I am not sure there are such things. If I have a soul, it is sick; that is all I know."

"In which case you must have symptoms of which you are aware. Those I must be told."

"The justice of that is apparent," conceded the visitor. "My symptoms are simple and can be very briefly detailed. I am indifferent. When I say indifferent, I mean very completely so. I am interested in nothing. That, if I am correctly informed by the precept and practice of the human race, means a sick soul."

"If you are literally correct in that statement, it would mean a dead soul," corrected the other.

"That may well be. In that case my soul is already beyond your good offices, for my statement is quite literally and comprehensively true."

"Let us see if that is so," pursued the healer, taking up his pencil and drawing the pad of paper toward him. "And let us begin with the fairly obvious. You are, if I may judge from externals, well-to-do."

The visitor smiled a trifle sardonically.

"You are thinking of my fee," Anaxagoras followed his thought. "In that you do me an injustice; but I will point out to you that if I am, as you insist, to take your statement at its face value, the amount of my fee or my methods of arriving at it must also be of indifference to you."

"That is true," rejoined the visitor with a shade of respect in his cool and mocking voice. "Then I will reply that your assumption is incorrect. I am not well-to-do merely; I am very wealthy."

"Should I, as part of my prescription in your case, command you to divest yourself of this wealth?"

"That is a matter of such profound indifference to me that I have already considered it fully in all its aspects. Had I been able to elicit within myself even a spark of regret or fear at the prospect, I should instantly have taken the necessary steps."

Anaxagoras surveyed him keenly for a moment, then noted something on his pad.

"I am constrained to believe in your sincerity," he said. "Nevertheless such steps would inevitably force upon you a necessity of assuring your own livelihood in a world that demands effort if one would exist."

"Whether or not I continue to exist does not affect me in the slightest degree. In this also I am absolutely sincere, as I have proved a hundred times in the past few years, but with the details of which I will not at this time burden you."

"You would in that case abandon all effort and starve?"

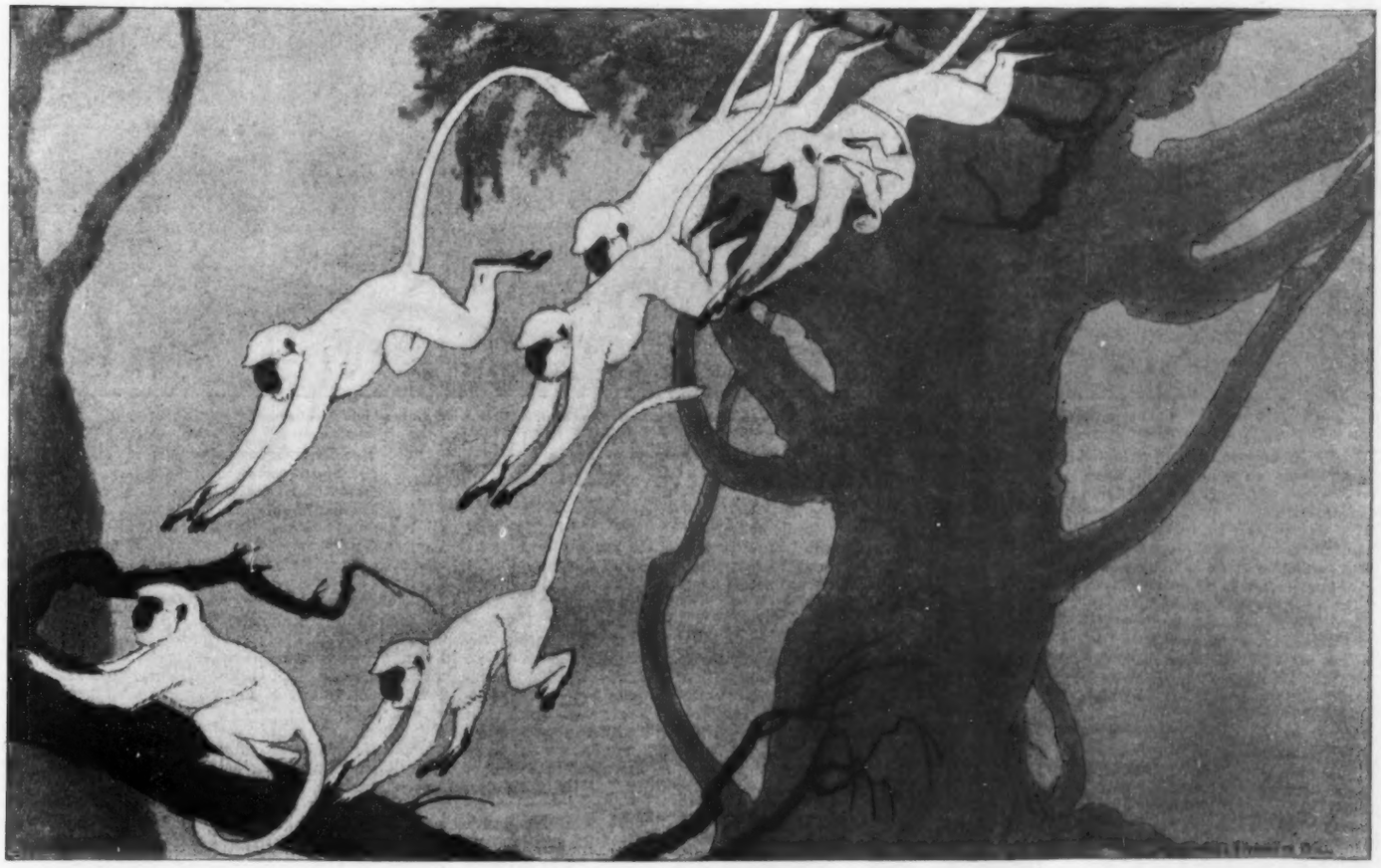
"You mistake me. I should in some manner make the effort to live, but this would not be because of a desire to do so, but through a sense of the ordinary indecency of doing otherwise. That consideration," he pointed out,

(Continued on Page 56)



A Third, Marshall Made Out as He Approached, Was Holding the Guarded Light. For a Blinding Instant His Eyes Were Dazzled by its Direct Glare

THE FUR SUPPLY



By Hal G. Evarts

DECORATION BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ASIDE from the proverbial fig leaf—and no doubt the later addition of other foliage, grasses and fibrous bark as each in turn was sanctioned by fashion during what might be termed the vegetarian era of human apparel—the skins of beasts furnished the first garments worn by primitive man. After the rage for vegetarian adornment had somewhat subsided man adopted other garb that was far more suitable, at least from the standpoint of utility, than the fragile foliage worn by the first lady of the Garden. By draping himself in the skins of other creatures man saved his own hide from laceration in his meanderings through the jungle. In colder climes these skins served to protect him from the inclemencies of the weather. Also, no doubt, when arrayed in the pelt of a tiger, leopard or other formidable slayer his appearance gave pause to any lurking beast that might otherwise have made a meal of him.

Among savage and semicivilized peoples utility is still a factor in the wearing of fur garments, but in our modern civilization their use has come to be more that of adornment than that of practicality. Steady increase of civilized populations and the corresponding decrease in the fur supply have reversed the original reasons that led man to adopt fur as his favorite attire. Nowadays fashion decrees that fur wraps and neckpieces shall be worn by the fair sex in sunny climes, the rest of their attire consisting of fragile slippers, chiffon hose, a dress of some filmy fabric, and little else—but fur they must have. Wool, silk and cotton garments could now entirely replace fur for all practical purposes, as they have done to a certain extent, but as style has ever ruled above utility in the garb of modern women it is unlikely that this replacement will be effected except in the last extremity.

Fur Bearers Near Extinction

THIS situation—increasing population, decrease of supply, and the reversal of the purpose from that of utility to that of adornment in the wearing of furs—has tended to bring about a general price advance in the fur markets of the world; not, of course, without fluctuations, but the general tone of prices has steadily mounted, a condition that seems destined to continue indefinitely. The demand is subject to periodical modifications according to fashion's decree. Certain furs are subject to seasonal neglect through a temporary lack of popularity that occasions price depressions for those particular varieties until their return to favor. The market is afflicted with general depressions and periods of stagnation such as assail all other markets; all of which are but minor considerations in the problem as a whole, since they do not in the least alter the fact that the world's fur supply is steadily decreasing.

All assertions to the effect that it is not diminishing are sheer fabrications. The beaver has reached the point where it is now protected in practically every state in the Union, while the northern catch is but a fraction of its former proportions. The sea otter, never very abundant, has become practically extinct, and not more than half a dozen pelts now reach the markets annually. The former huge take of fur seals has been stopped by the Government just in time to prevent the extermination of those remaining in the Pribyloffs. Mink and otter have almost entirely disappeared from many localities where they formerly abounded. In the last dozen years I have seen but two mink tracks along the various streams where I trapped them as a boy twenty years ago. The Russian sable has reached the point where the skins command from $100 up, mostly up, and any priced for less than that minimum are not genuine sables.

Yet, in the face of these facts and the growing scarcity of other varieties of fur bearers, there has never been an actual shortage of fur. One factor, and one that is largely responsible for lending the illusion of a sustained supply, is the recent popularizing of furs formerly scorned. A few years back one could not sell skunk fur under its own name. Instead it was sold as Alaskan sable and under other trade appellations. Now skunk fur is sufficiently high-priced so that the public buys it under its proper title. In fact, it is not at all unusual to hear some prospective purchaser inquire if the fur is genuine skunk or merely a clever imitation. Thus the once-despised skunk, of which there was a vast supply, has attained sufficient value in the eyes of the public to give rise to the fear that it will be imitated; which, no doubt, will soon come to pass, in the same manner in which imitations of other furs have frequently appeared on the markets.

The muskrat, too, furnishes an illustration of this point. The whole continent swarmed with tens of millions of muskrats, and no longer than fifteen to twenty years ago the fur of this humble animal was more or less of a drug on the market; and for no other reason than that of abundance, for the coat of the muskrat is well furred. As a boy I sold scores of rat pelts at eight to fifteen cents apiece. Three years ago rats brought four to seven dollars each on the raw fur market, a price increase of several thousand per cent in a dozen years. These figures quite naturally settled back in common with the general downward tendency in all lines, but even in the face of general depression and a market that was, in addition, temporarily glutted with muskrat pelts, good rats have never averaged much less than a dollar apiece in the past three years. Muskrat fur has come into popular favor and is sold under its own name as well as under the trade names of Hudson seal, electric seal, and so on.

Even Coyote Pelts Soaring

FIFTEEN years ago I sold civets and opossums for less than fifteen cents apiece, seldom for more; and though those items have experienced no such jump in popularity, they did command prices of at least 1000 per cent increase over the figures of fifteen years ago. Ten years back a coyote pelt seldom brought more than two dollars—more frequently less than a dollar—yet the skins brought as high as forty dollars apiece during the recent inflation. The marten, too, though always considered a rich fur, brought two to six dollars a pelt ten years ago, the Wyoming catch averaging round four dollars straight through. The 1919 catch for that state probably brought an average of fifty dollars a skin. While in Northern Canada I found that factors of the Hudson's Bay and the Northern Trading Companies posts were paying the natives as high as ninety dollars in trade for good marten pelts. Weasels rose from a dime to three dollars. These prices, too, have settled back to saner levels in common with deflation in all lines, may even decline still further in sympathy with any

(Continued on Page 76)

THE STAR OF EMPIRE



PHOTO. BY ART. ATKEIB, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Residential Street of Industrial Workers in Southern California, Less Than Half a Mile From an Iron and Steel Plant

By Albert W. Atwood

MANY consequences have flowed from that westward trend of population and influence which has been such an outstanding feature of American development since early days. This article deals with what is perhaps the most essentially modern result of such a movement, the industrial transformation which is taking place west of the Rockies.

It may be that to residents of states like Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, to whom factories and a complicated industrial régime are commonplaces, this is the very last phase of life in the Far West that would occur to them or arouse their interest. To them the mere westward extension of institutions with which they are so familiar may not warrant a title as calculated to stir the imagination as that selected for this narrative.

But I submit that empire today is economic. Wars are fought for resources, and diplomacy is often based on oil. If the star of empire is still to continue to wend its way westward, its onward progress must be traced mainly and fundamentally in an economic conquest, either agricultural or industrial.

Whether the country is slowly zoning itself into more or less self-sufficient economic and geographical regions, the writer does not know. But certainly portions of the West are gradually assuming a political and economic self-consciousness, which has not escaped widespread comment. The agricultural bloc in the Senate is making itself heard, and the central granary of the nation, whose broad prairie acres stretch from the Mississippi River to the rising plains of Western Nebraska and Kansas, presents an insistent array of problems that fills the forum of national debate.

The Bulge

BUT there is another West, a wholly separate, distinct, more remote and larger West, that lies even west of the widest spaces of the Corn Belt. It is less populous, less wealthy, and today less important. But it bulges out on a map of the United States in a fashion that not only completely dwarfs the states east of the Mississippi but makes that fabulously rich tier of Wisconsin and Iowa, directly west of the river, look wholly insignificant, and even belittles such giants as the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas. Indeed, if it were not for Texas, which is not quite Middle West, not quite Far West and not quite South, a map of the United States would appear to consist pretty much of the Far West.

Now it may be that the interests of the three Pacific Coast states are not in every respect identical with one another or with those of the eight intermountain states. But in the main it would be fair to say that the destiny of the intermountain area, which is in reality a reserve for the future development of the country, must lie with the water-borne commerce of the Pacific and with the industrial development which is taking place on that coast. Indeed, the coast will eventually fail to make the most of its opportunities unless it remains closely linked with its back country.

At first sight it is a strange transformation, indeed, that is going on beyond the Rockies, and more particularly in California. Not so long ago, as American history is measured, aside from the gold discovered by the Forty-Niners, California—or rather such parts as were utilized at all—was given over to great ranchos. Tradition has it that the owners of one such outfit, or group of outfits, boasted that they could ride on their own land from the Mexican border to the Oregon line.

But then came the day of wheat farms, to be followed by the present intensive production of fruit. On top of this has come the industrial era, beginning in a very small way before the war. Today, however, there are two separate metropolitan districts, each of which produces manufactured goods valued at something like a billion dollars a year.

Such a change has had the effect of turning the economic eye and thought westward. In the last couple of years there has been a regular parade to the Pacific Coast of leading industrial and financial figures, to look, study and ponder, if nothing else. Transcontinental railroad travel is shifting from tourists to business men. Not in one place alone, but in several parts of California brown and empty pastures have been converted, in a relatively short space of years, into miles of factory buildings and massed battalions of operatives' bungalows.

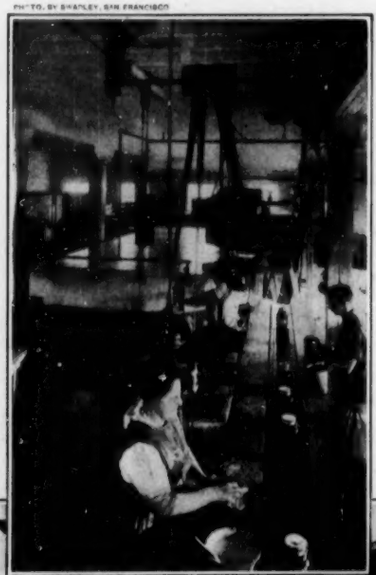
Will East and West Change Places?

IT STRETCHES imagination to the breaking point to find the flavor of the West in kilowatt hours, minimum-wage laws, figures of building permits and statistics of manufactured output. But underneath the transformation of a land of great ranchos into the newest and the last possible Western outpost of a highly complex and modern commercial civilization lies a tangled web of varied causes as well as a wealth of human effort. We have factories only because we have people, and one cannot be studied apart from the other.

There is one meaning which the sudden and rapid industrialization of portions of the Pacific Coast, with inevitable reverberations into and connections with the intermountain back country, most emphatically does not have. It may be true that the Pacific Ocean is where the westward-ho business stops, as far as the white race is concerned. It is a pretty theory, from the California, Oregon and Washington point of view, that the Pacific Ocean being where it is, industrial and commercial development must pile up there.

Perhaps, if in time the positions of the Orient and of Europe should become completely reversed, the Pacific Coast might take the place of the Atlantic; and Seattle, San Francisco or Los Angeles might become the metropolis of the country. But this article is not concerned with dreams of that nature, and the point must be made that Far

PHOTO. BY BRADLEY, SAN FRANCISCO

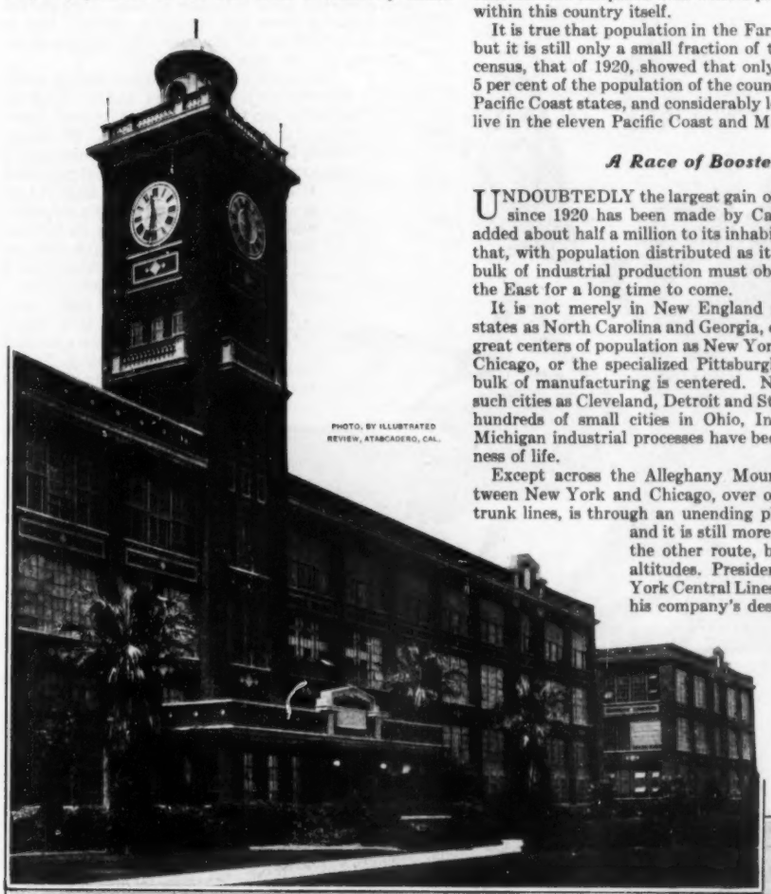




A Garment Factory in Southern California. Above—Packing Fruit Products in Central California

Western industrialization does not mean for the present, or for a considerable time to come, at the very least, any actual shift in supremacy away from the East and Middle West.

After all, trade and manufacturing, as well as political power, must bear a very close relation to population, and as yet population in the Far West is relatively small.



PHOTO, BY ILLUSTRATED REVIEW, ATASCADERO, CAL.

"But," say the Californians, "we are near the Orient, where two-thirds of the people in the world live." Very true, but this is not the only country which sells goods to the Orient; much of what we do sell there is made in and shipped from the East instead of from the West; and the total amount sold there by us is the tiniest, most insignificant fraction compared with what is produced for and sold within this country itself.

It is true that population in the Far West is increasing, but it is still only a small fraction of the total. The last census, that of 1920, showed that only a little more than 5 per cent of the population of the country live in the three Pacific Coast states, and considerably less than 10 per cent live in the eleven Pacific Coast and Mountain states.

A Race of Boosters

UNDOUBTEDLY the largest gain of any of these states since 1920 has been made by California, which has added about half a million to its inhabitants. But even at that, with population distributed as it is today, the great bulk of industrial production must obviously continue in the East for a long time to come.

It is not merely in New England and such Southern states as North Carolina and Georgia, or even around such great centers of population as New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, or the specialized Pittsburgh district, that the bulk of manufacturing is centered. Nor is it confined to such cities as Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis. In literally hundreds of small cities in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan industrial processes have become the main business of life.

Except across the Alleghany Mountains the ride between New York and Chicago, over one of the two main trunk lines, is through an unending phalanx of factories; and it is still more closely bound over the other route, because of its lower altitudes. President Smith, of the New York Central Lines, recently in stating his company's desire to own another trunk line between New York and Chicago, to be made up of small existing branch lines, portions of another system and a small amount of new construction, explained that the operation of the company's present system daily becomes more difficult because the line between Buffalo and Albany, a distance of several hundred miles, runs through a solid industrial district, where one factory town connects directly with the next.

Such facts are familiar to all, but I doubt if the average person realizes the extent to which the industrial development of the eastern part of the country, having as it does its western outpost at St. Louis, has gone. It is referred to here merely to prevent any possible exaggeration of the proportions of what is going on in the Far West. The Western temperament is said to be optimistic, and the Easterner falls an easy and delighted victim to its charms. It is well to keep one's feet solidly on the ground.

In one portion of the Pacific Coast, where industrial growth has been not only sudden and rapid but spectacular in the extreme, the natural effect has been to make the ordinarily sanguine temperament of the people even more joyous. "This will be the largest clothing center in the United States if plans made by Mr. X are carried to completion," says a newspaper article. Considering that at present there are no clothing concerns of that type there and that Mr. X's plans were at that time on paper only, this glorious pronouncement seems a trifle premature.

On another recent occasion a newspaper announced that "there is every indication that this city will soon become as important as a textile center as the older sections of the East." In view of the fact that only one or two small cotton mills were operating there, and that one woolen and one silk mill were in course of formation, with the idea of entering a wholly virgin field, the statement seems a bit exaggerated, especially in view of the further fact that in each one of four or five textile lines there are literally a thousand or more mills in the East, most of them probably much larger than the single one contemplated in this new manufacturing center.

Long Hauls by Land and Sea

EVEN with the rapid advance in manufacturing on the Pacific Coast, it is amazing to discover what a large proportion of the fabricated articles, as well as raw materials, must be hauled clear across the continent, over mountain passes seven or eight thousand feet high, or around through the Panama Canal.

Recently the writer visited the largest water-power development in the West, perhaps in the entire world, far up

(Continued on Page 116)



CROSS AERIAL PHOTO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Harbor That Was Made From Nothing. Port of San Pedro, Los Angeles. Above—Clock Tower and Main Entrance to a Modern Factory in Southern California

SIXTY DAYS

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

BART CROSSLAND had always been easy to look upon, blessed by the fairies when looks were given out, and a constant source of pride to his mother, who wheeled him out in public upon the slightest provocation and tried to look modest when strangers nudged each other.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful child?"

"Isn't he a darling?"

Even mothers of ordinary infants took a second look at him, their own young ones discreetly shadowed by the sunshades of their perambulators, or having their caps pulled down to hide bumpy-looking foreheads or fathers' ears; and, indeed, young Bart was well worth seeing, if only for prenatal effect upon a generation still unborn. His eyes, for instance, were a deep shade of blue, and the edges of his eyelids seemed to have been darkened by an inspired beauty specialist; and his lashes were long and had a surprising upward curl. Elderly spinsters who knew his mother would sometimes give her a pleading look, and when she nodded with the indulgent air of a Mrs. Crœsus who could easily spare a few gold coins, they would pick up the baby with a tempestuousness which had something frantic about it, and kiss him and mumble over him as though they would like to eat him, and could do it without any powdered sugar, either.



"I Beg Your Pardon," She Said, "But My Rug Seems Determined to Make Your Acquaintance. One Might Even Think You Had Met Before"

Babies like that have far-reaching effects; and probably more than one old maid went home and frizzed her hair after she had kissed little Bartholomew Crossland and took a walk between five and six when the men were coming home.

You would think that all this fussing would have spoiled the child. But it didn't. He grew up handsome, careless and just a bit shy—good at his lessons and invited to every party in the town. Here the girls tried to spoil him, but it was probably his shyness which saved him. In those days young ones still played post office at their parties.

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

"Who's there?"

"Letter carrier."

"What's he got?"

"Registered letter for Bart Crossland."

The other boys didn't think so much of this, and when Bart would get up, bored in advance, and make his way through the half-closed door to get his registered letter, they would frown at each other, freckle faced and homely, and later try to inveigle him into the more manly games of Spanish fly and follow the leader. But Bart didn't run with the boys any more than he ran after the girls, and whenever a game of follow the leader became too rough he dropped out, because his mother always pretended to cry when he went home dirty or torn. She, too, you see, was doing her best to spoil him, trying to dress him picturesquely in linen suits and funny little pants that showed more knees than a chorus girl; and always telling him never to get too warm, and never to climb trees, and never to walk on fences—and as for fighting ——

So Bart grew up, still handsome and still with a fine air of carelessness behind which he tried to conceal various things; but truth to tell—and you can't very well wonder at it—he didn't have much punch.

When he was twelve his father died, and when he was thirteen his mother married again—married Chris Dawley, a man with the biggest ears in Footestown and a jaw like iron. Bart's stepfather didn't like him any too well, being a bit jealous of him, perhaps; which wouldn't have been astonishing, seeing how his mother always thought of her boy the first. A situation like this generally grows from bad to worse; and in the year after he had finished high school Bart first found a job in I. D. Lyons' jewelry store, and then through a friendly salesman he got the promise of another job in New York.

"Sure you'll get along in the city," said the salesman, gazing at his protégé with eyes that had a gleam of envy in them. "If I only had half your front, I wouldn't be lugging sample cases all over the state of New Jersey. I'd be selling diamonds on Fifth Avenue, or setting up in business for myself. It's a good front and young blood that they're always looking for in New York, and when the two of 'em go together —— Oh, boy, I wish I had your chances!"

His mother nearly died when he broke the news to her, but his stepfather didn't. He seconded the young man's motion to such good purpose that finally she only cried when there was nobody in the house but herself; and when the day came for Bart to leave, Old Iron-Jaw ordered a car from Wiss' Garage and they all went down to the station together.

It was a trying time, especially when the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the engine bell began to toll; but it was nothing to the time which Bart's mother went through when she got home.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" her husband asked when he woke up that night and found her sobbing until the bed shook again.

She tried to tell him, but could only make an incoherent noise; and, indeed, such things are hard to tell. Perhaps if she had been calmer, and had been able to put her emotion into words, she might have told how hard it was to raise a young one, day after day, week after week, year after year, to nurse him through his sicknesses, to sit up with him night after night, to teach him to walk, to teach him to talk, to center all your dreams and all your hopes upon him—and then to have him suddenly shot away from you to a distant city, a city like those which are mentioned in Revelation, full of pitfalls and iniquities, beasts and scarlet women.

"And—and—and he was such a pretty baby," were the only words she could manage.

Every mother who reads these lines will know what wasn't said.

II

BART'S new job was with Morgan & Strong, one of those jewelry department stores where the salesmen wear Prince Albert coats and striped trousers, and the floorwalkers look like handsome old actors, slightly irascible, who do society parts in British dramas. They started him polishing silver and wrapping parcels; but as soon as he had learned the runs, they put him in regalia and set him back of a counter.

He looked well in his clothes, having grown tall with the passing years; and in a store full of clerks who had been chosen for their fronts he had it on them all for looks. Of course, elderly ladies could no longer pick him up and make ravenous noises over him; but you could tell at a glance how they liked to be waited on by him, and how coy they were when he tried wrist watches on them or had to reach up and unclasp a necklace which they couldn't undo themselves.

Bart hadn't been there long when there was a scandal in the shop. He had become chummy with another clerk, Arthur Simmons, and it was Arthur who told him.

"Heard the news?" he asked one morning.

"No," said Bart; "let's hear it."

"One of the boys got pinched last night—Diamond Durry, the stout little fellow with black hair who generally waited on diamond rings."

"I know. What do you mean—pinched? Arrested?"

"Ye-eh; that's it. Got away with fifteen or twenty rings—good big stones—and put little ones in their places."

"What did he do it for?" asked Bart after a thoughtful pause. "He must have had a pretty good job, with his commissions and everything."

"Sure he had a good job. What did he do it for? What do they all do it for? She got the rings, and he'll get about ten years; and if he can see any sense in that, he's a smarter guy than I am."

Bart thought it over; but then, as you know, he had never had much time for girls.

"Funny the way they fall," he told himself. "I'd like to see the girl who could play a trick like that on me."

He still smiled at them carelessly, you understand; but gradually behind that smile grew a cool, an almost quizzical glance which seemed to say, "You think you can? Well, see if you can!"

It may have been partly because of this that he didn't get on any faster. Other clerks, not half so blessed by Nature, had bigger sales records than his. But for one thing, Bart never tried to rush a customer, never tried to make a sale a personal matter between himself and a feminine customer, never pushed a fifty-dollar wrist watch when a twenty-dollar one filled the bill. And yet on the whole he was satisfied, even if promotion seemed far away. He and Arthur Simmons became patrons of vaudeville, joined the local Y. M. C. A., went in strong for swimming and physicals—had a good time in their way.

Then came the first jolt.

"Heard the news?" asked Arthur one noon.

"No; let's hear it."

"The firm's going to open a store in Philly, and old Cressley just told me that I was slated for assistant floor manager. Five thousand plus. What do you think?"

"Going to take it?" asked Bart slowly.

"Might. Has Cressley said anything to you yet?"

"Not yet."

Bart waited all afternoon, but no summons came from the office. As soon as the store was closed he went up to the sales manager's office and caught old Cressley.

"Arthur Simmons tells me he's going to the new Philadelphia store," said Bart. "We're chums, he and I—have been for years—and I've been wondering if you couldn't find me a place there too."

Old Cressley shook his wise and wizened head.

"Simmons has earned his promotion," he said. "You haven't. You know how much he sold last year?"

"Yes, sir. He told me."

"You know how much you sold?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Well, that's the answer. To tell the truth, you seem to be sadly lacking in gimp, my boy. You and Simmons are in the same department. Why couldn't you sell as much as he did?"

If Bart had answered truly he would have said "Because I haven't jollied the women customers"; but not wishing to answer truly, he answered nothing.

"Damn 'em!" he said to himself as he went downstairs. Which is one of those things you can take as you wish.

That night it rained. Bart and Arthur went to the swimming tank, and then, as it was still raining, they looked in at the lecture room for any amusement that might keep them dry. The subject of the lecture happened to be "What have you to sell?" with the word "you" in capital letters. There was a good man on the platform, and Bart listened with increasing interest.

"Some men have their appearance, their personality, to sell," said the lecturer once.

That struck Sir Bartholomew exactly where he lived.

"Just what happens at the store," he thought. "Only you'd think that if a man sells himself and his personality, he ought to get a better price than Morgan & Strong pay."

Anyhow, it started him thinking—some men sell their appearance, their personality.

When they reached the street the rain had stopped, and before turning in they strolled over to Broadway to see the theater crowds come out. Nearly every girl they passed had a glance for Bart; and more than one had a smile that he could take, too, if he wanted it. That set him thinking again.

The next day a man came to the store to buy a gold wrist watch for himself—one of those men who are so exquisitely dressed that you almost expect them to carry a bouquet. From where Bart and Arthur stood they could see the store entrance, and when Beau Brummell went out they saw him hop into a luxurious chariot and grandly fade away.

"That's Hetherton Parsons," said Art from the corner of his mouth. "He doesn't have to worry."

"Made his?" asked Bart.

"Married it."

"Sounds kind of rotten," said Bart after an uneasy pause.

"Oh, I don't know. Lots of 'em do it when they get the chance. Take Mrs. Yerber, who was in this morning. She married a man who had nothing. So did Mrs. Blecker. So did Mrs. Gulick. And they all had barrels themselves."

"I wonder how he met her," said Bart after another pause.

"Who?"

"Hetherton Parsons. I wonder how he met Mrs. Parsons."

"Oh, the tennis club, or some place, I suppose. Picked her up on a steamer, maybe. You never can tell how a thing like that starts. The main thing is, he met her, and little Hetherton did the rest."

Yes, certainly that was the main thing, Bart vaguely reflected. If a man was out to marry money, he'd have to meet a girl with money; and that in itself was no small problem. Take the women who came to the store, for instance. Most of them were matrons, obviously married, and many of those who weren't—well, they would probably have to stay unmarried. But the young ones, the good-looking ones—some were openly on the make, looking for riches themselves, and some wore engagement rings. Yes, and even those who didn't, they might be nice girls and all that; but they might not have any more money than the girls whom he had known back home. And even if by any chance he should happen to wait on a girl with money, he couldn't very well get fresh and ask if he could call. Yes, Arthur was right. The main thing was to meet them. Everything necessarily followed from that.

On their way home that night Arthur Simmons pushed him a bit further.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"No; let's hear it."

"They're going to open in Philly about December first; so I guess I'll be leaving here around the end of next month."

"Damn 'em!" sighed Bart again.

"Oh, I don't know," said Arthur, misconstruing him. "I may be back soon. It's going to be pretty lonely over there, I guess."

They strolled along, slowly, pensive, as good-looking a brace of young men as you would have found anywhere on the Avenue that evening, stopping for a few moments now and then to glance into any shop window that held out hints of entertainment.

"Pretty good," said Art once, stopping at the display of a steamship company's office.

In the window was the model of one of their latest liners, finished in a perfection of detail, even to tiny doll-like figures that stretched in the steamer chairs, or walked the promenades, or even danced on the open deck to the music of a Lilliputian band.

"Winter Cruise in Warm Waters," read a sign behind the model. "Sixty Glorious Days. Congenial Company—$1000 and Up."

"Gee, it's nice to be rich," mourned Art.

To this original remark Bart made no answer, but stood almost stupidly staring at the sign. "Sixty Glorious Days. Congenial Company—$1000 and Up."

"Why, darn it all," he told himself at last, "I've got over twelve hundred in the bank!"

III

IT IS hard to tell the exact moment when Bart made up his mind—just when he crossed the first line that separates interest from desire, and the more important boundary which lies between desire and determination.

"There certainly ought to be—ought to be plenty of nice girls on a cruise like that," he found himself thinking the next morning.

The more he thought it over, the more sure he felt that he was right on this essential point. Girls who only had their clothes and their ambitions—they were automatically barred by the expense of such a trip; and so were those who had to make their own livings. Winter vacations of sixty glorious days were not for them, however congenial the company, however warm the waters.

"No; and there probably wouldn't be a great many fellows of my age, either," was his next reflection. "They'd be retired business men—old johnnies who would sit around the smoke room and have no time for girls."

The next step was inevitable. One noon hour, dodging away from Arthur Simmons, he slipped over to the steamship company and returned with a fat package of printed matter carefully hidden in the inside pocket of his coat.

The tempter himself might have compiled that booklet, that schedule, those glimpses of earthly beauty, that plan of the most magnificent steamer which had ever been chartered for such a cruise. Bart went through them all that night, and by the time he was through he had it bad.

(Continued on Page 95)



Perhaps by Accident He Happened to Put His Hand Upon Her Shoulder; But When Mary Squeaked, Bart Didn't Stop to Inquire Whether or Not it Was Accidental. Automatically His Hands Seemed to Clench Into Fists

SUDS — By Kenneth L. Roberts



Two of the Beer Rushers at the Munich Hofbräuhaus Transporting About Fifteen Cents' Worth of Suds

IN CERTAIN respects Berlin is the center of Germany. It is the seat of government. There the heads are the squarest, the prices are the highest, the banks are the largest, and the buildings belong to the most violent neo-German school of architecture, which cause the casual visitor to feel as though he had just eaten something indigestible or recently been the recipient of bad news. There is more depravity in Berlin than elsewhere in Germany, more gloom and depression, more of the newly rich offscourings of other races, more of that wild German night life that is about as spontaneous and joyous as a Monday morning in a morgue. In such ways as these Berlin is Germany's heart.

For other important matters, however, one must turn elsewhere in Germany. For the center of Germany's art and sculpture, for example, one must work farther south to fertile Bavaria and nose around in the pleasant city of Munich. In Munich one finds Germany's best doctors and surgeons and university professors. There, too, one finds cement-headed plotting and foggy intrigue at its very apex. There is always a plot on foot in Munich—either a plot to push France into the Atlantic Ocean or to shove Russia across the Ural Mountains or to shoot somebody or to seize something. In Munich one finds the thickest ankles, the most peculiar garments, the most hair-raising traffic regulations, the largest and most harmless public demonstrations of German annoyance, the wildest rumors, the roundest heads, and the most persistent walkers that one can find in all Germany. And above all else, one finds the largest quantities of beer of the most fascinating flavor that can be found anywhere at all, and a more passionate devotion to the consuming of said beer than exists in any other part of the known world.

Learned White Mice

IT IS highly probable that Germans in general and Bavarians in particular will dismiss with a contemptuous exclamation of "Pfui!" the statement that beer is at the bottom of many of the peculiar matters that may be observed in Munich and its purlieus. The fact remains, however, that beer plays a more powerful part in the life, customs and activities of the Bavarians than almost anything else.

The Bavarian, for example, remains stolid and unmoved when the price of bread shoots skyward. The doubling, quadrupling and even octupling of train fares, street-car fares, taxi fares and what not, due to the frequent and nerve-racking nose dives of the German mark, leave him cold. When theater prices and rents and such-like matters ascend with a shrill whizzing noise he blinks mildly and contents himself with emitting a phlegmatic South German grumble.

But when the price of beer is increased beyond a point pleasing to the Bavarian he immediately puts on his little felt hat with the shaving brush sticking up angrily from the back of the band, stalks out on the street with his blond mustache working convulsively, and participates in a violent demonstration against the vile and unbearable indignity that has been heaped upon him. True enough, it is the regulation Bavarian demonstration in which several thousand men and women stand in one spot for two or three hours in an orderly and stolid manner, occasionally whispering hoarsely to each other or hurling suppressed guttural commands at their dachshunds when they stray from their sides.

Every Sunday noon the good folk of Munich assemble in a square near the royal palace to listen to the band and to stare at each other with the unintentional rudeness common to South Germany. An ominous silence hangs over the crowded square during the intermissions in the band concert, and the assemblage has all the earmarks of a first-class Bavarian riot.

The Bavarian Government, however, has developed a flair for distinguishing between demonstrations and ordinary gatherings for social and amusement purposes; and when the citizens of Munich hold demonstrations against unreasonable increases in the price of beer the government cringes and takes action to appease the angry populace. There is an indefinable, subtle, but very potent threat in these demonstrations against expensive beer; and one is forced to conclude that beer is the lifeblood of Bavaria and especially of Munich.



General Ludendorff at a Munich Anti-French Meeting

Private advices have recently come out of Russia concerning remarkable experiments carried on by one of the greatest Russian surgeons. One of his experiments had to do with the results of certain teachings and habits on succeeding generations of white mice. He found it very difficult to teach certain things to the original white mice with which he experimented. But finally they learned; and then they reared families; and when the distinguished surgeon undertook to teach the same things to the descendants of the original white mice he found that they learned much more quickly. In the course of time they in turn had descendants, and these descendants learned their lessons in a much shorter time than their parents. And so it went, each generation learning with greater and greater ease, until finally the surgeon bred white mice who knew the lessons without any teaching at all.

Munich's Most Popular Medicine

NOW it is more than likely that if this same distinguished surgeon were to experiment with white mice and Munich beer for a sufficient length of time he could breed mice whose veins would be at least partially filled with either light or dark beer, depending on the brand that he used for experimental purposes.

This thought is pregnant with possibilities when one considers that the monks who were responsible for the foundation of Munich and for the very name of the city started making Munich beer back in the twelfth century and consuming it in large quantities as a spring tonic and a general remedy for that tired feeling and whatever it was that ailed them. This dark beer became very popular as a medicine throughout the countryside in the springtime, and in the summer, autumn and winter as well, and beer parlors sprang into being with great rapidity. Practically everybody, once he had had a taste of beer, felt the need of a little medicine several times a day; and the average citizen argues that he might be pretty sick if he couldn't have three or four quarts for breakfast, a gallon and a half with his lunch, and a couple of gallons for dinner, with a few pailfuls sopped up whenever he was threatened with weakness or fatigue.

In the beginning the beer was always dark—or *dunkel*, as the Germans say in their peculiar tongue; but after a century of drinking and experimenting and fooling around with this medicinal beverage the Munich monks invented a light—or, in German, *hell*—beer, which could be consumed in even larger quantities than the dark, or *dunkel*, beer.

The introduction of light beer caused a great hubbub in Germany, the protests against it being based on the grounds that the use of beer as a beverage was a perversion of its original medicinal reason for being. Men who had been drinking dark beer all day for its medicinal properties would get into an argument with other men who had been drinking light beer because they were thirsty; and then would sometimes fight for hours with table legs and bung starters before they reached a state of exhaustion which made them careless of the color of the beer that they drank, so long as it was beer.

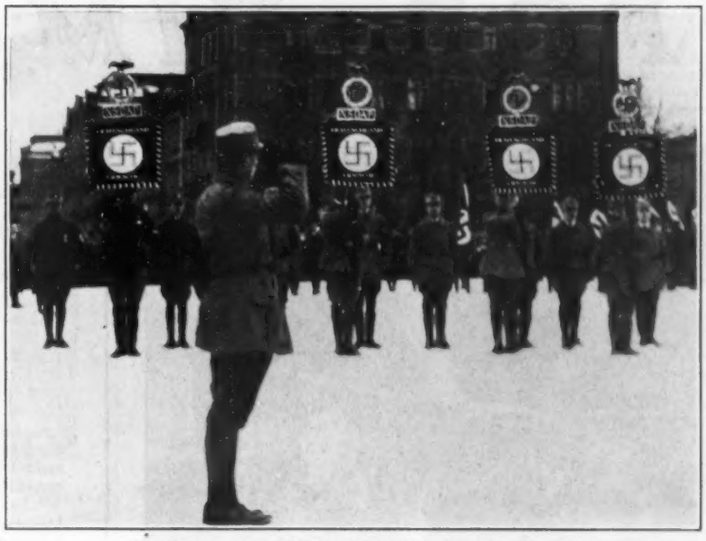


Hitlerites From the Country Districts of Bavaria

Eventually, however, the antagonism to light beer died away entirely, and the citizens of Munich gradually took to drinking dark beer for a thirst as well as for a medicine; while those who only drank for medicinal reasons soon came to feel that there were as many curative elements in light beer as in dark.

The point of the matter lies in the fact that the people of Munich and the surrounding countryside have been soaking up beer steadily for more than seven hundred years. If, in a few generations, white mice can be deeply affected by a habit, more intelligent human beings certainly ought to be more powerfully affected by a habit that has endured for more than seven hundred years.

There is a vast amount of mildness and blandness and pleasantness and contentment among the people of Bavaria, seemingly due to the fact that they get plenty of beer. There is also a great deal of unrest and nervousness and irritability among them; and this, again, appears to be due to the basic fact that most of them usually have a few quarts of suds churning around in their interiors. This apparent anomaly may be explained in the following way: The large, placid Bavarians sit around, consuming their mighty scuttles of Löwenbräu or Hofbräu or Pschorrbräu or Franziskanerbräu or Hackerbräu or Augustinerbräu or any of the many other bräus that are so skillfully bräued in Bavaria; and when they are sufficiently impregnated with the fragrant hop they are inclined to sympathize with almost anyone who is able to scream for sympathy with sufficient vigor. A Bavarian who is full of an evening's accumulation of his favorite bräu will frequently burst into tears over the most trivial occurrences, such as the partially successful rendition of a song by his companions, or the agonized yelp of a dog that has been inadvertently but enthusiastically stepped on by his unsteady master.



The Consecration of the Standards of the Bavarian Fascisti

Running Out the Reds and Pinks

WHEN, therefore, a politician or an ex-general or a flannel-mouthed German orator becomes inflamed by beer and feels obliged to rise to his feet and find fault with the world in general, all the other Bavarian beer drinkers give him freely of their sympathy. Anything goes with the beer drinkers at such times. If the orator howls that Bavaria is the center of the world's culture and ability, and that the world should therefore be ruled by Bavaria, the beer drinkers pound the table with their fists, hiccup openly, and agree vociferously that the speaker has given tongue to the wisdom of Solomon.

If the orator bellows that the Prussians are a gang of robbers and that everything is wrong and that the Bavarians aren't getting a square deal and that something ought to be done about it, the beer drinkers cheer enthusiastically and roll home, growling hoarsely that steps ought to be taken at once.

They will hold demonstrations for this, that and the other thing, and they will march and countermarch and issue guttural commands to each other for days on end in pursuance of their favorite sport of belonging to bunds and bands and corps and vereins and schütze and all the other semimilitary organizations to which the Bavarians love to belong; but when it comes to emerging from behind the lace curtains and participating in any genuine fighting in which he may receive a steel-jacketed bullet through almost any section of the body, the Bavarian wants a better reason than the beer-inspired howlings of a demagogue or a retired officer.

In November, 1918, when the whole German Army collapsed, a handful of rabid communists headed by one Kurt Eisner began to tear up and down the streets of Munich, discharging revolvers and inserting themselves forcibly into government offices. The Munich burghers, however, remained excessively cool and cautious, as is their wont, and contented themselves with looking placidly out from behind their blinds at the rampings and cavortings of the Reds. Consequently the communists had a chance to practice their ripe and moldy theories on Bavaria; and as is always the case when communists and radicals get a hand on the tiller, they promptly proceeded to run the ship of state on the rocks.

Nearly a year elapsed before the Bavarians were able to pull themselves together sufficiently to unite a number of their patriotic societies and beer-drinking associations and shooting clubs into a strong home guard, which went by the name of Einwohnerwehr, and smite the Reds in the more tender portions of their body politic. The smiting was highly effective when it finally materialized, and Eisner was shot by an irritated young nobleman who is now expiating his crime by serving a five-year sentence on a large estate where he can't do anything except hunt, fish, read, dance, entertain his friends, drink beer and champagne, and receive gifts and notes from his grateful admirers. All the other Reds and Pinks in Munich were run to earth by the Einwohnerwehr; and they got about what was coming to them, which was quite a great deal, to put it conservatively.

The Einwohnerwehr was organized and directed by a gentleman named Escherich, who held the position of national forester in the Bavarian State. He has the reputation of being an honest and patriotic man, and a good organizer, and he had the confidence of the Bavarian people. His Einwohnerwehr, being strong, well disciplined and well armed, would probably have resulted in giving Bavaria a strong and sound government. It was, however, too large and too well armed to continue to exist under the terms of the Peace Treaty; so in mid-1921 it was ordered to disband by the Council of Ambassadors. This it did, after some months of hedging and stalling in what is now recognized as the typical German manner. It might be added that practically all the Americans and English in Bavaria, no matter how violent their general dislike of Germany may be, unite in saying that without the formation of the Einwohnerwehr in 1919 as an offset to Bolshevism, all Bavaria and the surrounding states as well would have boiled up into a most frightful and evil-smelling communistic mess. They also agree that the disbanding of the Einwohnerwehr was a mistake, and a severe setback to order and good government.

Bunds, Bands, Vereins and Blocs

AT ANY rate, when the Einwohnerwehr disbanded it split up into its old original component parts, which were all sorts of vereins and bunds and bands. There were hundreds of them. Anybody who, after four or five enormous schopps of beer, was able to stand steadily on his feet and discourse logically on any subject, almost automatically became the leader of a verein. Whenever there were two men in a verein who were able to do this they inevitably began to differ with each other after the third or fourth stein; and when they differed, one of them would withdraw from the verein and start a verein of his own. Bavarian politics became as intricate and mixed up and messy and opaque as a bowlful of cooked spaghetti. There speedily came to be so many bunds, bands, vereins, blocs, corps and what nots that the members couldn't keep them straight and frequently developed violent headaches because of the difficulty of remembering to which vereins they belonged.

It was this state of affairs which permitted the rise to prominence of Adolf Hitler, erstwhile stonemason and top sergeant in the German Army, and founder and head of the Bavarian National Socialist Workers' Party.

(Continued on Page 63)

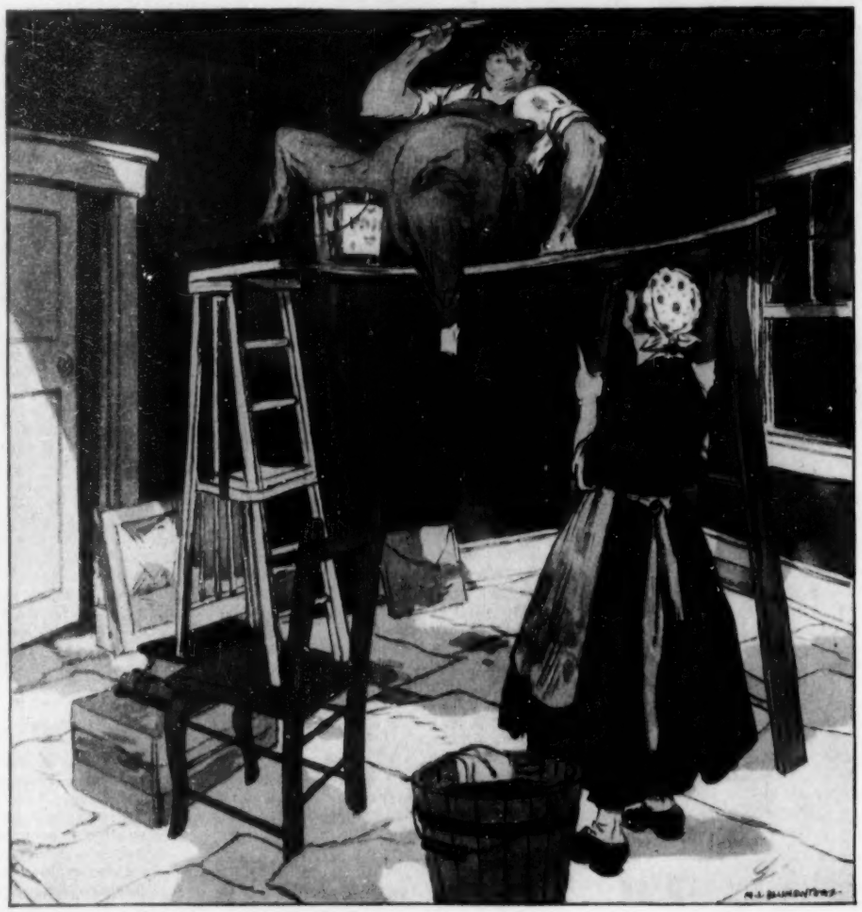


Bavarian Fascisti at a Munich Demonstration Against the French Occupation of the Ruhr. General Ludendorff Stands in the Front Row Wearing a Large Ribbon Across His Chest

OUT FOR HIMSELF

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



I Was Still Dashing Paint on That Confounded Ceiling at Half Past Eleven, and I Had Not Covered Half of It. And How I Ached!

WHY can't you get decent grapefruit?" I demanded, pushing my portion back. "This thing is all seeds and fiber; I'd just as soon eat a mock orange!"

"That's the best in the market, dear," said my wife, with an aggravating air of patient endurance. "That's a genuine Sun Burnt."

"It's not a genuine Sun Burnt," I said, striking the table. "Don't tell me what I know. It's a genuine mock orange, that's what it is. Genuine Sun Burnt be blessed! What did you say?"

She had spoken indistinctly. Now she spoke indistinctly again, retaining that maddening aspect of martyrdom.

"Why can't you open your mouth when you talk, Martha?" I said, controlling my temper. "Why do you force me to ask you to repeat everything you say; and then you go ahead and mutter the same way again? Heavens above, raise your voice! Speak up! Don't mutter and mumble to yourself. Why do you insist on quarreling with me every blessed morning in the week?"

"Goodness knows," she said, coloring.

"There you go," I said, rising in disgust, and dashing my napkin down. "Go on! Fly into a rage! I've put up with your tantrums long enough, Martha. This thing has got to come to a stop. I'm sick and tired of rowing with you. If we can't get along in peace together—why, we'll do the other thing. And the sooner the better. I'll send you fifty dollars a week. Thank heaven we've got no children to worry about."

"Fred," she said, leaning across the table, and glaring at me with no further attempt at disguise, "you'll tell me that once too often."

"That's right!" I said. "Go on—threaten me. Now you're off, as usual. Now I'm going to tell you a few things. Where are you going?"

She had grabbed up a dish and had hurried into the kitchen. She ran the water in there and sang aloud, so as to drown my voice. I knew that she wouldn't come back until I had gone. That was always her way. She picked on me and contradicted me and crossed me until she had driven me beyond human endurance, and then she ran away when I turned on her. Even a worm will turn, and I expect to be treated better than any worm in my own house. I scalded my mouth with hot coffee; I could have dashed the cup against the wall. Martha always pours my coffee, and puts in the milk and the evaporated, and she knows perfectly well that I will scald myself; nevertheless she had run into the kitchen, not caring if I burned my mouth off. I dashed in too much milk next time, drank the lukewarm mixture with resignation, and went upstairs to my study. It was Saturday morning, and I had called the office to say that I would not be down for the half day. There was never much doing on Saturday morning, nothing that couldn't be put off for Monday.

What aroused me especially against Martha was the fact that I am myself a person of notorious good temper. Everyone in Kingston knows Fred Dobson, and—outside of Martha—I doubt if any of them has seen me otherwise than cheerful and smiling. I have a reputation for cheerfulness; I do not wish to vaunt myself, but I dare say that I am the soul of any party that I attend. I can keep it up too. I do not begin to blink and yawn at one or two in the morning; I have always a good song or story on tap to keep the fun going; or had, in those days.

I was Sir Supreme of the Good Devils in Kingston; and anyone who knows the Good Devils knows that they are a bunch of good fellows. While I was Sir Supreme I can say without fear of contradiction that our local Merry Hell was one of the best in the order, and they certainly wouldn't pick a man for Sir Supreme who wasn't at least amiable. I'm not boasting; I'm talking facts. Why, the evening before this breakfast spat we had quite an affair over at the local Merry Hell, and they say I surpassed myself. I was done up in red, with a false nose—only the Sir Supreme is entitled to wear the false nose—a long red nose, picked out in green—he announces himself to a presumptive brother in a public place by holding his nose in the grip of the order—and they say I was a scream when I got going. We punished some booze, good stuff, not a headache in a barrel; one of the brothers handled the stuff; seventy dollars. We had had a lot of wholesome fun; we were all business men seeking a little innocent relaxation after a hard week. No rough element.

But the next morning I was feeling—well, naturally not so chipper. In perfectly good humor, as always, but not inclined to put up with a tongue lashing because I suggested in a nice way that the breakfast wasn't up to much. Oh, I was never quarrelsome after one of our sessions, or inclined to look for trouble; I just wanted to be let alone.

I filled my jimmy pipe with a mixture of my own—Burley's the base, Latakia and Perique—and got it rumbling nicely, and then I turned to my mail. In those days I had all personal letters delivered to my home on Saturday mornings as I might decide not to go to the office. I was district manager for the Burley Cash Register Company, a Middle Western outfit with headquarters in Chicago. My district comprised all of New York except New York City and the Buffalo district.

I was expecting my new contract; this was in October, and the company's fiscal year begins on the first of that month. I found the long envelope and opened it.

The new contract called for eight thousand dollars, precisely the sum I had received for the past year. I was considerably peeved, as you would appreciate if you knew the nature of my connection with the Burley. I had been with the company for twenty-four years, entering its employ as an office boy at the age of sixteen, and this was the first time that I had failed to receive an increase of some sort. By sheer energy and address and unremitting application I had lifted myself from four dollars per week to one hundred and fifty-four. And I had no notion of stopping there, Burley or no Burley. The sight of that contract, with its expression of corporate ingratitude, really exasperated me. I clapped on my hat, strode down to the local telegraph office, and sent them a wire:

Burley, Chicago. Have received new contract. Am quitting. DOBSON.

I was sitting on the porch two hours later when a boy brought the reply:

Dobson, Kingston. You have been quitting for three years. Pension will continue as usual until further notice. BURLEY.

Just like that. Fifteen words. I crumpled up the message and threw it to the porch. "By gravy," I swore, "I will quit!"

Mrs. Dobson heard the chair fall over, and she came out. At the sight of her several calming thoughts occurred to me. I was impressed at once with the consideration that my quitting the Burley company involved Mrs. Dobson; I should not obey my first impulse without serious reflection on it. I have always been a man of vision, able to envisage, and I envisaged now with my usual acumen.

"Sit down here, Martha," I said.

"We are not mad, are we, Fred?" she said, leaning to kiss me before seating herself.

"Nonsense, Barkis," I said, giving her a hug.

Barkis is my pet name for her; I took it out of a book we used to read a whole lot when we first got married and couldn't afford to go out anywhere. The book was by this English novelist, Copperfield; Barkis was a comedy character—he was an awful dub, but he was willing. Well, that is how Mrs. Dobson was about cooking in those days; I have never failed to get a laugh out of a guest at my table when he asks me why I call Mrs. Dobson, Barkis. I am not a man to spring gags, but it is a very handy thing to have a good laugh like that on hand, especially in these days when you cannot start a dinner with a cocktail unless



But the Next Morning I Was Feeling—Well, Naturally Not So Chipper

you can attach the chemical analysis. And I could not treat Mrs. Dobson except with chivalry, since that is the oath of the Good Devils; in every Merry Hell of the order there is drunk a toast at two o'clock in the morning, and it is very often the last toast of the evening—where the Sir Supreme recites the oath, and pledges all brothers to show the greatest chivalry to women. I have seen men burst into tears during the reading of that oath, and keep crying for quite some time.

"Nonsense, Barkis!" I said loyally. "Martha," I said, returning to sterner things, "I want to talk very seriously to you. It is time for us to take stock. Here are two wires. Read them. One is a copy and one is an original.

"Martha, I haven't kept you informed of my business affairs, because women never do understand business, for one thing. But I've come to the crossroads now, and I'm thinking of taking a very important step; a step, I may say ——"

"Oh, Fred," she exclaimed nervously, "you're not thinking of leaving the company? Oh, Fred!"

"Now don't take it that way," I remonstrated. "I'm talking business, Martha. Why shouldn't I leave the company, as lots of other men have done and made good? The only thing is I was a darned fool to stay so long with the company, in the first place. What have I got for my twenty-four years of slavery? I've got a salary, that's all. No control. If I ceased to deliver the goods I'd be fired like a shot."

"If you didn't make good when out for yourself you'd be just as badly off, wouldn't you?" she argued, with a woman's uncanny knack for presenting a matter in a false but plausible light.

If you have ever argued with a woman you know what I mean. Without having to think a moment, she can hit on arguments that are dead wrong, but are so tricky that it would take you half a day to set her right. And then she'd have a new one. A man is a fool to argue with a woman; the way to do is to tell her.

"When a man works for a big corporation," I said, "he never knows where he's at. I've built up the business in this district until it's one of the best in the company, and if I were out for myself I'd have an established business and a big equity in it. But, the way I am now, I can be fired like any office boy, and somebody else put in here to take the cream. Every little while one of the directors has got to make a place for a son just out of college, and he looks around for a good job in the company, bounces the occupant and shoves the boy in. A big corporation is a man trap; ambitious young fellows go to work for it, are advanced quickly to a pretty fair salary, they get married, and then they're stuck. They can't afford to start again. They're white-collar slaves.

"When I think of the chances I've lost, Martha, through sticking to the company and not looking out for myself, I could sit down and cry. Look at me now—forty years old, saddled with a wife, with a social position to maintain, and expenses going up and up. When I think of what I've lost while working for the Burley people ——"

"You lost your waist in the service of the Burley, at any rate, Fred," she interrupted with a giggle. "You had such a wonderful figure, Fred! And now you look like—like a man in a patent life-saving suit."

"This is not a laughing matter, Martha," I said, squelching her. I had intended to sound a note of sentiment, but it is always dangerous to try sentiment on a woman. Sometimes it works like a charm, but you never can tell. "The trouble with a fellow in my position going out for himself is the matter of living expenses. We're spending every nickel that I'm making right now, and we could spend more without straining ourselves; I don't see how we can scratch along on less than eight thousand per year. But we'd have to do it if I went out for myself; we'd have to live cheap and save money; we'd have to get right down to hardpan. That's where you come in, Martha. Will you stand by me and be prepared to put up with hardships while I'm getting my new start? You know I'll work like blazes, Martha, until I get on my feet."

"Why, Fred," she said, looking at me, "you know I don't care what else I have so long as I have you. But, Fred, you won't do anything foolish before taking my advice, will you, dear?"

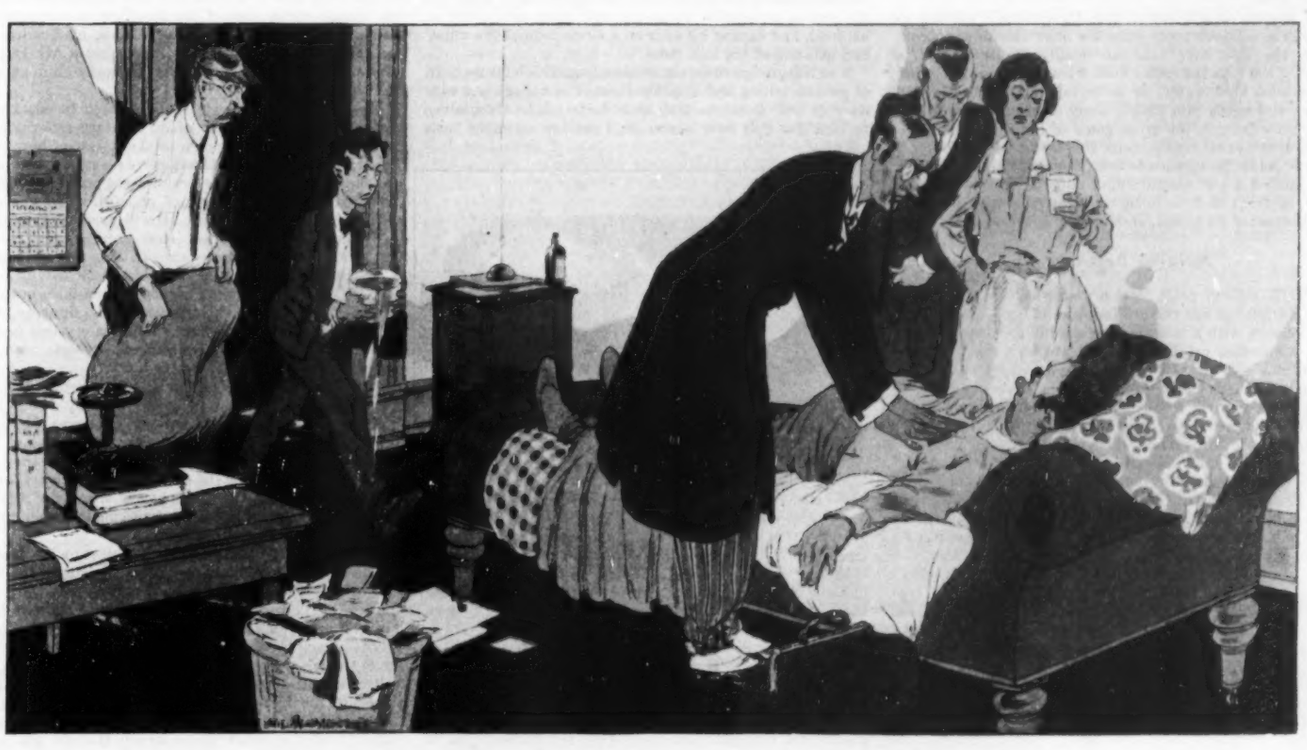
"I would be a whole lot more liable to do something foolish after taking your advice," I said. "For heaven's sake, Martha, don't talk as if I were a child."

Martha is very aggravating that way; I know she has the greatest trust in me—I have heard her speaking to women friends, and really I could have blushed out loud the way she spoke about my smartness—but every once in so often she will make a crack that sounds as if she were talking to a little boy.

Thinking matters over, I decided to run out to Tumble River and see Jake Firmin. Jake was with the company for a great many years, but he left us about five years before this to go out for himself.

I wanted to see how Jake was hitting it. Not that it would change my opinion, as I always held a better job than Jake and did not consider myself in his class. But I wanted to see how he was making out; and maybe he could tip me off to something good. Jake was no worldbeater, but he was always a livewire; he could tell me a thing or two before I pulled up stakes. So I took a ticket to Tumble River, which is in Oregon County and about twenty-five miles from Kingston.

Tumble River was a burg of some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, except in the summer. The Katskill Mountains begin around there, and I could see the place had a large summer population. It consisted of one street, and a few stringy alleys that started with a rush but quit cold when they got out in the fields by themselves. Central Avenue, though, was quite presentable; it had a dozen nice big stores, with plate glass and sales of marked-down summer remnants, stores that would have got by in pretty good-sized places like Albany or Troy. It didn't look very peppy, but that was perfectly all right; two weeks after Labor Day most summer resorts look like something the cat brought in. Tumble River could have looked worse without frightening me back on the train. I asked for Mr. Firmin. *(Continued on Page 106)*



They Propped Me Up With Cushions on a Lounge in the Office and Sent for a Doctor; I Hurt All Over. But He Hurt Me Worse When He Put His Hands on Me and Talked About Inflammatory Rheumatism

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES AND MAN BUT TWO

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

THERE is always danger in specialization. So long as the centipede kept his hundred legs there was little risk of his ever needing crutches or suffering from flat foot. But when he discarded all but four and became a quadruped, though he quintupled his speed, he multiplied his risks of disaster twentyfold.

Similarly when in a remote period the modest angleworm got tired of being all eye, like the classic Indian who was all face, and decided to concentrate his power of sight into two little pigment spots just above and behind his mouth, he gave the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune a chance to blind him at one stroke.

And think of all the ecstasy of glorious light in being able to bask in the sun and see with every inch of his surface, which he relinquished!

But he did not forfeit all of it, for if one of his twentieth-century representatives is found stretched out full length in a covered box and a tiny beam of weak light directed through a perforation so as to fall on the very tip of his tail he will promptly draw it up out of harm's way. For the gentle earthworm belies Scripture in that he loves darkness rather than light, but not in the least because his deeds are evil; quite the contrary, in fact, for he is one of the farmer's best friends, the original tractor. He merely goes abroad on his social affairs under the protecting mantle of darkness to avoid the baleful eye and intrusive bill of the robin and other early birds.

If anyone should object that Lumbricus is moving his thin-skinned body away from the heat which may accompany the light rays, this can readily be disposed of by passing the rays through a hollow lens, or flat-sided bottle, filled with cold water, so as to take all the heat out of them, and seeing him squirm away as promptly as before.

A little later in the great game of life the mollusks, or clam-oyster-snail family, sank this sensitive eye spot a little below the surface to keep it out of harm's way and placed a soft elastic living magnifying glass, or lens, in front of it to focus the light rays upon it at the bottom of its socket, and made a camera out of it.



PHOTOS. FROM THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A Face Mask Worn in Rolling Mills. It Affords Complete Protection While Working Over the Intense Heat of Soaking Pits

Natural Defenses

A FEW million years later a young Edison among cuttlefishes had the brilliant idea of equipping his eye camera with a movable circular shutter, the iris, and connecting up its sensitive plate with the brain by a thick soft nerve wire, the optic nerve. Finally a sagacious small shark winked a transparent fold of skin down over the front of the box to form an eyelid, and behold the eye as we see it today. Only he winked so hard that the transparent eyelids stuck together and have remained so in fishes and snakes ever since, though frogs and salamanders soon pried them apart again.

Though most of the eyes in which we are interested have grown up on this camera principle at the head or mouth end of the organism, because in the ceaseless search for food this end is most constantly thrust into danger, and like Mary in the play, goes first, Nature has tried a dozen other tricks of both form and location.

The jellyfish, for instance, carries his eyes strung round the rim of his bell like a circle of beads. Many fishes carry a band of eye spots down each side of their bodies. One very curious lizard of New Zealand, the Hatteria, has the remains of an eye right in the middle of the top of his head. Which we might find most useful in this coming age of the aëroplane and war in the air, if we could get it opened up again.

The patron saint of Broadway, the lobster, carries his binoculars on the ends of movable stalks, which he tucks back under his overhanging brows when danger threatens. The swift snail and shiny slug of our gardens go him one better by making their eyestalks hollow and shooting their eyes back down the hollow of their tubes, like rabbits diving into a burrow, when the alarm is sounded. Most eccentric of all is the sea urchin, who perpetually walks on his head so as to bring his gastric-mill teeth right down on his food, and carries his eyes on a circle around the upper and exit end of his food tube.

And Nature has done a marvelously good job for us, both of picture taking and of protection. For though our eyes are soft and elastic, as they must be to adjust themselves to both far and near vision, and neither movable back under shelter like the lobster's, nor double-glassed over like the fishes', nor covered with thick transparent horn goggles like the insects', the latest official records, the 1920 United States Census, show that less than one in two thousand of us are blind! Which, even supposing that half the cases escaped record, gives her an efficiency rating of 99.9 per cent, under all the strains and risks of modern civilization and industry.



A Lucky Man Was Wearing These Goggles When the Flying Piece of Washer Struck

And our respect for Mother Nature rises still further when we look into the causes of the loss of this her most precious gift, sight. We are so keenly aware of the hairbreadth and innumerable daily risks that we run of having one or both of our priceless lamps of light put out and thus turning the sun into darkness and the moon into blood, so far as we are concerned, that our expression for the most watchful and solicitous care possible over anything is to "guard it as the apple of thine eye."

If we were to be asked what was the deadliest and most frequent cause of loss of sight most of us would unhesitatingly blame accidents and injuries, blows, missiles, explosions, sparks, flying particles, chemicals. But as a matter of actual fact and statistics, all these put together, all accidents and direct injuries of every sort account for barely 4 per cent of our fifty-two thousand recorded cases of blindness in these United States.

When Darwin Jumped

SO SKILLFULLY and snugly has Nature boxed in and protected our eye camera, with the brow above, the bridge of the nose on the inner side and the bony wall of the cheek bone and temporal ridge on the outer, so lightning swift is the shutter action of her vigilant eyelids, so deeply inborn and ingrained our involuntary and irrepressible instincts to leap backward or throw up a protecting hand or arm whenever the eye signals "Danger," that our exquisitely sensitive and delicate optical instrument escapes unscathed fully 90 per cent of all its threatened dangers. How marvelously swift and effective is the covering action of our lids may be seen by the fact that sparks of red-hot metal flying toward the eye, which telegraph their own coming to the brain by the light they give off, often find themselves caught between the vigilant lids snapping together in response to the return message!

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the deepness and incontrolableness of our instinct to dodge eye dangers is Darwin's personal experience in the reptile house at the London Zoo. On stooping down to look into the glass-fronted cage of the Indian cobra, one of the deadliest poison snakes in the world, the vicious brute lashed out, his head coming bang against the glass, within a few inches of Mr. Darwin's nose, who naturally jumped what seemed to him about six feet into the air.

The great scientist, who happened to be working on instincts and the strength of involuntary reflexes at the time, decided at once to make a test of how far his will could control his instinctive reactions. Knowing, of course, that the snake could not possibly reach him through the thick layer of plate glass, he again bent downward and, exerting his will power to the utmost, tried his best to resist that impulse and hold his ground when the snake struck. But when he saw that vicious flattened head and those wicked little eyes come dashing forward right into his face, in spite of his utmost efforts, up he went into the air again, if anything higher than before! Those safety-first instincts had been developing for millions of years; plate glass was born only yesterday.

A pathetic modern instance of the depth of the eye-protective instinct was furnished many a time in the Great War when battalions, ordered over the top and knowing that the chances were ten to one of being mowed down, killed or disabled, long before they could come to grips with the enemy, went doggedly forward with their rifles at the trail, heads down and one arm across their eyes, instinctively shrinking from blindness or mutilation more than from death.

Incidentally another striking illustration of Nature's skill in protection of sight was the surprisingly small proportion of total blindness in the casualty lists—only about one in a thousand of serious cripplings, or about fifteen hundred cases all told in England's huge armies in four years of war, and less than one hundred in our American force, though this, of course, covers only loss of both eyes.

Part of this apparent immunity of the eyes was due to the grim fact that with the tremendous velocity and tearing power of modern rifle bullets and shell fragments, any bullet or shell splinter which struck the eye was almost certain to plow through the brain as well, so that many a soldier who in former wars would have been only blinded in one eye was killed outright.

But some bullets in this war seemed almost to have a special billet for the eye. One of the most tragic instances

was that of poor General Gallieni, the hero of the First Battle of the Marne, with its famous taxicab army which saved Paris.

Standing in an observation post beside his chief of staff and craning forward to peer over his shoulder at the advancing Germans, a bullet whizzed through the slit, grazed the cheek of the chief of staff, tore through both of Gallieni's eyes and out again on the other side, blinding him hopelessly and permanently, but scarcely touching another structure in his head or face except the root of the nose.

In another pitiable case a high-speed steel-tipped bullet passed right through a young soldier's head from temple to temple, entering just behind the outer angle of one eye and coming out an inch or so behind that of the other, missing both brain and eyes but completely severing both optic nerves and utterly destroying sight, though both eyes were to all outward appearances perfectly sound and normal, save that the pupils were motionless.



An Electric Welder Using a Face Shield That Has a Central Glass-Covered Opening. The Screen Safeguards the Eyes of Nearby Workmen

In spite of the swarm of perils to our eyesight which lurk in machinery, in metal lathe work, in explosions, in the heat of blast furnaces and the spark showers of rolling mills, it is doubtful whether the danger of accident and injury to the eyes is any greater today than it was a century ago. Indeed, the data of some accident-insurance companies show that such accidents are slightly more frequent in rural districts than among city dwellers, and one of our best-known oculists has recently come to the same conclusion from his own case books.

The explanation probably is that it is not the accidental injuries themselves which are the chief danger, for the eye has wonderful powers of healing and repair, but the infections which get into the eye through the cuts or scratches made. Some of our great steel mills, for instance, found that the number of cases of serious inflammations and lasting damage to the eyes among their workers fell 50, 60 and even 80 per cent within a few months after the establishment of a dressing room in the plant and a physician in constant attendance during working hours.

Caddies, Be Careful

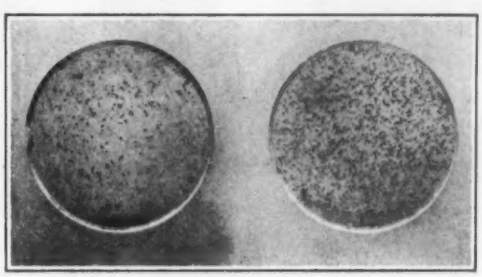
PROMPT, skillful removal of the fragments, thorough washing out of the eye with boric-acid solution and a good bandage over an absorbent cotton pad snug and firm enough to keep meddlesome fingers out of the eye, close the episode nine times out of ten.

The juicier a tissue is the greater its powers of repair, and Nature has endowed the eye so generously in this respect, in proportion to its vital importance, that a scratch or cut in the delicate transparent cornea, or watch glass of the eye, actually heals quicker than a similar one in the skin. So keep the germs out of the scratch and Nature will do the rest.

It should, however, moderate our human conceit to know that we are not the only pebble on that beach; even such lowly forms as the lobster and the salamander leave us far in the lurch in the matter of repair work, for they can not merely heal a wounded cornea with neatness and dispatch but regrow an entire eye—lens, iris, retina and all, if they have been unlucky enough to lose one in a fight or an accident; also, incidentally, they can replace completely a lost claw or limb. If they do not like the hand dealt them in the game of life they can throw it into the discard and draw a new one. Nor is this a mere figure of speech, for a vanquished and fleeing lobster warrior is reported by a sharp contraction of his muscles to snap off a claw and leave it behind him for his conqueror to devour while he makes good his escape, and a lizard will leave his tail in the hand of his near-captor.

However, with even our modest human power of repair we have survived the countless eye perils of civilization and shall probably continue to do so. But it does sometimes give us a shiver to contemplate the swarms of risks that confront us. In addition to our old familiar enemies—sticks, bats, balls, arrows, sling shots, powder burns, lime, and so on—we now have to face chemical explosions, squirts of ammonia from ice machines, flying metal chips in tool factories, and the fierce glare of arc lights and mercury-vapor lamps.

Even our sports and amusements are adding their quota of perils. Golf balls, for instance, are a menace not merely by direct impact when the warning cry of "Fore!" is employed—or omitted—but also because many makes have a hollow in the center filled with a burning liquid under high tension, which squirts out viciously when the ball is cut open. Quite a number of cases are now on record of most painful and even dangerous burns of the eye from such explosions, in those restless youngsters whose insatiable curiosity drives them everlastingly to take things to pieces to see what makes them tick. Fortunately sluicing the eyes out promptly and freely with water usually keeps the chemical from burning seriously.



Goggle Lenses With Emery Embedded in Them After Being Worn for Three Months



PHOTOS. FROM THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A Movable Plate-Glass Guard to Prevent Chips From Striking the Workman

Hollywood has new dazzle dangers of its own, in addition to those so luridly played up by the emotional press, for the glaringly vivid ultraviolet carbon arc lights and mercury-vapor lamps, used in shooting the pictures, literally burn the eyes of the actors. The lids swell almost shut, the eyes redden and water, and a burning pain and shrinking from the light develop. But fortunately the damage is not serious or permanent, and a few days' rest in bed usually clears up the trouble.

A rather bizarre and unexpected source of danger is the curling iron, which when used in front of a mirror and seen in reverse is sometimes brought in contact with the open eye, producing a painful burn—not at all a rare accident, as a prominent oculist has recently reported.

Another singular form of modern accident is in high-speed steel shops, when flying particles come at such tremendous speed as to pass right through the eye and into the bone of the socket behind it. In such cases it is often difficult to make the patient believe that the eye has been anything more than scratched, though unluckily most of them do rather badly later, as the fragment is often infected and leaves a poisoned trail behind it.

Not a few of these metal fragments in modern machine shops are not pure steel or iron, but some amalgam or alloy which is nonmagnetic, so that if one lodges in the eye it cannot be extracted with the electromagnet, which is our sheet anchor in such cases. The same is true of bird shot in hunting accidents, and of most shell splinters in modern war.

Prevention of Snow Blindness

BUT the risks of all these shop and factory accidents are markedly diminishing, because all progressive managements equip their machines with proper guards and shields and provide their men with goggles, while the standpatters are compelled to do so by law in most states; and the factory surgeon and nurses have become regular features of the staff.

The most interesting and curious group of all our eye troubles are the various forms of light blindness—snow blindness, desert glare and arc-light blindness. These were at first supposed to be due to the dazzling and fatiguing effect upon the retina, or sensitive plate of the eye, or the perpetual glare of the snow or of the blazing desert sands. But actual investigation showed, to our surprise, that the delicate retina, though somewhat irritated, was as sound and clear-sighted as ever, and the whole trouble was due to the chemical effect of the actinic, or photographic, rays of sunlight upon the conjunctiva, that delicate membrane, or skin, which coats over the cornea and lines the lids of the eye. This became so intensely inflamed and thickened that the lids swelled shut and completely blinded the sufferer.

The whole distressing trouble can be prevented by wearing glasses or goggles of almost any tint, from amber and Crookes to blue or black; indeed plain white or colorless glass will cut off most of the bad rays.

Smearing the face, including the eyelids, with lampblack greatly helps, both by preventing the rays which strike the face from being reflected into the eyes and also by providing a black light-proof shutter, which can be dropped over the eyes at intervals to give them a complete rest from the glare.

Many and many a mountaineer and trapper or sealer in the Far North, and Arctic explorer and mining prospector in the desert, has wandered and stumbled about in darkness and agony till he fell over a precipice or died of thirst or hunger almost within sight of safety.

An intelligent Alpinist, explorer or prospector would today no more think of setting out without his goggles and his lampblack paste than without his bacon and his sleeping bag.

(Continued on Page 131)

The Cold-Blooded Little Fish

By David William Moore

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

JERICHO BODD first won renown as a copy chief by making Steve Roberts rewrite the Skeego campaign forty-two times. Every day or so, over a period of six months, Steve laid the work on his desk, Jericho Bodd read it through painstakingly, and handed it back to the copy man. "It is good, but not exactly right. We want it exactly right."

"A cold-blooded little fish," Steve said to himself, as he labored in his tiny office. "But he's the boss and I should worry. Anyway, I suppose I can get these ads better if I practice on them for thirty or forty years."

Jim Warren, director of art, consoled Steve:

"He's a little terror, all right, that new copy chief. But he's treating us all alike. Why, he made me do those Bouquet Biscuit layouts over thirteen times."

One morning a dull market opened its eyes to see a full-page advertisement of the Skeego tire staring it in the face. It yawned rather hastily, took another glance, then read the thing through. Little did the readers of that fine advertisement dream of the heartaches and mental travail back of each carefully selected word and nicely turned phrase. In fact, they were not conscious at all of reading an advertisement. Their thoughts were all for Skeego tires, and they were waiting in line when the corner shop opened for business that day.

And Jericho Bodd was credited with putting over the most sensational advertising campaign in the history of tire selling.

Jericho added to his reputation when he had Al Rainey go down into the slums of the city and spend approximately one month visiting with the folks there—the idea being, of course, to get atmosphere and facts for writing advertisements that would sell lots in the Élite subdivision.

"Find out what those people are thinking and feeling," directed Jericho Bodd. "Ask them whether they like to live in that dirty, dusty, crowded section, and if not, why. Also ask them how they would like to live out in a suburb where there is plenty of room for the kids to play, fresh air, quiet and good health. And when you've called on not less than a thousand of those people you can start writing the advertisements."

Al Rainey thundered about the office when he got this assignment. "It's not worth all this trouble to sell a few vacant lots," he said to Steve. "That little guy is crazy with this idea of his about having exactly right copy."

Steve laughed. "Sure, you're right. But he's boss. And I've got an idea, too, Al, that you're about to write some good copy for a change."

The campaign established a new record for sales, cleaning out the entire subdivision in ten days. Al Rainey was so puffed up with his good work that he hit Jericho Bodd for a raise in salary!

Then came the Scrubbles business. A new washing powder had been perfected by loving hands and tender hearts, which were just aching to free the enslaved housewives of the nation. The problem remained of letting the aforesaid housewives know of this great purpose. Jericho Bodd called in Bill Conrad, otherwise known as William Erstfield Conrad, who appeared always as if he had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue haberdashery.

"Mr. Conrad," said Jericho Bodd, "I wish you would go to the grocery there at the corner and buy a package of each kind of washing powder on sale. Then take them, with this package of Scrubbles, to your home and compare them carefully. Better handle the washtub yourself. Not only are you to find out whether Scrubbles is better than the others but how much better. Use all of each package."

For four days the immaculate Conrad wrestled with the family washtub, and the result was some more exactly right copy. The first campaign, running over a period of five weeks, secured distribution in thirty-two states.

By this time the copy department had acquired a pretty good idea of Jericho Bodd. They discussed him at lunch, as they were seated around their regular table in the Green Horse Café. "I guess he isn't such a fool as I thought," remarked Bill Conrad, after he reported the sales record of Scrubbles. "He does put things over."



"The Little Mummy Has Finally Unlimbered With Me, Jane. He Really Got Friendly"

"Right," declared Jim Warren. "He's a hundred per cent crab, never smiles, never asks us to lunch with him, hardly knows us on the street, but, men, he is sure putting that old advertising agency on its feet. We fellows may not like him—we don't even get a chance to like him—but we've got to give him credit."

"Suits me, all right"—from Harvey Walfall. "More money in the till means more kale for the bright-idea sharks of the copy department."

"And we've got to admit he's fair," said Steve. "He wouldn't know how to pet any one guy if he wanted to."

"Fellows, that Jericho Bodd would commit murder if he thought it were necessary to secure the kind of copy he wants!" offered Al Rainey.

"No doubt about it," agreed Jim, and the others nodded. "He's never been extended yet. Just wait until he gets pushed, then look out."

Steve silently buttered three oyster crackers, placing them together in one choice tidbit. "Jenkins, of the Pacific Weekly, got off a good crack this morning. He said that Jericho Bodd was the most exact man in the world, that he probably weighed exactly one hundred pounds, that he was probably exactly five feet tall, and that he had probably smiled exactly ten times in all his life."

A chuckle went around the table. "I'd like to check up those figures some day," said Jim. "I'll bet they're about right, at that."

That afternoon when Steve got back from lunch he looked over the work on his desk and found cause for genuine contentment. Nothing required immediate attention except a series of little advertisements for the Skeego dealer in Kokomo to use in his local newspaper. A quiet afternoon it promised for Steve, and perhaps a baseball game at three o'clock if his old typewriter didn't develop cramps.

He was filling his old pipe, the last act before turning on the mental juice, when his door opened and Jericho Bodd walked quietly in. And then, for the first time in history, the copy chief sat down—actually sat down and crossed his legs—in the office of a copy man. He looked at Steve solemnly for a moment.

"How much money you got saved, Mr. Roberts?"

Ordinarily Steve would have answered such a question by telling the inquisitive one to go to the devil. But he was so flabbergasted he forgot his usual stuff and told the truth.

"Why, let me see. Thirty-six hundred dollars."

"Getting ready to buy a home, I suppose," proceeded Jericho Bodd.

"Yes. I've already picked the lot. It's out in Hyde Park. Planning to build in the spring."

"Huh!"—from Jericho Bodd. Then for a moment his face seemed to get harder and even more expressionless than usual. "How'd you like to invest that money and take a chance on doubling it?"

"Invest it, gosh! Don't know anything about investments. It's too easy to lose all a guy has."

"But suppose you could find something good, something better than the ordinary stocks and bonds?"

"Well, in that case—er—er—I might consider it."

"I'm investing some of my own money in a new concern that promises unusually good returns," came in the hard, even tones of Jericho Bodd. "It's the Arcadine Manufacturing Company. Might pay you a hundred per cent. Might pay you two hundred. Good chance. Fine way for a young man like you to make a clean-up. Go down and see Arnother & Harbone tomorrow morning. They're my brokers. They don't handle unlisted stocks, but they bought this Arcadine as a special favor to me. Thought you'd want some too."

And Jericho Bodd was gone as quietly as he had come.

"The darn little weasel," said Steve happily when he was alone.

"I really believe he likes me. Who'd ever have thought Jericho Bodd would go out of his way like this to do a favor for a copy man? I'm lucky, eh?"

That evening at home he told the good news: "The little mummy has finally unlimbered with me, Jane. He really got friendly. And I say he's some fine friend to have."

Jane was silent for a moment.

"It does sound good, Steve. But suppose it shouldn't turn out as he said? He didn't really know, did he?"

"Of course he didn't know. How could he? But you can bet your bottom dollar that Jericho Bodd doesn't fool with investments unless they're good. What good would it do him to hand me a bum tip on the stock market?"

"Yes, you're right. I know, Steve, and I do hate to distrust anybody; but we've saved so hard for eight years, and here we've just got enough for the first payment on the kind of home we want. It would break my heart to lose it, dear. But if we only could double it! I just know Mr. Bodd must be all right. I've been telling you all along you didn't understand him, haven't I?"

"He's a business man, that's all. He's got to be hard to get along. Most business men who get along are hard. The jokers are drawing salaries from hard-hearted employers. It is a shame the way we go along distrusting people. We have wrong ideas for years when we might have been enjoying their friendship."

"Well, you go right ahead and do as he suggests," said Jane, with that little note of finality in her voice that helped Steve make decisions. "We'll never make money until we learn how to invest."

The next morning Steve found that it was really a delightful experience to purchase seventy shares of Arcadine common on a fifty-point margin. In fact, Mr. Arnother himself greeted the young client and chatted affably.

"Yes, sir, I know your Mr. Bodd well. Fine man. Fine man. He thinks a lot of you too. He's smart, Bodd is—and lucky, mighty lucky. He picked out this stock, insisted on my getting it for him, then asked me to hold this for you. Of course, we don't handle such stocks as this. It's a favor to Mr. Bodd and you. But you shouldn't worry. Jericho Bodd said he'd assume all responsibility—and I never knew him to lose a penny on an investment."

Steve beamed with the sheer joy of it all.

"Jericho Bodd is surely a wonderful man when you get acquainted with him."

No millionaire ever walked more buoyantly or more proudly than Steve as he made his way back to the office.

(Continued on Page 125)

The Stranger in the Village

By PHILIP GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE people of Lubimovka—those few who survived the famine which ravaged the Volga region of Russia in 1920 and '21—believe firmly to this day that Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias, was not murdered by Bolsheviks, according to newspaper stories which professed to give full and lurid details of that historic tragedy, but actually came to their village more than a year after he was supposed to be dead, lived among them with humility and love, and left behind him a relic worshipfully reverenced as proof of his identity.

It is an extraordinary story, and I confess when I heard it first from those Russian peasants and one young poet there I regarded it merely as a variation of a myth which had been told me in Moscow, and once in a railway train on the way to Kazan, by highly educated Russians. They did not believe that the Czar was dead. Some of them were convinced, without any evidence that seemed good to me, that he had escaped, or been allowed to escape, from his Bolshevik guards, and had become a monk in some remote monastery in Asiatic Russia. Others believed that he was wandering about in peasant garb from one district to another, begging his way, and only revealing himself to trusted friends, most of them in misery or in hiding like himself.

It seemed to me the beginning of one of those fantastic traditions which spring up in popular imagination when some great personality disappears suddenly from the drama of life in which he played important parts. In the Middle Ages English kings, murdered by their enemies, like Richard II, or Edward II, were supposed to be alive long after their poor bodies had been buried secretly; and now and again a pretender took advantage of this popular belief. Even in England during the Great War there were thousands of people who refused to believe that Kitchener had been really drowned on the Hampshire, and asserted that he was a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. It is no wonder therefore that in Russia, with its credulous and simple peasants, there should be a widespread belief that the Czar, their Little Father, as they called him before the revolution, should be still alive.

What is remarkable about the tale of this stranger who came to Lubimovka is the unshakable faith of a young man like the poet Sacha—a skeptic and intellectual—and the apparent self-delusion of the man himself. From everything Sacha tells me it seems probable that this Nicholas Alexandrovitch, as he called himself, confessed that he was the Czar, or at least did not deny that title, although he had nothing to gain except hunger and death, apart from a mystical power over a few starving peasants. He may have been mad, though his conversation was full of wisdom and sweetness. Certainly he could not have been a common charlatan, for that kind of man does not behave as this man did, with simple charity. On the other hand, he may have been —— Well, I will tell the story just as it happened, and as it was told to me by Sacha, the poet, by Sonia, the schoolmistress, and by Michael and his wife, Anna.

It was in the autumn of 1920, when the first snow had fallen, but before the Volga had frozen up. In the village of Lubimovka, as in all other villages along the Volga valley, there was hunger and disease and death and fear. Worse than death was that great fear of the agony ahead and of inescapable doom, as it seemed. Strong peasant men, unafraid of death for themselves—many of them had fought against the Germans in the Great War with a simple and stubborn heroism in the midst of slaughter—trembled and felt their hearts turn to water when they saw their women weak with hunger and their children withering, and could see no hope at all of getting fresh supplies of food when their scanty stores had gone. They could not fight against this death which crept into Lubimovka like a gray wolf, hungry for the little ones and the old people.

It was in the afternoon of a day in middle October that the stranger came to the village. No one saw him enter through the gate in the stockade which surrounded the village according to the old custom of putting up a high fence to keep in the cattle and keep out the wolves. Now in Lubimovka no barrier could keep the wolf from the door—the invisible hunger wolf—and most of the cattle had already been killed because there was no fodder left to keep the cows alive. The stranger entered by the gate which opens on the road towards Tetiushi. His footsteps made black smudges in the snow that had newly fallen. A peasant girl staring through the window of a little wooden house facing the village pump—she was praying that death might come quickly to her mother, who lay stricken with typhus on the bed above the stove—saw the man's tall figure walking up the street towards the schoolhouse. He was a bearded man with deep-set eyes which looked very sad, as

(Continued on Page 82)

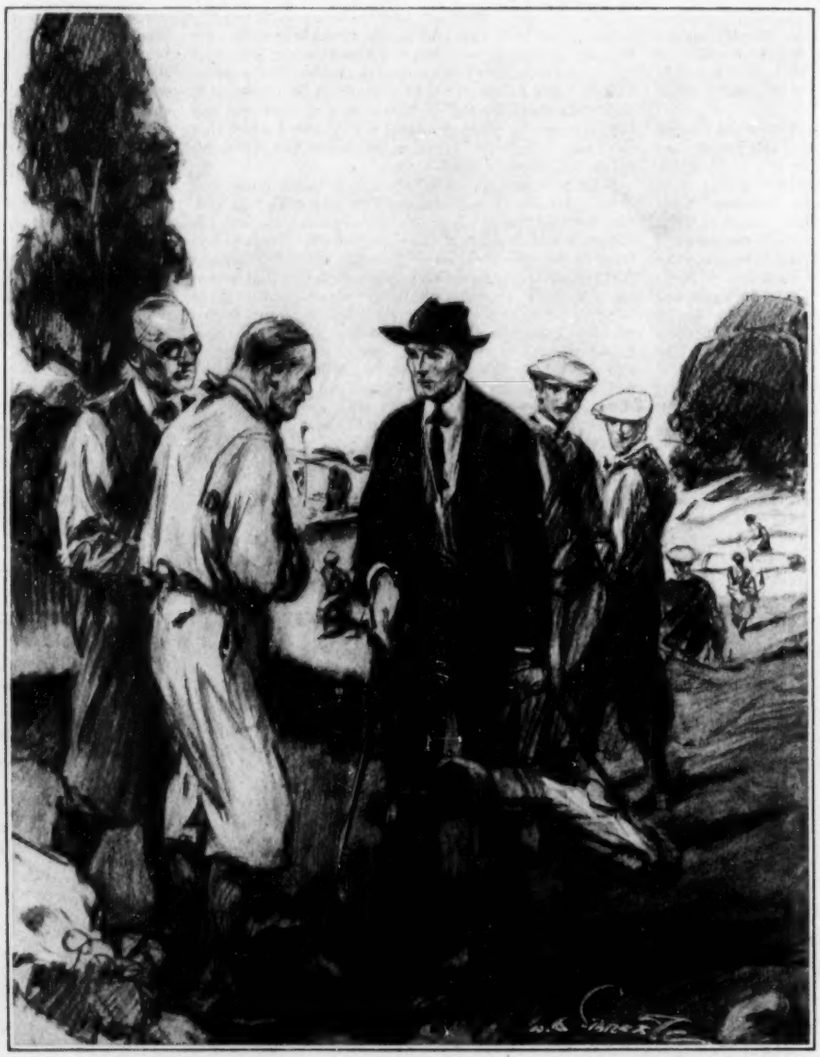


"It Was My Little Girl Who Saw His Likeness, and My Wife Who Found a Jeweled Star Beneath His Vest"

Ten Dollars a Hole for the Heathen

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



The Dominie's Expression Became Less Stern Than Sorrowful. "Can You Give Me Any Reason Why I Shouldn't Put My Next Shot Into the Pond?"

IT IS the long-established custom of our club to extend the privilege of the course to any of the local clergymen who care to avail themselves of it, though we secretly hope that none of them will; and in fact none of them did until the Rev. Thomas Driver arrived to occupy the Congregational pulpit. Possibly it was his name that impelled him toward the game. At any rate he duly became aware of his opportunities and duly availed himself of them; but so quietly and unostentatiously that few of us at first were aware of his presence. The pro's younger brother, who gets up at five and mows the greens, told me of it.

"The new parson's down here every morning," he said, "poking four balls around before breakfast."

"Does he replace his divots?" I demanded, with the true instinct of a greens-committee member.

"He acts sorter scared of the turf," said the mower. "Picks 'em up too clean. He'd be good if he'd dig into 'em with an iron."

"Well, I hope he doesn't," was my reply.

A little while after this we had Walter Hagen up for an exhibition match, and I saw the Reverend Mr. Driver in the gallery, watching with intense interest every shot the professional made. As most of our members are summer people and worship—if at all—in the fashionable Episcopal church, there were few of his own congregation in the crowd; and amid the white flannels and linen or plaid knickerbockers, his dark gray suit and conventional black tie and soft straw hat looked oddly out of place. Golf, they say, is a democratic game, but it is still anything but that in most of our Eastern country clubs. The Reverend Mr. Driver, however, sometimes spoke to Hagen's caddie between holes. The caddie went to his Sunday school. Once or twice I overheard what he said.

"What club did he use on that last approach?" was the question.

Again, "Let me put that divot back," and he did so, carefully examining it first, evidently to estimate its thickness.

Two days later, as I was making my rounds to see that the men were on the job, the greens cutter looked up from a bunker he was raking and grinned.

"He's takin' turf now," said he.

"Who is?" I demanded, having quite forgotten our previous talk.

"The new parson. He come out yesterday mornin' and today, with a mashie and a box of old balls, and went out in the short rough, and gee, the old sod flew!"

"That's nice for the next man who gets in there!" I exclaimed.

"He spent fifteen minutes puttin' all the hunks back," said the workman.

"He'd better!" I growled.

Not long after this, at three in the afternoon, I was surprised to see the Reverend Mr. Driver starting off from the first tee. The last of the afternoon crowd were out, and he wasn't interfering with anybody. Clad in his gray sack suit, with an old black felt hat jammed low on his head, and old black shoes on his feet, he was addressing the ball all by himself, without even a caddie for company. I watched from a distance. He took a rather stiff three-quarter back swing, paused carefully an instant at the top, and came down without any grace or apparently much power. To my surprise, the ball sailed straight down the alley nearly two hundred yards. He picked up his little white canvas bag and pattered after. I followed at a distance, carefully appearing to be on some other errand, and watched his second, a fairly full mid-iron to the green. He addressed the ball with elaborate care, twice readjusting his stance. Then he swung, taking a gob of my precious turf. The ball fell a bit short of the green. He went forward, picked up the divot, examined it carefully, replaced it and tamped it down with his foot. Then he picked up his bag again and trotted forward. I couldn't decently follow him any farther. Anyhow, I was satisfied that he knew how to take care of the course and wasn't quite such a duffer as he looked.

The next time I ran across him, he had just driven off the first tee again, and I overheard the caddies discussing him.

"He's a piker," one of them said. "He don't never take a caddie."

"He's a minister, you big stiff," another retorted. "He don't have money enough for a caddie."

This seemed conclusive, even to the boys; but when a third speaker added, "He's goin' to start a Boy Scout troop and take us campin' up to Loon Pond," the argument was clinched.

"Do you go to his church?" I asked this speaker.

"Sure! Gee, he's some guy! We had a Sunday-school picnic, an' he pitched an' struck out me 'n' Benny Goodwin 'n' six more in five innin's!"

"I bet he couldn't strike me out!" a boy in the gang cried, and I departed as the new argument began.

Looking down the fairway, I saw the Reverend Mr. Driver solemnly squinting a putt on the first green, three hundred and seventy-five yards away.

Not long after this, as I was playing in a foursome, we came to a congested tee, and the pair waiting just ahead of us were Aleck Barnard and—the Rev. Thomas Driver. I barely contrived to hide my astonishment. Aleck Barnard is—well, he's the sort of man who gets his name in the New York Sunday papers under the caption, What Society is Doing, and in no other division of the news. For some reason as yet inscrutable, the fact that Aleck Barnard and his kind attend a tea or go on a picnic or play a game of golf or take a motor trip to the White Mountains is considered important enough to warrant cutting down several fine spruce trees and grinding them into pulp wood and then into print paper, blotted with black ink. For some reason equally inscrutable, it isn't considered of the slightest importance whether the Reverend Mr. Driver and his kind play golf or drink tea. They never get into the papers unless they attack the theory of evolution or elope with the soprano.

Aleck Barnard's white knickers and putty-colored stockings, his white silk shirt, his bare head, tanned brown through the bald spot, his yellow mustache and too-ruddy cheeks were in odd contrast to his opponent's old black boots—they were boots and not shoes—his dark gray long trousers not even turned up at the bottoms, his starched collar and black tie, his black felt hat above a lean, pale, ascetic face, that was, however, oddly appealing when he smiled, with a chin cut square and suggesting that its owner stood on his own feet.

"Well, how's it going, Aleck?" I asked, with the usual originality displayed by golfers.

"I'm holding my own—with difficulty," Aleck replied. "The dominie prays at his ball and all his putts go down."

The Reverend Mr. Driver grinned at this.

"And yet some people doubt the efficacy of prayer," he laughed, teeing his ball and preparing to shoot.

The five of us watched his preparations in correct silence, but with glances of amusement. He was so earnest about it! He looked at his feet, shifted the right one a shade, measured off his distance, waggled, swung back slowly and awkwardly, paused, and came down. My three companions were more surprised than I was when the ball sailed out a full two hundred yards, or even more, and straight down the alley. Aleck followed with his easy, pretty swing, got thirty yards more distance—and kicked into the rough.

"The trouble with playing the dominie," he declared, "is that I can't say what I want to."

"Go ahead," the Reverend Mr. Driver replied, picking up his old canvas bag. "I'm sure these gentlemen won't object."

"Now what in hell did he mean by that?" Bill Davis demanded, as the other players departed down the fairway.

The rest of us laughed.

"The old sport!" cried Denny King. "But how did Aleck pick him up? And how does he get such a ball with that swing?"

We watched him send a second shot well toward the hole, while Aleck half-topped out of the rough, and after

that we didn't catch them again. Aleck was in the locker room, with a ginger ale and a thin silver flask, when we got home. His opponent had departed.

"How badly did you trim your reverend friend?" we demanded.

"I was two down," said Aleck grimly.

"Get out! Is that straight?"

"As straight as the road he preaches about. And I'll tell the world he practices keeping in it too! Caddie? He doesn't need a caddie. He's never off the course."

"What did you talk about?" Denny King laughed.

Aleck shook the ice a moment in his glass and listened to the tinkle.

"Once, walking to the sixth tee, he asked me if I felt that the modern industrial system is antisocial, and once he asked me if a sammy is the same as a jigger. The rest of the time he was playing golf. He can concentrate, that guy."

"Well, what did you answer about the modern industrial system?" Denny persisted.

"Go to hell," said Aleck.

"And how did you come to play with him?" I demanded.

"Well, the poor gink was poking around here all by himself every day, and I kind of felt sorry for him—he's a human being, ain't he, if he is a parson?"

Denny gently extracted the thin silver flask from Aleck's hand.

"You've had enough, Aleck," he said, emptying the remaining contents into his own glass.

"Denny," said Aleck, unresisting, "you're a poor, miserable snob."

"Cheer up, Aleck," the other laughed. "You'll play better tomorrow."

"But I got an eighty-four today," said Aleck, grabbing back his flask and departing.

"Whew!" said I. "And the parson beat him two up! We'll have to put him on our team when we play Southfield."

"Sure," said Denny. "Those pants'll scare his opponent out of seven putts."

"Aleck was right about you, Denny," Bill Davis grunted.

"He's right about all of us," said Denny calmly. "This is a country club."

With which wise remark, he peeled his clothes and disappeared into a shower.

Knowing Aleck Barnard as well as I did, I was quite as surprised to see him playing with the Reverend Mr. Driver the next day as I had been the first time. Aleck is pretty proud of his golf and he hates to be beaten. He is also like many people who have little to do—he finds difficulty in doing it and gets bored easily. It was like him to pick up the lone parson one afternoon, with a fine gesture of friendliness; and equally like him to drop the parson the next. But, quite evidently, he wasn't dropping him. The two of them were plugging along in silent companionship, a strange contrast in every respect—Aleck followed at heel by a caddie with his elaborate bag, the dominie toting his own little canvas one. I made it a point to be at the house when they came in.

"Did you trim him again today?" I asked the Reverend Mr. Driver, carefully emphasizing the "again."

"No, I think he's been practicing praying," the parson smiled. "He couldn't miss the back of the cup."

Aleck was beaming.

"Don't forget our rubber tomorrow!" he shouted as his opponent, still toting the little canvas bag, went down the path toward the village.

"Are his clubs so precious he has to carry 'em home?" somebody grunted.

Aleck turned slowly toward the speaker.

"A locker costs five dollars a season," said he. "What's your contribution to the church?"

"Just the same as yours, old dear," was the reply.

Aleck's powers of repartee were not equal to the occasion, and he lapsed into a glum silence, evidently forgetful of his victory.

He walked with me later out to our cars.

"The dominie used to play at Van Cortlandt years ago," he said, "when he was in the seminary. Hasn't had a chance to play since till he came here. Ever play Van Cortlandt?"

"Yes; did you?"

"No! Must be awful. He says he used to get up at five o'clock so's to get started ahead of the crowd. Tough, eh?"

"Tragic!" I assented.

"But a guy that'll do that has got stuff in him. Wonder what his sermons are like?"

"There is a fairly easy way to find out," I laughed.

Aleck climbed into his runabout.

"If I blew into his church they'd send for a doctor," said he. "Wonder what they pay him? Wonder why he's a minister anyhow?"

"The dominie seems to have stimulated your speculative faculties to an unusual degree," I suggested.

"Damn good golfer," was his comment as his starter spun.

A few days later Aleck's ecclesiastical alliance took a new turn. We saw the pair of them out playing with the professional. Aleck, of course, was the one who had taken Jock along, but the dominie was the one whom he appeared to be coaching.

"Looks as if Aleck was grooming his little chum for the amateur championship," Denny King remarked. "Now if Aleck will get him a tailor, also ——"

"Cut it out," growled Bill Davis.

"Dear me, are we all getting religion?" sighed Denny. "Shall I say tut-tut if I miss this drive?"

The next week Aleck got me aside one afternoon and said, with unwonted excitement, "Well, he's all ready. I'm going to spring something."

"So that's what you've been up to!" I answered. "Well, spring it."

"You know Bill Trotter?"

"Of course I know Bill, you ass! You don't think your protégé can trim Bill, do you?"

"I know he can," answered Aleck. "He's going to do it day after tomorrow. I've invited Bill over to play me, and I'm going to sprain my arm, cranking my car to get here, because the starter's going to bust, and give him a game with the dominie instead."

"Bill will love that," said I. "The dominie, according to your account, is so chatty when he plays, and doubtless likes to bet such large sums."

"Don't you worry about the betting. I'll see that Bill has all he wants to carry. The dominie's going to earn something for the foreign missions or any old thing he pleases."

"Does he know it?" I inquired.

Aleck grinned slyly.

"Of course not! That's where I've got the joke on both of 'em. He's crabbed on betting. Got some kind of a bug it ain't right. When he gets the money, it'll be tainted, see? And then he'll have a pretty ethical problem on his hands." *(Continued on Page 135)*



"I've Had That Club Fifteen Years," He Said. "I Never Had to Use It So Before"

WORKING THE WORKERS

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

THAT the ordinary bandit is a gentleman by comparison with the swindler who specializes in relieving workers of their last-ditch funds—dedicated to securing employment—will pass without challenge save for the inference that such a type of crook exists. The average man will shake his head at this suggestion and reply that, though he knows that the human race has produced some mighty poor specimens, he isn't quite ready to believe that working the workers out of their last dollars by the lure of promised employment has become one of the recognized industries of this country.

The fact remains, however, that this form of depravity has become a specialized industry in the United States and has hundreds of expert followers, with whom the average burglar or highwayman would scorn to associate. This specialty has developed to a point which has aroused many states to pass special legislative measures and appoint officers for their enforcement, to the end of protecting job hunters from this peculiar species of crook. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania appears to lead all other states in this form of protection to the workers within its borders. It is distinctly on the job in making the game of plucking the jobless a dangerous and unpopular pastime and in confining the operations of this kind of crook to states where this type of protection to workers has been somewhat neglected by legislators. When the history of Pennsylvania's fight to drive out the employment sharks is known throughout the country it is a moral certainty that other states will scramble to follow her lead in real protective legislation along this line. Labor is not often denied its legislative demands these days, and here is a form of protection to which no employer would raise objection. The states having no state laws dealing with private employment agencies are Alabama, Arizona, Delaware, Florida, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, New Mexico, South Carolina and Vermont.



Ex-Service Men Have Long Been Favorite Game for Employment Swindlers

Of the thirty-eight states regulating private employment, I am convinced that Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and Wisconsin are entitled to lead the list on the score of statutes and their enforcement. Some states have good laws of this kind but lax enforcement; others, with weaker laws, bring up their score through vigor of enforcement.

Not until Pennsylvania passed its present law, in 1915, regulating employment agencies and then thoroughly enforced it, was the extent of crooked transactions in this field realized. Up to that time the swindlers had things very much their own way, as convictions under other criminal statutes were difficult.

Possibilities of Big Clean-Ups

THE administration of this law in Pennsylvania rests with the Department of Labor and Industry, of which Mr. Royal Meeker is secretary. He is a member of Governor Pinchot's cabinet. Next in line, with respect to the enforcement of this statute, is the chief of the Division of Licensed Agents in the Bureau of Employment, Mr. Jacob Lightner, who has direct supervision of all matters relating to private employment agents. As there are more than four hundred licensed agents in the state who place about one hundred thousand men annually, it will be seen that this is a man's job.

Under Mr. Lightner are two chief inspectors, one for the eastern district and one for the central and western sections of the state. The chief inspector of the eastern district, James J. Moran, has been on the job since the Licensed Agents Act of 1915 was passed. As Philadelphia is a great industrial city, Mr. Moran has had plenty of experience and is entitled to rank as a specialist in his peculiar calling.

His job is to make it hot for the crooks who work the workers, and he has probably learned more about the tricks of those who prey on the job hunters than any other man in America. That Pennsylvania is on the blacklist of these swindlers is strikingly evidenced by the fact that in 1922 only three persons attempted to conduct an employment agency for profit in the state without a license, as against scores of such attempts in the earlier years of the present act. The same enforcement pressure is applied today by virtually the same force of officials as pioneered the enforcement when the law was young and swindlers in this line were eager to take chances without a license.

No artist has a keener delight in his work than has Inspector Moran. When I remarked that he seemed to make a personal matter of his work, he replied:

"Why not? A burglar or a holdup artist takes his chances not only as to his liberty, but his life too. But there isn't anything to be said for the man who, under the pretense of securing employment for a toiler out of work, will take his last dollar and then skip. And women and girls are as welcome to the nets of these crooks as are able-bodied men.

"Every time I can get one of those crooks behind the bars I feel as if I'd done something towards making the state and the country better to live in and work in. If there's a cheaper and more utterly contemptible kind of crook operating anywhere than the employment swindler, then I've overlooked something.

"Most people have the notion that this game is just petty larceny. That's a mistake. It has possibilities of a big clean-up at times of general unemployment. Of course the harvest for these crooks is when common labor is out of work and there are two men for every job. The harder pinched the men are the easier they are fleeced.

"Back in the summer of 1921, when work of the rougher sort was rather scarce, I spotted an advertisement in an Italian paper for men to go to the cement mines in Virginia. We comb the want ads in the principal papers carefully, just as soon as they're delivered.

"If I were looking for a job myself and had spent my last dollar I couldn't be more attentive to the want ads than I am now. Here's where we pick up most of our clews. And when we spot one that has the earmarks of being phony we have to work fast—especially since these people have become wise to our ways. In the earlier days of this law we could let them run a bit longer and go after them with greater deliberation, but after a few important convictions they all got onto the fact that it was a touch-and-go game and that if they allowed their greed to make them linger they were likely to land in the penitentiary.

"Well, when I spotted that ad for cement miners I was at the breakfast table. As it offered fifty-five cents an hour, when laborers were glad to get thirty-seven cents, I was sure that there was something doing. The main thing was to get the net over those birds before they could fly. The law had become fairly well known by that time so that it was morally certain that the gang behind the advertisement was taking a deliberate chance instead of working the game in ignorance. This meant that they would not tarry long."

How the Game Is Worked

"ABOUT a square away from the place named in the advertisement I found traffic blocked tight. I had one of my men with me and we had to fight our way through the crowd of about five hundred men. And it was a fight, too, for they thought we were trying to get ahead of them in the line of applicants. The police were having a hard time to keep the crowd in order, as the street was packed from one side to the other.

"The window of the office displayed the sign of a cement company—the same name used in the advertisement. The place had been open just two hours and we found almost one hundred and forty dollars on the table. Briefly the scheme was this: The men were told that the fare to the mines was fourteen dollars and ten cents; that the company would pay half of the transportation and that each man accepted must put up seven dollars and five cents as a guaranty that he would be on hand at the date of shipment, about a week hence.

"These employment buzzards always name a shipping date sufficiently in advance to give them plenty of time in which to make a good fat clean-up. On the table with the money was a stack of application blanks all filled in excepting the names of the men. A duplicate of the slip was given each man who paid, and was a receipt.

"In this case we were fortunate enough to catch one of the real principals. He received a jail sentence of nine months. Generally the principals hire a man to keep the office and take in the money so that if the place is raided he will be pinched while they make their get-away. Invariably the man caught claims entire innocence of the crooked nature of the transaction and declares that, being out of a job, he was glad to get temporary employment at a task which he supposed to be entirely legitimate. If the man is actually innocent—as he sometimes is—so much the better for the principals. But in any event we are generally able to rely on the innocent employe to give all the aid he can in arresting and convicting the real criminals.

"But the main point in connection with this typical case is this: In two hours these crooks had taken in about one hundred and forty dollars. If they had been allowed to run for three or four days they would have mulcted their hard-working victims out of hundreds or thousands of dollars. And that is precisely what would have happened if the state had not had someone on the job looking after this particular kind of swindling. What is everybody's business is nobody's business—and this applies to the enforcement of any general criminal statute, like obtaining money under false pretenses, for example. Then bear in mind that this



"The Pest and Curse of Honest Law Enforcement is Politics—Cheap, Petty Political Pull"

state has a law which covers employment swindles that is built to work—and it does work!"

The backbone of this act, known as No. 397, is the provision "that no employment agent shall hereafter conduct business for profit unless licensed to do so in accordance with the provisions of this act," and that all fees must be refunded to every man who fails, for any reason, to secure the employment involved. No job, no fees! And no enrollment fee of any sort allowed!

Again, every employment agent or agency must pay the state a fee of fifty dollars and must give the commonwealth a bond of one thousand dollars, "with two or more sureties or a surety company approved by the secretary." Also the act contains a clause reading: "The employment agent shall discharge all obligations and pay all damages or loss which shall accrue to any person dealing with such employment agent, by reason of any contract or other obligation of such employment agent, or resulting from any fraud, deceit, excessive charges, misrepresentations, or other wrongful act of such employment agent or of his employes or agents, in connection with the business so licensed. Any person aggrieved may bring an action for the enforcement of said bond in any court of competent jurisdiction."

The law allows the secretary and his inspectors a liberal latitude for its enforcement and for making the rules under which employment agencies may be permitted to operate. Altogether it is a law which may well serve as a model for other states proposing to enact legislation intended to give real protection to its workers against the operation of crooked or extortionate employment agency schemes. The only exceptions named in this act are agents procuring employment for school-teachers exclusively, registries of any incorporated association of nurses and departments or bureaus maintained by persons, firms or corporations or associations for the purpose of obtaining help for themselves, where no fee is charged the applicant for employment.

How Young Women are Victimized

ACCORDING to Inspector Moran, girls and women are favorite victims of employment swindlers—and operators in the skirt field are quite likely to be found wearing skirts themselves. Here is a typical case in the branch of this game which runs on the rule ladies first. An advertisement appeared in certain Philadelphia papers calling for girls between the ages of eighteen and thirty to learn cigar making in the tobacco belt of Connecticut. Applicants were directed to call on Miss Blank at her rooms in a small hotel of given address.

As the records of the inspectors failed to show that any person of the name and address given had been granted an employment agent's license or had made application for one, the chief inspector decided that a call at the cigar maker's recruiting station would be advisable.

He found seven girls in the room and thirty-five dollars on the table—together with certain blank forms indicating that the recruits were to report the first of the month following. In inspector parlance, when you find money on the table and instructions to report the first of the month, it means a pinch.

When the well-groomed matron was informed that her callers were state employment inspectors she smiled and replied, "I'm certainly glad, girls, to have this visit from the state authorities, because it will give you a chance to have your decision officially supported and confirmed."

Then she explained that, on account of a strike among the cigar makers in Connecticut, the employers of this type of labor had decided to train an adequate supply of new help; that the recruits would be paid twelve dollars a week during their short apprenticeship and then forty to fifty dollars, according to the skill which they developed, and that as she was to be their permanent chaperon they would be assured of the most careful oversight and guidance. But she understood girls and knew that they must have plenty of innocent recreation and pleasures. She would see to it that they were not held under too strict a rein. Besides, she had asked the girls to bring their mothers to confer with her. Then she produced a card bearing the name of a well-known tobacco and cigar house of Connecticut.

"What's that money on the table for?" bluntly asked the chief inspector.

"Just a deposit of five dollars each," was the smooth reply, "as an assurance that the depositor will be on hand when we go up to Connecticut. You know how girls are—liable to allow trifles to change their plans. And, of course, it's a serious and rather expensive thing for the company. So we require this trifling deposit to give the girls a sense of responsibility as to their agreement. It will be returned to them as soon as they reach their place of work."

As the chief inspector gathered the money from the table the voice of the chaperon lost its smoothness and she exclaimed, "Young man, you'd better be careful!"

This time it was the inspector's voice which was smooth as he replied, "Madam, I'm about the most careful young man you ever met. You're under arrest."

His assistant was instructed to go to the telephone in the hotel office and call the patrol wagon. This brought the hotel manager, who convinced the inspector that the woman had obtained the room under false pretenses and that the appearance of the patrol wagon at his door would injure the standing of a respectable house without justification.

"Just call a cab for me," ordered the incensed chaperon.

"The only cab I'll call for you," was the prompt answer, "is one with a big bell; but it's only a short distance to the station and if you'd prefer to walk ——"

She did. On preliminary hearing she was held under two thousand dollars bonds. Then began a new act which in large measure is characteristic of all cases brought by this arm of the law against violators of the employment-agent act, but it is especially typical of all cases involving women offenders under this law. The arrested chaperon was permitted to use the telephone. As a result she was soon in conference with various politicians. The gathering had a striking resemblance to a convention of ward bosses. There was no indication that the guests at her impromptu reception were pleased to have her in their midst, but for some mysterious reason she was able to secure from them a remarkable degree of friendly coöperation. A bonding company went her bail.

Sinister Political Influence

THEN the batteries of secret influence were turned on the inspector—who had received a telegram from the tobacco company which she claimed to represent, saying that she was a fake and requesting that she be held for trial. His house telephone brought him so many calls from men in the lower strata of politics that he was obliged to have it disconnected. His bombardment was with every sort of ammunition, from smooth appeals to go easy on a woman, to threats to get his job. But being something of an Irish terrier of fighting strain, the inspector spoke a few kind words to all of them and told them to wait for the trial and see what would happen to this swindler of working girls. However, the chaperon who had so sympathetic an understanding of girls decided not to wait for the trial. Therefore she jumped her bond as blithely as a child would skip a rope, and those friends who had been so valiant in her behalf held their peace and, presumably, paid the score.

"The pest and curse," declares Chief Inspector Moran, "of honest law enforcement is politics—cheap, petty political pull. I run up against it at every turn. It's sickening. But, fortunately, this is a state matter and a state position—and that helps some. Threats to get my job if I fail to ease up on an offender amuse me now, for I've learned that the state administration stands back of honest prosecution squarely; it wants the workers protected and is ready to back every legitimate effort to that end.

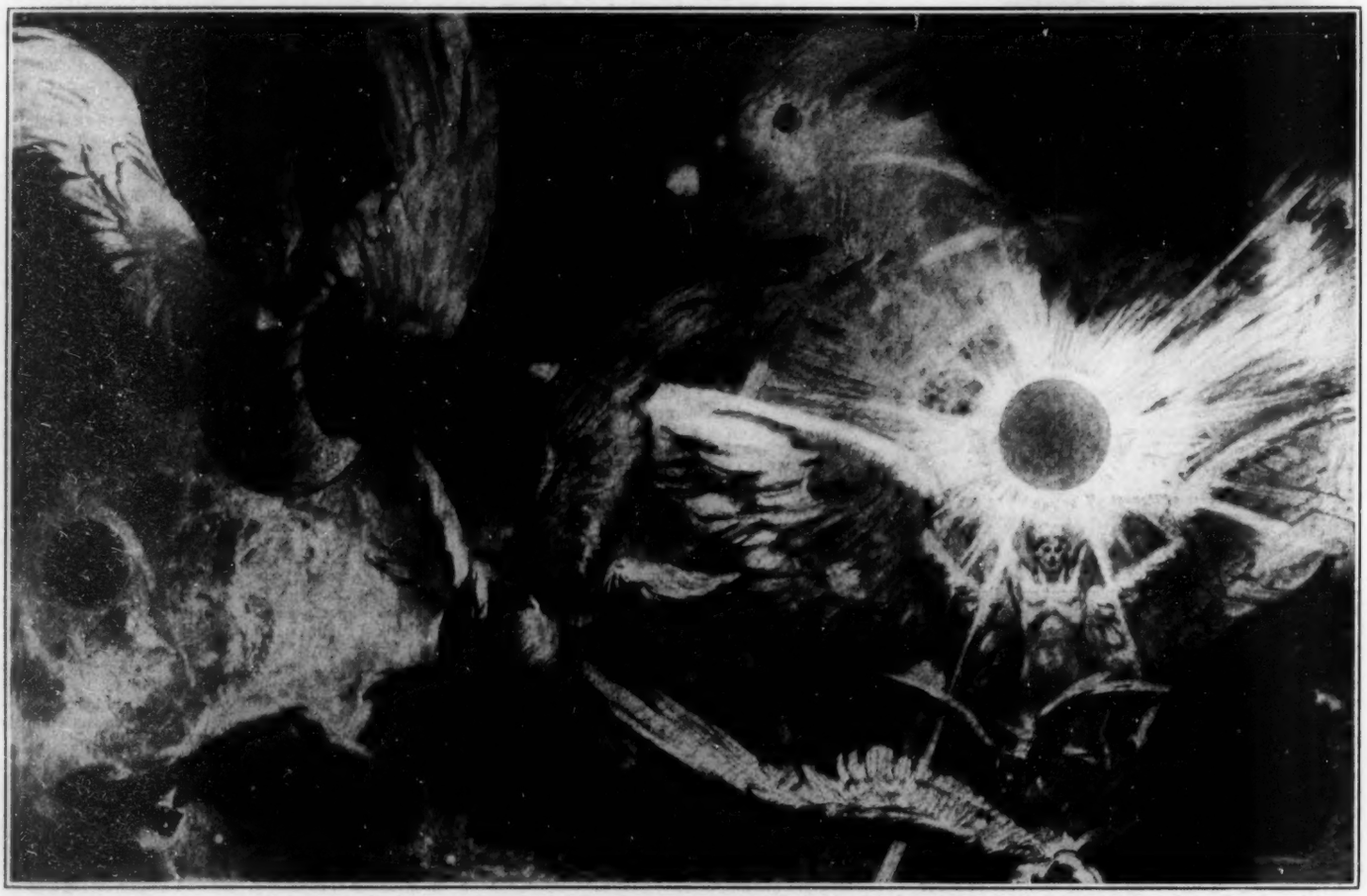
"But the trouble comes in getting convictions and in having sentences carried out. I've had a judge solemnly declare that a man convicted by a jury of violation of this law was guilty of the meanest kind of swindling, and then turn around and parole the offender. Once we got a poor boob who appeared to be technically guilty, perhaps, but didn't know that he was violating the law and really had no intention of swindling. His own lawyer, seeing that we were inclined to be lenient—as the circumstances morally compelled us to be—came to me and said, 'Look here! You're not going to let him out of jail, are you? He hasn't paid me for my services yet and if you give him the air I can whistle for my fee.'"

(Continued on Page 71)



This Form of Depravity Has Hundreds of Expert Followers, With Whom the Average Burglar or Highwayman Would Scorn to Associate

MY BOOK AND HEART



I Should be Wishing to See the Stars From This Distance, Because They are Smaller and Appear Younger, Happier

IX

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I CUT the world out after Faith and Harry were gone, as you give up a dear friend whom you used to visit occasionally. For now, besides my own work at the desk, I must manage the farm and direct my household affairs. I have done this for seven years. I have made two blades of grass grow where nothing grew before, without failing to produce at least one novel a year. This is one of the best ways of keeping well and all your faculties alert as you grow older and are left alone in the silence of just time, one day after another day. So I have become a fearfully diligent woman. But I am less companionable. I have lost the art of conversation. You do, living alone, with nobody but your trees and your dog.

But Faith was not so far away that she could not drop down upon me frequently like a bright blessing. For three years I lived in anticipation of these visits. Such stirrings and doings when I knew she would be coming! Certain little cakes that she liked rising up and popping open in the oven, filling the kitchen with fragrance. The old cabin put a ring on its finger. Fresh flowers inside, everything swept and garnished. A fire in the living room unless the weather was unbearably warm, because she liked the cheerful crackle of burning logs. The finest linen and the best china for the table, the best of everything, everywhere, because this was no prodigal son coming home; this was a dutiful daughter, bringing the light of her fair face. Mothers are pathetic, aren't they? Nothing can wean us from our children even after life weans them from us.

And when at last she came, the sound of her voice trailing off into sudden laughter, this old cabin hummed a tune, this place clapped its hands, little flowers beside the wall decided to bloom at once; the very cats going about with their tails up, the good old dog rubbing his great head against her, whimpering with joy.

You may infer the kind of daughter she was from this: Being slim and lovely like her father's people, she would stand before the mirror and try to look like her mother, who was neither slim nor lovely. She would call upon me to witness this resemblance which I could never see.

In the evenings she read and corrected the copy that had piled up on my desk since her last visit. She was a good critic, honest, with a real sense of literary values. She could actually taste words and find them sweet; or tasteless and worthless, as the case might be. I have known her to shed tears when she felt obliged to disagree with me about some scene or sentence in a story, lest she should discourage me. But she invariably stuck to her guns.

She liked to sew a fine seam, and did it very well. She liked to mend her own things and wear them again, prideful of her thrift. You have seen the charming figures with which the bandboxes of fashionable milliners are decorated? Faith always looked as if she had stepped out of one of these boxes without having disarranged one little white frill of herself.

She had my habit of reading the Bible because she liked it, not for conscience's sake. She derived much succulent satisfaction from certain of the Old Testament Scriptures. The first chapter of Habakkuk fascinated her, and she could be moved to tears and tender merriment by that coat of many colors Joseph's father made for him. What I mean is that she could actually see that dearest son of Jacob strutting about in this coat. She would speculate about the length of it. She knew it must be rather long, according to the style in those days. Still, she could only visualize little Joseph in a rainbow jacket which barely reached his hips. Whereupon she would keen up a laugh that should have made these ancient Scriptures smile.

We exchanged the letters during this period afterwards published in From Sunup to Sundown. She slipped them in along with her real letters to me once in so often, for when she was not at home she wrote to me every day.

You will know how to take this little wreath of memories to Faith, as you have so kindly permitted me to place a crown upon my circuit rider's head, for they are now the very fragrance of my life, and a part of this record, from which she must pass presently as she has already passed from life itself.

I remember her last visit. It was on the occasion of my fiftieth birthday, which falls on Saint Patrick's Day. She suspected that I might forget this birthday, as was actually the case. Something happened on the morning of this day—a little thing, to be remembered longer than many great and important events in my life. When the morning mail came in there was no letter from Faith, since she was with me. I complained of this.

"In paradise, my dear, I should miss your letters," I said, laughing.

But she did not laugh. She gave me a look, startled, which softened into sadness, and made no reply.

Can it be that we have the prescience of death, even if we are in health, when death is terribly near? This was the last day we had together until I was called to her bedside a month later. She had been stricken suddenly and was gone very quickly. When she was within no more than a breath of the end, with her eyes fixed tenderly upon my face, she said:

"What a mother—what a mother you have been! Kiss me." And she would have me clasp her arms about my neck.

Hearts break, dear friends, but we cannot always break with them. We may have no reason left for planning and achieving, but we must go on living. So it is better to go on with courage. If we make a profession of our sorrows virtue goes out of us; we become contemptible. Nothing that can happen is unbearable, else it would not happen. Some day when we are old and tired and our strength is gone we have a right to fail, but not until then.

This queer thing happened to me: For many years I had insomnia. I was anxious all the time about something. I used to wake in the night, holding my breath, fearing for Lundy, or wondering about Faith, who was away at school. The night after her death I slept soundly for the first time in thirty years. I seemed to have passed, too, into a sort of quietness. I had a terrible peace. I could not think, but I rested. What I kept saying to myself was that I would get up presently and go back to work.

All this happened in May of 1919, but it was October before I got back to my desk. Then presently I wrote

My Son, the last of the circuit-rider stories. The writing of this book was for me a great deliverance, because I regained my confidence and courage as a worker when it was published in THE POST and was so kindly received.

Strangers are sometimes led to do beautiful things without knowing the value of their service. When this story came out I received many letters, some of them beginning "Dear Mother." It was sweet to be called so by men in different parts of the world who belonged to different creeds and different walks of life, a sort of richness to feel that, now being childless, they recognized some quality still of the mother in me. My reputation has suffered some in the scrimmage of living, due partly to the accident of fame, and more particularly to the impudent and purposeful way I have sometimes carried out my convictions; but I have had so many of the kindest things done to me.

Once back in the years shortly after A Circuit Rider's Wife appeared, I received a check for two dollars and a letter from somebody who wanted to help the widow of a Methodist preacher. He said he was a traveling man who had wandered far from the fold, but that his father had been a Methodist itinerant, and his mother had had a very hard time after his father's death. So he knew how it was with me, and was sending me the inclosed check. I kept it and wrote him a grateful letter, telling him not to worry, I was doing very well, but would let him know if I needed anything.

Judging by the letters I received, I am strong with these hardened-by-experience one-eyed men of the world who spend their lives on the road selling everything from silks to shoes. And I must be corrupt, after all, because I am touched by their good will and faith in me as I should not be by the recommendation of the great saints. What I mean is that I would take the latter as a nickel's worth of praise as compared with dollars for the same kind from publicans and sinners. They know if you have the food of kindness and love in you which they need and crave, while your great saint may be a sort of Dives, with his spiritual barns full of virtues that you have not got, and he reared back chiding you for your poverty, which is your sins. This, dear brethren, is the test of a church—whether sinners and the ragamuffin souls of lost men believe in its integrity, its power to comfort and save. I am not comparing myself to a church, you understand; I am simply using a familiar illustration, and maybe giving myself a few airs, because it is a grand feeling to have people who read your stuff actually believe it is the truth, not fiction, and to be moved thereby to an act of charity, like writing the author such letters as I sometimes receive, or being moved to perform some other good deed.

Recently in an article on The Unknown Great American Woman I mentioned a certain widow who lives near me as being one of these women who hold the world together, who never lead a reform or a parade, and will have no Arlington monument raised to their memory. I merely told how poor she was, how cheerful, how good, and how hard she worked. I used her simply as an illustration, you understand. To my amazement, many sinners and one saint put their shoulders to this widow's wheel. She will probably be able to pay the mortgage on her farm this year, and she is even now dressed as fine as a fiddle on Sabbath days in the clothes you have sent her; and though she has always leaned hopefully toward a sublime faith in miracles, this faith has been confirmed by these gifts. The Lord can never astonish her again by His mercies, not even if she awakened some morning and found that her house had been painted sky blue by starlight. She can believe that strongly, you understand, in the diligence of His angels. This direct confidence in the Lord may cheat you who actually sent these gifts, but it makes a happy and fearless woman out of a very forlorn and terrified little widow with a houseful of children, which ought to satisfy you almost as well as if you had been praised by name in the county paper for your charity.

As to that, I have frequently advocated the establishment of a good-news service in this country. We are acquiring a catastrophic taste for news because too much is published about crime and vice while we take our virtues for granted, as we never praise the heavens for the stars that shine there, having been so long accustomed to the loveliness of these stars. This is wrong. We are cheating ourselves of the best truth. I would not go so far as to shout that the millennium is at hand in spite of the courageous faith of the Seventh Day Adventists, but if you can possibly forget the bad news you read in the papers this morning, the gossip you heard yesterday, the erotic or bandit play you saw last night, and look about you with a hopeful eye, it must become perfectly clear to you that we are doing better and are at least twice as far from perdition as we are from paradise.

We are not worse men and women than we used to be; we are simply clouded with too much bad information. Every telegraph line and cable has become an international gossip. If we cannot know all the good that is going on in the world, we ought not to be so carefully informed about all that is going wrong in the uttermost parts of the earth.

Sometimes I wish we could live the good little lives we used to live according to every man's own domestic Monroe Doctrine. I wish the mind of our times would settle down, and that we might be given, as we used to be, to revivals, picnics and romance. I want to be peaceful and "sit and sing my soul away to everlasting peace."

As it is, I must be a new woman in a new world, and start all over as a citizen and a voter. At my age, with my experience and traditions, this is not only a hardship, it is

(Continued on Page 142)



I Have Not Set Down Everything That Should Have Gone Into This Record. But Let That Go; We Never Get All of Life Into the Lives We Live, Either

PEDDLER'S SIZE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"GOT more books'n I can read, right now." Elmer, who committed his part to memory with the effortless speed and accuracy of his ten years, took his cue nonchalantly, his attention fixed on the nodding tassels of the linen fly nets that guarded Bet and Nell to their ear tips.

He enjoyed the game that beguiled the stretches between farms; but its chief virtue in his estimate lay in the fact that when Uncle Clem Bixby was engaged with the printed canvasses provided by helpful publishers to beginning salesmen Elmer was allowed to drive.

He clicked his tongue softly against his teeth in the pause that followed Objection Number Nine.

"That's right, Mr. Clinton"—it was understood that during these rehearsals Elmer should be dignified by the formal address—"that's the first thing 't came into my head when I took the agency for the Universal C'mpendium of Useful Knowledge. I says to myself, 'Here's a book that was just printed on purpose for folks like Mr. Clinton—folks that owns too many books already and can't get time to read 'em. Here's a book that c'ntains everything that's in all the others—a book that a busy man can take and use 'stead of a whole lib'ry.'"

"It doesn't say that in the canvass," objected Elmer. "It starts, 'Nobody can have too many books, Mr. Blank; nobody can have half enough,' and it goes on about ——"

"I know it does, Elmer. Maybe I'd ought to do like it says in the booklet, only I sort of hate to start arguing with a customer when I can make out to 'gree with him. Guess that's how I'm built—always rather side in with folks than go against 'em. I'll see how it goes, anyhow, trying it my way. Le's see, where was I? I'd say, 'Mr. Clinton, this here book'll give you the meat that's inside all the others, and none of the shells.' I'd say ——"

Elmer listened until a pause prompted him to advance Objection Number Ten. Before Uncle Clem could respond the sound of swift, staccato hoof beats and light, speeding wheels demanded room to pass. Elmer pulled the team skillfully to the dusty weeds that overhung the yellow ribbon of beaten track, frowning a little. He hated to admit that Bet and Nell must swallow anybody's dust, even with the heavy van to haul.

He continued to scowl at the spidery buggy that whirled up abreast, at the thick-set, prosperous man in new straw hat and city clothes who nodded and grinned in affable condescension as he passed, at the dust cloud that lifted and spread like a long, lazy plume of yellow smoke.

"Liv'ry rig," said Uncle Clem. "Salesman, prob'ly, same's you'll be one o' these fine days. Better'n peddling, hey, Elmer? Drive around in a genteel hired rig when you ain't riding on the cars, stay to all the best hotels on the fat o' the land, bank good money every week ——"

Elmer's scowl thickened. He was puzzled and displeased by these recurring lectures that reflected on an utterly satisfying existence. That was the way his mother had talked whenever she mentioned Uncle Clem's business, back in the days when Elmer's summers had been spent respectably in Ellaville, where, for some reason, a boy named Elmer Clinton had to wear wide, stiff-starched collars to church suppers and might not lawfully associate with the rough boys who splashed naked in the swimming hole back of the broken dam. He saw no reason why Uncle Clem should speak approvingly of a man who drove a hired rig and slept in hotels.



"Do You Good to Get a Drive Back of Them High Steppers, Mis' Hadlow. Me and Elmer'll Take Good Care of Charlie"

"Wonder what he's selling." Uncle Clem neglected the canvass to squint through the dust at the buggy, now far ahead. "Didn't look like it could be books, without he carried his samples under the seat." He nodded with evident satisfaction as the rig turned in at a line of old slow-dying honey locusts that lifted black, twisted branches over a lane. "Going to see old man Hadlow, I guess. We'll ketch up with him, maybe, in yonder, and find out."

He hummed a hymn tune, dolefully out of key with the look that seemed to wake his face, the eyes narrowed to pin points of brightness, the nostrils wide, so that Elmer thought of the Friday afternoon recitation about the war horse that smelled powder smoke.

"Ain't many could sell to old man Hadlow," he said, as if to himself. "Rich as paint and twicet as close. Le's see now."

Elmer followed the buggy into the lane. Uncle Clem rummaged in the cupboard back of the seat, humming again as he fingered his favorite items of merchandise, and stocked one pocket after another. The farm buildings were a long way back from the main road, and the lane was rutted and rough. Elmer remarked on the fact. They'd come a good mile out of their way, he estimated; it wouldn't pay unless Uncle Clem made a pretty good sale.

"Guess that's so," Uncle Clem nodded. "Prob'ly don't pay me to drive in here, Elmer, only I sort of got in the habit. Guess it ain't business—kind of like to tackle a mean customer oncet in a while. Ain't many could sell Hadlow a gold dollar f'r fifty cents." He lifted his hand as Elmer, following their common practice, would have driven the van around to the back of the house. "Better stop out in front and leave me walk back yonder—sort of down on peddlers, Hadlow is. Easier to handle if he don't see the wagon."

He climbed over the wheel and crossed a shaggy stretch of turf to the corner of the foursquare, white-painted house, avoiding the overgrown gravel path. Here, as he paused, he could catch voices from the open window—old Hadlow's rusty tone and the smooth, well-lubricated answers. He shook his head. The city man was arguing:

"You've got the wrong notion, Mr. Hadlow. There's no safer investment in the world than gold. Everything else fluctuates in price according to the times, but gold is always gold, isn't it? And you don't see the King Solomon's Mines Black Sand Gold Dredging Corporation advertising its stock in the newspapers, do you? No, sir! We've got all the money we need. If we wanted more we could get it in a minute from Wall Street or the banks. You can't buy a share of this stock except from me, and the only reason you can buy it from me is that I want your business in the future. We've got even bigger properties in the gold fields that we'll be developing later on, and I'm here to prove to you that we're reliable and sound from the ground up by giving you a slice of the King Solomon bonanza."

Uncle Clem nodded in time to the clauses. He stood his ground for a few minutes, listening to the thrust and parry. A lean, suspicious collie discovered him and barked sullenly until he moved on to the side door. Hadlow's surly voice growled permission to enter.

"Go right ahead and finish your business, Mr. Hadlow. I'd just as lief wait. Just driving by and thought I'd stop in for a minute."

"Wasted your time, same as you always do," snapped Hadlow. "Told you twenty times I don't hold with buying off peddlers."

"Just what I'm always telling folks, Mr. Hadlow. It don't pay to do business with folks you don't know. Why, only yest'd'y I was talking to a man over by Union Corners that took and bought a fountain pen off a fly-by-night peddler. Give him five dollars for it, and it never wrote a line without spilling ink all over everything—like this."

He dipped Hadlow's steel pen into the five-cent ink bottle and shook off a liberal splash on the tablet of cheap letter paper. Hadlow snarled an angry protest at the waste.

"Fix that up in a jiffy, Mr. Hadlow. Guess you ain't seen the latest little money saver on the market. Don't need to waste paper just because you spill ink on it if you got one of these Presto-Rayso Ink Removers. Take any ink spot outen anything in less'n a minute by the watch."

He demonstrated the action of the twin bottles, talking steadily as the blot dissolved and vanished, and the quarter of a dollar that paid for the outfit seemed to transfer

itself from Hadlow's leather purse without its owner's volition. Uncle Clem's flow of speech did not pause during this transaction; it reverted, now, to the fountain-pen fraud.

"Makes it all the worse when you re'lize that fifty cents pays for the Sty!o Stylus, the self-filling ink pencil that pos'tively can't clog, scratch, leak 'r wear out—writes easier'n a lead pencil and as perm'nent as a pen, and you can carry it in your pants pocket like a jackknife if you're a mind to. Does away with the ink bottle and writes so even and smooth you don't even have to use no blotter."

The stock salesman's half-dollar followed Hadlow's into his pocket before the hypnosis of the voice wore thin. Uncle Clem retreated in good order, and the reassured collie escorted him back to the van. Uncle Clem had a way with farm dogs.

There was a mild regret in his voice as he enlightened Elmer on the way back to the main road.

"Big business, sure enough, Elmer, just like I guessed when he went past us." He shook his head meditatively. "Stood and listened quite a spell before the dog give me away, I did. Kind of figured I'd learn something off a reg'lar salesman."

Elmer clicked to the team.

"How was he? Pretty slick, I'll bet."

Again Uncle Clem's head moved doubtfully.

"I don't rightly know. Maybe you got to sell different when you're carrying a line of mining stock. I don't guess that there feller would sell a sight of our goods, Elmer—not without he went at it considerable different."

Elmer nodded.

"Bet you could sell his old stock better'n he could if you started in to do it," he declared. "I bet you could handle big business just as good as anybody if you was a mind to."

Uncle Clem's face relaxed in spite of his endeavor to frown. Somehow Elmer's good opinion always pleased him, mistaken as he knew it must be. Usually he was at some pains to combat the boy's liking for their trade. It would never do for Emmy's son to grow up with the notion that peddling was an honorable calling. But now he let the assertion go unchallenged, his thoughts engaged with the talk he had overheard at Hadlow's.

"Always had a sort of hankering to tackle something big," he confessed bashfully. "Guess I'd make a mess of it, but it'd be sort of fun to find out how it goes. If I was handlin' that there gold-mine stock I'd say, 'Mr. Clinton, you're abs'lutely right. It's plumb true't most gold mines ain't only holes in the ground 't belong to first-rate liars. That's why I'm handling this here King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corp'ration—it ain't a hole in the ground—it's right on top, where you can see what's in it and how much is in it. You only got to take and run this here 'riferous black sand through one of our patent dredgers and sieve out the gold, same's you'd put seed oats through a fanning mill.' I'd say, 'Mr. Clinton, you owe yourself a share in this big money.' I'd say, 'Mr. Clinton, it ain't only fair to your dollar to give it a chance to grow up into a ten-dollar bill, same as a shoat grows up to be a hog.' I'd say, 'Mr. Clinton ——'"

He interrupted himself presently with an abashed chuckle as they approached the next homestead, a huddle of small barns and sheds across the road from a weather-beaten one-story house, half smothered in climbing roses.

"Shucks, Elmer, whyn't you stop me, wasting time talking big? I'd ought to have studied some more on that there canvass so's I could sell a copy of the c'mpendium here. Guess I better try it anyhow."

He reached into the recess under the seat as Elmer pulled in beside the house. A woman looked up from a wooden tub of washing at the sound of the wheels and called a sharp caution to the little boy who played solemnly in the path. Uncle Clem clambered briskly over the wheel, his black hat in his hand.

"Morning, Mis' Hadlow. This here your boy? Don't seem hardly poss'ble 't he's growed so sence I stopped here last time."

He squatted before the child and a tin mud turtle with quivering head and tail appeared on the flat of his hand. The boy put forth a deliberate arm, but his mother called sharply and he drew it back.

"It's no use giving Charlie any presents this time, Mr. Bixby." The woman spoke in a flat, weary voice. "I can't buy anything."

She pushed back a straggling strand of black hair with her bared forearm, and her hand showed swollen and pink from the soapy water. Uncle Clem put the turtle on the well curb beside the boy and straightened to face her.

"Don't wonder you feel sort of wore out, Mis' Hadlow, doing a big wash with that there yellow soap. Guess it'd be different if you was using 'Lectric Cleanser, like this here."

He produced a small packet with an effect of legerdemain and approached the tub. The woman laughed unsteadily and made a pushing gesture with the wet, pink hand.

"Please don't sell me anything this time, Mr. Bixby. I can't afford to spend a cent—honestly. Since Jim died ——"

She left the sentence in the air. Uncle Clem stopped on the brink of his gambit.

"Jim? You don't mean to tell me ——"

"Last August. He went out with a threshing gang and the machine—caught him." She kept to the flat tone. "I haven't been buying much since. The place just about got us a living when Jim was here to work it. Now ——"

Uncle Clem shook his head.

"You been trying to run it yourself? No help?"

She shrugged.

"Can't make out to hire hands, the way I'm fixed."

The peddler nodded sidewise in the direction from which he had come.

"Jim's father—he don't help you?"

She laughed.

"Never forgave Jim for marrying me. Says it's my fault that Jim ——"

Uncle Clem nodded soberly. He was reasonably well acquainted with the elder Hadlow.

"Jim left you the place, didn't he—free and clear? Don't you guess it'd be better to sell out? You could go back to the town and open up your mil'n'ry store again."

Once more she answered with the flat laugh.

"Who's to buy? There's ten farms for sale right in this school district and nobody with money enough to buy an acre—except Jim's father. If Jim'd lived we'd have made it pay. There's ten acres in apple trees that'll bear in two or three years. But nobody wants it—not at any price. It'll go for taxes pretty soon."

Uncle Clem's lower lip pursed and protruded. He pinched it thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger, his glance running over the slope beyond the house where the thrifty young fruit trees showed above the tall weeds. A whir of wheels sounded in the road, slowed and stopped, and a hail came back to him.

He turned and nodded soberly at the stock vender in the livery rig.

"Say, is this the right road back to Glen Echo?"

"Straight ahead till you come to the four corners, and turn left there."

Uncle Clem gestured; the buggy whirred on down the road. Uncle Clem's eyes, when they came back to meet the woman's, had again contracted to that queer pin-point brightness. *(Continued on Page 162)*



"Please Don't Sell Me Anything This Time, Mr. Bixby. I Can't Afford to Spend a Cent—Honestly. Since Jim Died ——"

THE HEART OF A SLOGANEER

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

'S MINK!"

"Yes, Mr. Bowser."

"'S Mink, dictation, please."

'S Mink—Miss Myrtle Mink on the pay roll of the Bowsers, Inc., Publicity Engineers—snapped to attention by the desk of that illustrious sloganeer, J. Sanford Bowser. Unlimbering her battery of needle-pointed pencils she made ready to enmesh in the loops, hooks and lassos of her shorthand the pearls that would inevitably fall from the Bowserian lips.

The great man tilted back in his solid mahogany swivel chair and swept the ceiling with inspiration-seeking blue eyes. Pensively he puffed a Marlborough-Somerset—Every Puff Has a Pedigree. If Marlborough-Somersets were at the bottom of the sea, Discriminating Smokers would Dive for Them! Only One Quarter for the Nifty Purple Packet.

Bowser himself had sired those words; they had come to him in his bath in one of those white-hot flashes that only creative geniuses know, and he had leaped up, all suds and ecstasy, to dash forth, just as he was, a modern Archimedes, to note down his latest deathless phrase in the big vellum-bound book kept for that purpose. Those words had put Marlborough-Somersets on the map. Putting things on the map was Mr. Bowser's calling and he held it sacred.

"Our mission—yours and mine," he sometimes described it to the two thousand members of his organization in his monthly homilies.

"Please," he would say—"please let none of us be heard referring to the advertising 'game.'" To younger members of the company, who now and again had been known to imply timorously that to work twelve hours a day for twenty-five dollars a week was trying, he would say, "But, my dear young man—or woman—consider: Are you not preparing for the priesthood of publicity?" Blushing, abashed at their crass display of materialism, they would slink back to their desks.

And now that archbishop of publicity, Mr. Bowser, was giving himself over to profoundest cogitation. His tall, pale brow was knit; plainly some grave responsibility rested on his Fifth-Avenue-tailored shoulders. His tense face gave evidence of a mind in labor. Miss Mink's face, between tortoise-shell spectacles and permanent wave, was also sympathetically furrowed. Silence, thick as Grade-A cream, filled the spacious office. Mr. Bowser exhaled a sigh, the sigh of a poet soul in the pangs of self-expression. He pressed a finger to his temple as if he sought some magic push button there. He sighed again, poignantly.

So sighed Shakspere as he poised his fountain pen in air just before writing down, "To be, or not to be—that is the question."

So sighed Dante and Poe.



"What," She Demanded, "Do You Mean by This?"

A hush, fraught with expectancy, seemed to have spread over the room, over the twenty-story Bowser Building, over all New York. Even the Elevated trains tempered their roar to a scarcely audible reverent mumble. A waiting world seemed to sense that the mighty mind of Bowser was undergoing confinement and would soon give birth to a cosmic idea.

Suddenly his eyes focused on a spot in the ceiling. They were lit by the divine fire. Miss Mink crouched, pencil ready, like a sprinter waiting the starter's gun. Mr. Bowser leaped to his feet; in a rapt and ringing voice he cried, "I am Purity."

Miss Mink stared at Mr. Bowser, startled. One might almost have thought that she intended to dispute the statement.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Bowser?" she faltered.

Oblivious of the mundane, in his rhapsody of poetic fancy, he did not hear her.

"I am Delicacy," he declaimed. "I am Wholesomeness."

Miss Mink's eyes apprehensively measured the distance to the door; she wished to be ready to escape in case he became violent.

"I am the Essence of Fields of Sun-Caressed and Dew-Spangled Clover," chanted Mr. Bowser, "transmuted by Nature's Alchemy ——" He paused, frowned. "Why aren't you taking this down, 'S Mink?"

"Oh—oh, were you dictating, Mr. Bowser?" Confusion overwhelmed her. "I—er—it was so beautiful ——"

The rebuke expired unuttered on his lips.

"Yes," he said, to her and himself, "it is Big Stuff." Then, "We'll start again, 'S Mink."

She, penitent, trained her pencil on a vestal page.

Again Mr. Bowser enunciated, "I am Purity. [Capital 'P,' 'S Mink.] I am Delicacy. I am Wholesomeness. I am the Essence of Fields of Sun-Caressed and Dew-Spangled Clover, transmuted by Nature's Alchemy. [Paragraph, 'S Mink.]

"'The lowing herds that wind slowly o'er the lea' [quotes, 'S Mink] are proud that they are related to me.

"I represent Achievement. Civilized Man working in Perfect Harmony with Old Mother Nature produces me. Through the ages Man has sought me and only now has he found me.

"I am Fulfillment—the end of the long trail, the Goal, attained at last.

"I am a Builder. Not river-spanning Bridges, nor cloud-touching temples of Business, nor mighty Barks that sail the Seven Seas do I build. But I build the Builders of these! I build Muscle and Sinew and Brawn. I build Men!

"I am Power, ready, willing, eager to be used. You will find me wherever Big Men meet to do Big Things—in conferences of statesmen, in meetings of boards of directors, in chambers of commerce, in sessions of Rotary Clubs. I give men that Pep that gives them Punch and Personality.

"Tired Men turn to me at the end of a nerve-jangled day and I fail them not. For I am Strength, and I give of my Strength to all who wish it.

"To all am I a Friend, and all love me—the prattling kiddie, the growing youngster, the business man and his wife, the dear old folks.

"I am Satisfaction. I am Health Itself. I am Mandelbaum's Gilt-Edge Cheese."



These Words Had Come to Him in His Bath in One of Those White-Hot Flashes That Only Creative Geniuses Know

Mr. Bowser wiped a steaming brow with a silk handkerchief and sank back into his chair, spent.

"At all Grocers', sixty cents the pound," he finished.

The Elevated trains began to rumble again; the spell was broken. Mr. Bowser went to the water cooler and drank deeply of spring water; possibly Pierian.

"How do you like it, 'S Mink?" he asked.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Bowser; just wonderful."

Miss Mink was just a little bit in love with Mr. Bowser. Indeed, all the women in the organization were; nor was he unaware of this.

"I can't help it," he told his wife, who, as associate president of the company, occupied the office next to his and put products on the map at a furious rate every day from nine till five.

"Romance," continued Mr. Bowser to his spouse, "is the bunk; and, anyhow, it certainly has no place in business. I don't give them any encouragement; at least not consciously."

Mrs. Bowser smiled that thin, enigmatic smile that so became her classic features.

"Of course, you wouldn't do it consciously, Sanford," she said, "any more than I would consciously use my feminine appeal to get work out of the young male copy writers."

She smiled that subtle smile of hers, and he smiled back.

"In business," she stated, "one must do two things."

"Which are?" he inquired.

"Be cold as a wedge," she replied, "and keep down the overhead."

They shook hands on it; they never kissed in business hours.

In the richly impressive office of Mr. Bowser—Interior Decorations by the Rembrandt-Levy Studios—the wheels of commerce were revolving again, and Bowser the bard had become, with the celerity of a protean artist, Bowser the high-speed executive.

"'S Mink, take a memo."

"Yes, Mr. Bowser."

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," he dictated.

In re: luncheon conference.
I wish to confer with you on new posters for Bedfello—the Hot Water Bottle Beautiful. Will you please meet me at the Ritz at 1:12 precisely? J. SANFORD BOWSER, President.

He might have saved several seconds by calling across the partition that separated their sanctums; beyond the thin wall he could hear her brisk soprano dictation. But efficiency would have forbidden that course, even if dignity hadn't.

"Put everything in writing" was one of the principles that made the Bowsers what they are today; and, as their net income last year was two hundred and ten thousand dollars and a few odd cents, the correctness of their principles is hardly disputable.

Having sent the memorandum to his wife, Mr. Bowser immersed himself in an ocean of work. In due course the smooth-functioning machinery of the Bowser organization brought him a memorandum on the violet-tinted paper that individualized the memorandums of his wife. When Mr. Bowser read it his lips made a gesture of displeasure. Her memorandum read:

To Mr. Bowser: In re: luncheon conference.
Sorry but can't meet you today.
P. I. BOWSER, Associate President.

Mr. Bowser permitted himself to pause for a moment in the midst of his working day and survey the chimney pots of New York with vaguely perturbed eyes. A disquieting thought was pricking at one of his brain cells. It was the fifth time in succession that Mrs. Bowser had declined his invitation to lunch.

Had they been social luncheons solely he would have understood. But these—these were business luncheons. He turned, scowling, to his desk and incontinently discharged three apprentices to the priesthood of publicity. Then with mind partly relieved, Mr. Bowser went to lunch alone. He went to the Vanderbilt. He did not go there ordinarily, but he had a purpose in going there this day—he wanted to find out if they served Mandelbaum's Gilt-Edge Cheese, and if they didn't, why. They didn't. Mr. Bowser was moodily sampling a dish of fresh stewed plums and mentally resolving that by the power of the printed word he would compel this and all hotels to serve his product, when, glancing down the dining room, he beheld a mauve-gowned back and a copper-hued coiffure that could belong to but one woman—and that woman was Pandora Irene Bowser.

Mr. Bowser let curious eyes range past her to her companion. Then Mr. Bowser afforded the world a glimpse of the primal man that lurked beneath his well-groomed exterior by ruthlessly, almost savagely skinning a plum.

"Umph!" he observed. "Patent-leather hair and a diamond ring. Nincompoop! Under thirty! And she declined my invitation!"

He bit fiercely into a plum and a sharp profane word escaped him. He had forgotten to remove the pit. In his forty careful years Mr. Bowser had never before forgotten to remove the pits from his stewed plums.

On the following day J. Sanford Bowser sent another memorandum—an urgent one—to his wife:

To Mrs. Bowser: In re: luncheon.
Must see you at luncheon at the Ritz at 1:09 sharp.
J. Sanford Bowser, President.

Her lavender rejoinder contained one single pregnant word:

To Mr. Bowser: In re: luncheon.
Impossible. P. I. Bowser, Associate President.

Mr. Bowser shrugged his shoulders as one who dismisses a trivial annoyance and turned his attention to a new prose poem on Mandelbaum's Gilt-Edge Cheese. At a quarter to one he glanced at his platinum wrist watch—it was a Krafty-Kronometer—"Yours for a Good Time"—and said, "'S Mink, I'm going to lunch."



She Seldom Laughed at His Own Stories

"Where, Mr. Bowser? In case that long-distance call from Seattle comes in ——"

Mr. Bowser reached for hat and stick; for two seconds, perhaps two and a half seconds, he darkly regarded the Cabistan rug on the office floor. Then he spoke:

"The Vanderbilt," he said gruffly. "Forgot to ask them about that cheese."

It was unlike Mr. Bowser to seek to justify any act of his. Thought so absorbed him that he rode down in the public elevator instead of his own private one. At the hotel he tried to concentrate on the menu, but his eye strayed from the printed array of dishes and roamed over the room. What he saw so stirred him that he did not veto the waiter's suggestion of steak-and-kidney pie, although he did not in the least care for steak-and-kidney pie. What he had seen made it taste even less pleasant to him. The man with the patent-leather hair was telling Mrs. Bowser, presumably, a funny story, and she was laughing at it. Mr. Bowser munched his pie and his eyes narrowed to mere fissures; she seldom laughed at his own stories. Mr. Bowser stalked from the dining room in such a state that he tipped the waiter more than 10 per cent of the bill. It went hard with the slogans submitted for Mr. Bowser's approval by lesser sloganeers that afternoon.

At fourteen minutes past four he buzzed for Miss Mink.

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," he directed. His tone was purposeful.

In re: dinner.
I shall not dine at home tonight.
J. Sanford Bowser, President.

At 4:39 a messenger entered his office on diffident rubber heels bearing a lavender memorandum from his wife.

To Mr. Bowser: In re: dinner.
But I have ordered apple dumplings specially for you.
P. I. Bowser, Associate President.

For perhaps a second or a second and a quarter the face of the great sloganeer softened; then it became as marble again.

"Memo to Mrs. Bowser," he said, voice steeped in irony.

In re: apple dumplings.
Pity to waste them. Haven't you a FRIEND [all caps, 'S Mink] you could ask in my place?
J. Sanford Bowser, President.

It was well past five, and Mrs. Bowser should have been lighting her third cigarette over her cocktail at the Jill Club, discussing feminism, Freud and fashions with the smart denizens of that very smart organization of professional women—no amateur women need apply. But she was doing nothing of the kind. Alone in her office she sat, head bent over desk, and it was not the making of a new slogan that absorbed her. She was staring very hard at certain orange memorandums that had come to her from her spouse.

"It's the fifth time in two weeks he hasn't come home for dinner," she muttered.

Then she went to the Jill Club, and silently drank not one but two cocktails. She took no part in the buzzing and bickering about her, and she was usually the liveliest of all that lively group.

"What's wrong with you, Bowser?" queried a fellow member, Judy Sipe, of Judy Sipe & Co., Seasoned Investments, in her hearty man-to-man fashion. Mrs. Bowser only glared at her.

"Come, Bowser," the irrepressible Miss Sipe rallied her. "Don't pretend you have the golden gift of silence. What complex is bothering you today?"

"Sipe," said Mrs. Bowser with icy deliberateness, "you need a shave." And with that Pandora Irene Bowser strode out to her limousine, leaving the crushed Sipe thoughtfully fingering her upper lip.

Mrs. Bowser was cruising up Fifth Avenue toward her nineteen-room-and-nine-bath domicile on Park Avenue when her Japanese chauffeur was startled by her razor-edged hiss in his ear.

"Hondo, slow down! Drive near the curb!"

The alert green eyes of Mrs. Bowser had seen ornamenting the sidewalk a pair of faultlessly tailored brown trousers with a fine black stripe. She knew that suiting; she herself had selected it for J. Sanford Bowser, and it was clearly his long legs that animated the trousers. But it was not the presence of the Bowserian trousers—and legs—amid the homing pedestrians on that splendid thoroughfare that caused her eyes to light up like the colored bottles in old-fashioned drug-store windows. It was the fact that Bowser did not walk alone. A woman was with him—a young woman.

"What a shockingly bad hat!" That was Mrs. Bowser's first reaction. "And that suit! A girl as slender as that should not wear stripes."

As her limousine drew abreast of them Mrs. Bowser noted that the great sloganeer was talking with the utmost animation to his companion.

"A new copy writer," thought Mrs. Bowser. "He's giving her that organization-loyalty line."

Then she caught a glimpse of the girl's face. It was alert, large-eyed, decidedly comely and fringed with a black bang—and it was the face of an entire stranger. With eyes incredulous yet compelled by fact to believe, she saw her husband take the girl's elbow and steer her into the door of the St. Regis dining room. The Japanese chauffeur was almost startled out of his Oriental imperturbability by a voice so hoarse it must have lacerated the lining of the speaking tube.

"Home, Hondo!" said the voice.

That night as he cleaned the limousine, Hondo wondered why his otherwise adorable employer had littered the floor with a three-and-a-half-dollar orchid he had placed fresh in its silver vase that very morning.

Mr. Bowser surprised his secretary next day.

"'S Mink," he asked abruptly, "would you mind looking at my head?"

Miss Mink said she wouldn't mind.

"Look close," said Mr. Bowser. "Do you see any gray hairs?"

He presented his well-brushed locks for her inspection.

"No, Mr. Bowser," she reported; "not one."

"Thanks, 'S Mink."

He studied some proofs on his desk, then looked up.

"'S Mink."

"Yes, Mr. Bowser."

"Do you think one swallow makes a summer?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bowser."

"Thank you, 'S Mink."

At almost that identical second Miss Gussing, the strong-minded, strong-faced and unbelievably efficient secretary to Mrs. Bowser, was startled into making her first error in fourteen years of typing by hearing Mrs. Bowser say, "Gussing, look at me. Am I a hag?"

Miss Gussing looked.

"Oh, no," she said with conviction.

"Be frank with me, Gussing. Am I beginning to show my age?"

She was thirty-four.

"Oh, not at all," Miss Gussing assured her. "And that's a stunning dress you're wearing."

"Jouvin's, Paris; only two hundred and eighty dollars," said Mrs. Bowser. "Do you think I should bang my hair?"

"I don't."

"Some people seem to like bangs," said Mrs. Bowser.

(Continued on Page 160)



The Man With the Patent-Leather Hair Was Telling Mrs. Bowser, Presumably, a Funny Story, and She Was Laughing at It

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A Hard Lesson to Learn

THE Joint Committee of Agricultural Inquiry, set up by Congress in the spring of 1921, issued reports in the fall of that year following exhaustive hearings. From the evidence presented before the committee, it was clear that the wheat acreage of the United States was in excess of the demand, considered in relation to world demand and supply of wheat. The National Agricultural Conference, held in Washington in January, 1922, adopted recommendations of the subcommittee on costs, prices and readjustments in the wheat regions, to the effect that wheat acreage be reduced 15 per cent. It was suggested that in the semi-arid areas the land of the reduced acreage should be summer fallowed; in the more humid sections cover crops or cultivated pasture was urged. On June twentieth of this year the Wheat Conference, in Chicago, adopted a resolution in favor of the policy of reduction of wheat acreage, a readjustment to demand. On July fifteenth the United States Department of Agriculture released a statement, on The Agricultural Outlook, that represented a report of a special committee of economists and statisticians. In this report the wheat growers were advised to "take the first positive steps this fall to adjust the winter wheat acreage in accordance with this situation, namely, excess of wheat acreage in surplus-producing countries in the face of agricultural improvement in Europe, the Danubian countries and Russia." Continuous recommendation has been made, up to the present unavailing, to restrict unremunerative wheat growing.

It is the rule that high prices go with short supplies. President Harding once pointed out that large crops usually mean low returns. How long is the wheat grower to dream of bumper crops and high prices? We might have a bumper wheat crop here coincident with high price due to extreme crop failure elsewhere. But history records few such instances. The wheat farmer must forget war demand and war price. He must look forward to world wheat supply as related to effective world demand. We must learn the long-time view, and adjust the near-time program to the long-time view. Anything else is speculation. It is surely time to stop speculating on the possibility of a fortuitous abnormal coincidence of large crop and high price. The wheat grower has, in effect, done this for three years since the Armistice. Does not the history of wheat price during this time contain experience enough? There is no use repeating the phrase that the world needs the wheat. The world does not need anything that it cannot buy and pay for. The sooner we return to the prewar rule of supply and demand, the better. It is a hard lesson to learn; but the longer deferred, the harder.

Bigger Men for the Bench

NOT the least of the obstacles confronting the legal organizations that are attempting to simplify the administration of the law, speed up its processes and put the courts on a more efficient basis, is the imperative necessity of putting our judiciary upon a higher plane of professional excellence.

This is not to imply that existing standards are low. Indeed, in many parts of the Union they are very high; but the fact remains that it is not easy to induce lawyers of unusual and commanding ability to accept appointment to the bench of any except the highest courts. The reason is not far to seek. Leaders of the bar, especially in the great centers of population, can earn four or five times as much in private work as they could on the bench; and comparatively few of them feel that they can afford to make the financial sacrifice that would be involved in giving up a lucrative practice built up by many years of hard work.

Thus it happens that when vacancies occur they are not uncommonly filled by men of very moderate attainments who are financially just keeping their heads above water and who are strongly attracted by the modest but assured income of a judicial salary. Times without number bar associations have made faithful efforts to assist in filling vacancies on the bench by proposing the names of outstanding colleagues who, when approached, declared themselves unwilling to accept appointment; and they have had to end by indorsing some honest mediocrity, merely because he was a good fellow and needed the money. No one knows better than the lawyers that this is not the right way to select the timber from which to hew great jurists.

Upstate jurisdictions, as a rule, fare much better than the larger cities. In these districts the title of Judge is still one of marked honor and distinction. Professional earnings are less likely to be so large that men of great learning, high ability and sound character are unable to afford to accept judgeships. As a result, the most highly gifted and esteemed lawyers in the county are often found on the country bench, where they wear the ermine with dignity and adorn the offices they hold.

The obvious way to remedy this commonly acknowledged weakness of certain sections of our judiciary is to increase salaries to such a level that brilliant lawyers who are earning substantial incomes in private practice will not, after having saved a competence, feel that a seat on the bench is a concession to vanity in which they have no right to indulge themselves.

Noteworthy raising of the average caliber of any class of public servants is necessarily a somewhat slow and arduous task. Two or three decades might be required for its full accomplishment; but we are justified in believing that the sooner the movement gets under way the sooner the goal will be reached.

No community is so poor that it cannot afford to pay its judges, if they are judges of the proper sort, a salary commensurate with the importance and dignity of their office and with the long training and peculiar gifts without which they would be unfitted for it. In the long run the highest class of professional service is almost invariably the cheapest. Judges of pronounced ability and unimpeachable character are a public asset whose value can scarcely be overestimated. They not only administer justice with equity and dispatch but they build up respect for the law they interpret and loyalty for the state they personify and whose powers they wield.

Such men are worth more than they are getting.

The Mark After the Ruble

THE declines of the German mark and the Russian ruble present interesting analogies and contrasts. Alike in the fact that the governments are to blame in both countries, the motives of the two governments in the programs of inflation were not the same. The Russian Government was brutally frank in the program of dispossession by paper inflation. The German Government has disingenuously tried to appear passive in the performance.

In two respects that are of fundamental importance in the matter of foreign exchange Germany and Russia are opposites. Russia is a food-exporting country; Germany is a food-importing country. When the ruble fell to such an extent that it could not be used for purchases outside of Russia, that deprived the Russians of many things, to be sure, but it did not deprive them of food. If their agricultural production had been maintained, the effect of the fall of the ruble would have been unpleasant but not critical. When the mark fell so that it had no buying power in the outside world the food supply of Germany was placed in jeopardy. Food she must import.

Germany can, however, adopt and use foreign currencies. Germany is controlled by a small group of industrial magnates. They have widespread and very influential connections. They have balances in foreign countries. They have foreign credit, because of their connections, their known ability and the potential capacities of the industries they control. They are famed for managerial ability, in technic and finance. Under these circumstances Germany is able to import indispensable materials to an extent that would not be possible if she were judged by her monetary situation, to an extent that is not possible for Russia. Imports into Russia practically ceased when the ruble fell to a low point. Imports into Germany will not cease in the same manner, now that the mark has become worthless in the outside world.

To what an extent foreign currencies may come to be used in Germany in replacement of marks remains to be seen. For months there has been a flood of foreign currencies into Germany. A great deal of our paper money is being sent over, being as valuable as gold and for many reasons more convenient and useful. One must not be surprised to see Germany for a time a land of foreign currencies. The present mark can hardly be revised; it will be easier to establish a new unit.

A National Nuisance

THE lovelier the scenes that the road traverses the more certain is the eye of motorist or pedestrian to be assailed by misplaced and blatant signs. Wherever the highway makes a turn in mountain gorge or in pleasant rolling country, and the retina prepares to record some fresh vista of scenic delight, the spectator's gaze recoils before the exploitation of a strictly fireproof hotel, a hair tonic, a quack medicine.

No law can reach the men who are doing their best to make the loveliest country in the world one of the ugliest. For the most part their stands are erected by binding arrangement with local property owners. The stand owners pay and they are paid. Their business will thrive just as long as it produces satisfactory results, and no longer. The moment popular disgust calls a halt, and it becomes apparent that this form of publicity hurts business more than it helps, its days will be numbered. The women's clubs of this country could, if they chose, abolish this evil, or eighty per cent of it, in two years.

We are not enrolled in that band of finicky æsthetes who would abolish every billboard in the land, do away with the hurdy-gurdies and street monkeys, gag the newsboys, arrest the fakers, hawkers and venders of Turkish delight, run every strolling musician out of town and rob urban life of all its unstandardized picturesqueness. There is a place for billboards, and that place might be decently enlarged if the promoters of this form of publicity would use good taste.

Billboards that line the grimy railway approaches to large cities awaken no resentment. They are merely bright party-colored oblongs against a dull background of squalor. If they have not beautified the scene, they have at least made it little worse than it was before. Erect the same signs in lofty mountain passes or along a motor road that skirts the reaches of some pleasant river, and they constitute a nuisance that shrieks aloud for abatement.

American Coöperation for World Peace—By David Jayne Hill

GREAT interest has been justly awakened by the princely award offered by Mr. Edward W. Bok for the best "practicable plan by which the United States may coöperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world." This award will, without doubt, inspire much serious thought on this subject by the American people, and prove of incalculable educational value. As a preliminary to the formulation of any plan, it is desirable to consider:

1. The Constitutional Limitations Under Which the Government of the United States Must Act;

2. The Relations of the United States to the Existing Machinery for Maintaining Peace; and

3. The Extent to Which the United States Should be Esteemed Responsible for the Peace of the World.

I. The Constitutional Limitations Under Which the Government of the United States Must Act

It is essential at the very beginning of a discussion concerning the coöperation of the United States with other nations for any purpose, to take note of the fact that there are certain definite limitations to the powers of action possessed by the Government of the United States. These limitations arise

(a) From the fact that all the powers of the Government of the United States are delegated powers;

(b) From the fact that the responsibilities imposed upon the Government of the United States by the Constitution, from which all its powers are derived, are not interchangeable or transferable; and

(c) From the lessons of experience, which teach that the peace of the world is best secured by abstaining from intervention in a military sense for the settlement of the quarrels of other nations.

Powers of Government Delegated

IT IS an axiom of American constitutional law that the Government of the United States does not possess the qualities of a sovereign, but is the delegated agency of the sovereign people for the purposes set forth in the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. The pretense sometimes put forth that the will of the Government of the United States is a sovereign will, is based upon the assumption that the whole content of sovereignty was conveyed in the organization of this Government, which is contrary to the fact.

The powers of government, in the case of the United States, having been expressly delegated, and all others having been expressly reserved to the states or to the people, every officer of the United States, by his oath of office to support and defend the Constitution, is bound not to transcend the powers constitutionally accorded to him. An attempt by a portion of the electorate to intimidate him, by creating in his mind the impression of a strong popular movement for some superconstitutional action which if not obeyed might remove him from office, would be not only a blow to organized representative government but so far as it became effective would amount to the subversion of it.

The Purposes of Government

AMONG the purposes for which the Government of the United States was ordained and established, the peace of the world was not included or contemplated. This fact does not prohibit every form of coöperation with other nations for the attainment of this object, but it has a decisive bearing upon the character of the means to be employed in case such coöperation is undertaken. It plainly excludes the employment for this purpose of agencies clearly designed for other definite and designated objects. Moreover, in order to give "the peace of the world"—taken in its wide sense of "universal peace"—any status whatever among the objects aimed at in the Preamble to the Constitution, it is necessary to assume that the expression "the general welfare" is susceptible of so wide an interpretation that "universal peace" may be comprehended in it.

It is, no doubt, under this rubric of "the general welfare" alone that the Government could discover in the Constitution authority to coöperate with other nations for so remote and abstract an object as "the peace of the world." Even so, this coöperation could not be claimed as a constitutional mandate, but as an activity which a peace-loving people would approve, not as a legally imposed duty but as a transcendent human obligation.

It is, however, necessary in this connection to consider that, though some kind of coöperation with other nations for this object may be desirable and in all respects legitimate, there is no warrant for appropriating powers of government expressly delegated for the national defense to the quixotic adventure of imposing "universal peace."

There are four forms of power which are in danger of being perverted from their normal constitutional use, and of being employed to secure, not the national objects for which they were intended but the purely abstract conception of "the peace of the world." These are the war power, the taxing power, the commerce power and the drafting power for involuntary military service.

Being already available for use, it is not unnatural that these powers of government should be thought of as elements of immense possible utility in imposing a general peace upon the world; especially in connection with the like powers of other nations whose imperial policies, unrestrained by constitutional limitations, necessitate the forcible imposition of peace—and also of civil obedience—over a great portion of the earth's surface. It is, therefore, opportune to inquire if coöperation of this kind—that is, by armed force—by the United States, entirely apart from its probable results, is warranted by the powers conferred upon the Government by the Constitution.

Without entering minutely into the constitutional interpretation of the four powers just enumerated, it is evident from the circumstances of the time and the language in which they were accorded what their real purpose is.

The War Power

THE power "to declare War" [Article I, Section 8, Paragraph 11], "to raise and support Armies" and "to provide and maintain a Navy" [Paragraphs 12 and 13], "to make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces" [Paragraph 14], and, finally, "to provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrections and repel Invasions" [Paragraph 15], is expressly delegated to Congress; but there is in the enumeration of these provisions of the war power no intimation or ground of inference that they are to be employed for any purpose that does not involve the defense of a right or an interest of the United States.



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY

League of Nations Council in Session at Geneva

The Taxing Power

THE delegation of the taxing power to the United States Government expressly defines the purposes for which the Congress shall have power "to lay and collect Taxes, Duties,

(Continued on Page 148)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Charge of the Blight Brigade

THERE'S mold on the delphiniums,
Chrysanthemums and phlox,
White aphis at the aster roots,
Green aphis on the dahlia shoots,
There's bug and blight
To left and right
On zinnias and stocks!
No matter how I dust and spray
In every kind of modern way,
With Paris green and nicotine
And sulphur, lime and kerosene,
The wretched crew
That suck and chew
Attack my flowers in flocks.

Some say the rains brought this about,
And others blame it on the drought!

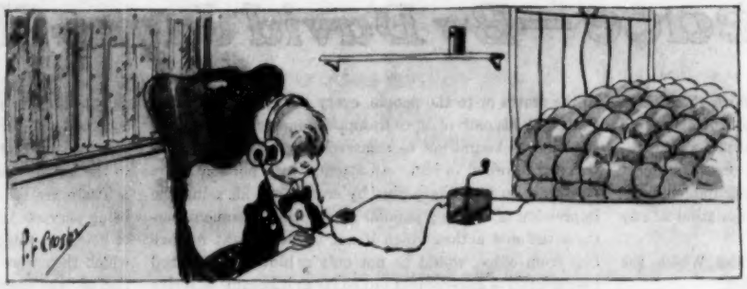
The weevil has attacked the beans,
The beetle's at the beets,
The will's on the tomato vine,
The corn has smut. All down the line
Potato bugs
And slimy slugs
Pull gustatory feats!
Although I make my crops rotate,
And in my spraying alternate
From fungicide, insecticide,
To dope, soft soap and germicide,
The loathsome lot
That blight and blot
Are ruining my eats!

Some say my land is sour or poor,
And some, I've used too much manure!

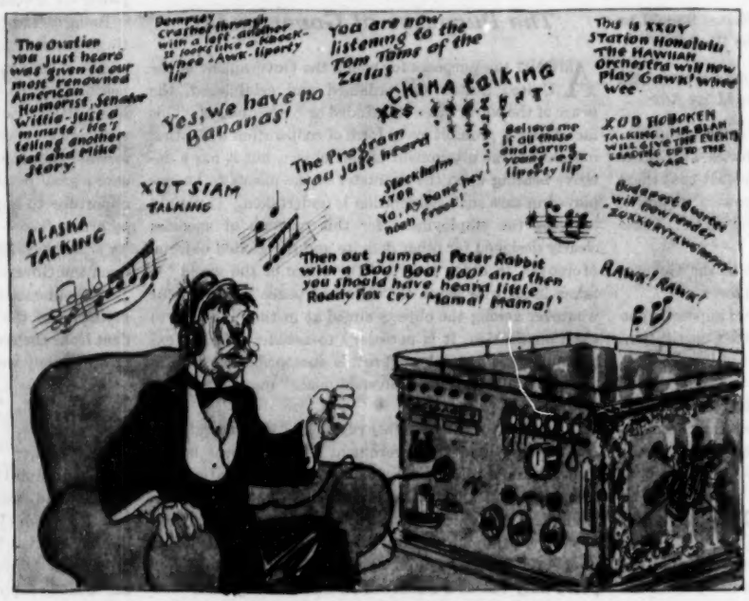
The leaf spot's on the cherry trees,
The psylla's on the pear,
San José scale is on the peach,
And caterpillars out of reach
Do multiply,
While mite and fly
And gnats pervade the air.
Although the trees are trimmed, and fed
With showers of arsenate of lead,
And every day in every way
I try a different sort of spray,
The blighting pest
That knows no rest
Has left them sick and bare!

Some say they're in the borer's clutch,
And some, I've limed and sprayed too much!

—*Adelaide W. Neall.*



With a Homemade Radio Set, Willie Listens to His Bedtime Story From the Local Station Without Interruption



Whereas Mr. Millionbucks Has a Set Powerful Enough to Listen In on the Programs of the Entire Radio World

Nora—1923

[*The scene is a public park in a town in the American Northwest, whither most of the Scandinavians have migrated. In the foreground are two benches, a patch of worn greensward with a sign, Keep off the Grass, a stagnant pond in which swims a tame wild duck. The background might be a fjord, but in this case it is a fertilizer factory.* NORA *enters in desperate haste, her face pinched in tragic self-pity. She joins the duck in the pond.* CHRISTINE *follows.*

CHRISTINE: Nora, what on earth are you doing?

NORA *(her feet on bottom):* I am drowning myself.

CHRISTINE: Can't you read that sign—"Don't annoy the waterfowl."

NORA *(crawling out):* Christine, don't try to save me. Don't! Life yawns abysmally empty before me. I have left my husband.

CHRISTINE: Don't sit on that bench and get it wet and muddy. Have you no civic conscience?

NORA *(repeating):* Christine, I have left Hjalmar! Aren't you amazed? Haven't you anything to say to me?

CHRISTINE: Don't walk on the grass!

NORA *(weeping):* Life is a dark cellar filled with dead candles. Nobody understands, nobody. I am a little mouse in the dark cellar seeking cheese. But there—there is no cheese.

CHRISTINE *(casually):* Why did you leave him?

NORA *(eagerly):* Don't ask me, don't force me to snatch the chiffons from my shrinking soul. Don't! But, since you insist, I suppose that I shall have to tell you. I was only a child when I married Hjalmar, barely thirty-eight. My heart was a caterpillar asleep in a chrysalis of rose leaves. I was only a plaything, flitting through macaroon forests. I was just a wife and mother—nothing more.

CHRISTINE: Poor child!

NORA: But yesterday I thought. "What are you?" I said to myself, and myself answered, "The mother of six children whose stockings need darning." "What are other women?" "Read the daily newspapers." And then I saw my way, shining clear as a sunlit iceberg. I determined to leave Hjalmar; I left him.

CHRISTINE: Bravo! And Hjalmar?

NORA *(sadly):* He didn't even stop reading his market reports. Oh, Christine, life is only a cranberry pie with no cranberries.

CHRISTINE: Are you sorry you left him?

NORA: Never—at least not till I need money. But hear how unkind fate has been to me. I walked out of my old life, into the elevator. The woman in the apartment across the hall was there. "I'm leaving my husband," I told her triumphantly. "I've left three," she answered—the cat! Two women joined us on the floor below, four on the next; they also were leaving their husbands. Oh! There was only one taxi waiting, but I got it for myself; I reached the newspaper office first. But all the reporters were out reporting divorce trials. At last I found the editor. "I've left my husband; want to make a statement," I told him. He said that he was very sorry; the paper was filled with domestic scandals for three weeks ahead; of course if there were a lot of well-known corespondents he might make an exception. And I hadn't left my husband for another man—only for a principle. Oh, Christine, what shall I do? Life shrinks about me like a flannel shirt. I am a destitute salt herring, gasping for breath.

CHRISTINE *(pondering):* Yes, leaving a husband nowadays is trite, bourgeois. Why not go back to Hjalmar? That should be daringly original enough to win you publicity.

CURTAIN

—*John McColl.*

The Picnic

I WAS the leader of them, dominant and masterful,
Sternly supervising how the lunch should be prepared.
With hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, of condiments a caster full,
And packs of paper napkins, from our domicile we fared.
Loud were the wailings of our offspring, young and petulant,
Holding up our starting—if you get just what I mean;
But at last we turned our faces toward the great wide open spaces,
To the great wide open spaces where the wind blows clean.

Then spake my wife to me, loudly and insultingly,
Telling me to sound my horn, and not to drive so fast.
Gil and Ada in the rear spake harshly and exultingly
Saying that I should have turned the street before the last;
Loud was the weeping and the wailing of our child again.
Once again we stopped the car—this time for oil and gas.
Then rejoicing in a tank full, off we started glad and thankful
For the wind-swept, gypsy highways, and the scent of fresh-cut grass.

Then 'neath the noonday sun deposited our flivver, us.
There, at my direction, was our luncheon quickly spread.
The local animalculæ, ferocious and carnivorous,
Attacked us by battalions on the arms and face and head.
Shrill shrieked our darling child, vociferously clamorous,
Seeking those attentions that a mother can bestow.
Until, filled with peanut butter, hard-boiled eggs and such like clutter,
We observed that it was raining, and 'twas time for us to go.

Home through the lashing rain we turned our flivver presently.
Caustic were the comments of my fond and faithful spouse.
Gil and Ada in the rear discussed us most unpleasantly
Amid the wailing of our child, until we reached our house.
So hey for the open road, and all that silly sort of thing,
The jolly gypsy highway—if I make my meaning clear.
Let the poets sing about it, I can gladly do without it,
For I've had enough of outdoor life to last me for a year.

—*Newman Levy.*

Comment of a Country Editor

IN KANSAS what was believed to be the new dawn has turned out to be the old day. During the storm and stress of a coal strike three or four years ago, the Kansas legislature met in special session and passed a law forbidding strikes and providing, as an alternative, a court in which industrial disputes might be settled. Fundamentally, the idea seemed sound enough and the plan desirable. But those intrusted with the administration of the new law read into it so much gratuitous solicitude for the public welfare that it presently became irksome to many persons who were not originally affected by its provisions. Recently the law was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Those engaged in compounding the remedy had put too many ingredients in the bottle.

It is interesting to note that the only phase of the law which proved itself, and which, apparently, stood up under the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, was the provision which forbade picketing.

So far as experience goes, the only law of any value in a strike situation is that comprehended in police protection. Take from the striker the privilege of terrorizing other men, make him amenable to the law against property destruction, and he is deprived of his only deadly weapon. Virtually every strike is predicated on the idea that those who oppose it can be cowed into submission. The fear that

(Continued on Page 81)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I never shirk legitimate work
Yet I rollick and revel in play.
My partner-in-chief in getting relief
Is the Campbell's I serve every day!





Time to play!

American women have it. Yet they also have the brightest, best-managed, happiest homes in the history of the world. They do it with their brains as well as their hands. And they are just the kind of women who are most grateful to Campbell's for offering the sensible, modern way to "make" soup that is the pride of their tables.

There are millions of these progressive "new housekeepers" who recognize that Campbell's Tomato is the most attractive soup they could place on their tables. Its rich tomato juices, blended with fresh, golden butter and seasoned "to a taste", tempt the appetite and delight the palate. Always ready! Always delicious!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Cream of Tomato for the dinner party!

Prepared with Campbell's, it's a dish that will be the admiration of your guests. Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Winnie O'Wynn and the Vultures

VI

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON



She Was Perfectly Content to be Forgotten Just Then

SITTING cozily in a corner of her first-class carriage on the way back to Altonbury, Winnie amused herself in gathering up the few loose ends of the situation thus:

"I think the world is full of wolves, and they are so hungry that they aren't a bit ashamed of snapping up anything or anybody that cannot defend itself," she said aloud, for she had the carriage entirely to herself. "And business wolves are just as fierce and quick as pleasure wolves. I don't see very well how Mr. Forrester's patents can be worth more than a few thousand pounds, because they are so old; and surely somebody will invent some better ones soon. And yet how funny it is to think that just for sake of a few thousand pounds' worth of patents Mr. Lomond is willing to ruin Mr. Forrester as well as to hurt little Blanche so much and to snap me up—in one bite; and dear Mr. Jay is willing to deceive himself and me and to try to snap up my opportunity of earning a little money—in one bite; and Mr. Maravon is willing to support Mr. Lomond secretly with money and to snap up dearest May—in one bite."

She smiled involuntarily at the idea of Mr. Jimmy Maravon snapping up Lady May in one bite. She herself, as she was very well aware, was a tolerable mouthful for any wolf. But May! Well, she could find it in her heart to be enormously sorry for the misguided wolf that sanguinely endeavored to gobble up May Fasterton.

Winnie smiled and refreshed herself with a tiny peep at the tiny mirror which she carried in her hand bag.

"But I don't think that the wolves and vultures will be very successful," she continued. "I know that Mr. Forrester would decline to discuss selling his patents to Mr. Lomond, and I don't think that he likes Maravon's well enough to discuss it with Mr. Maravon. Perhaps he would be willing to talk it over with Mr. Jay; but I don't think poor Mr. Jay is very likely to call on Mr. Forrester while I am staying in the house. I expect Mr. Jay will write a letter, or perhaps telephone."

Her wonderful eyes lit up with a glorious idea. She would take care of the gentle treasury-note tracker of Finch Court by means of a very simple stratagem. She would, if necessary, telephone him herself. Then, assuming that the quick George H. had managed to insinuate himself into touch with a willing and duly authorized buyer at Maravon's, she could deal with him as a very willing seller indeed, provided she could arrange it with Mr. Forrester. She laughed gayly and then began a quaint little rehearsal:

"Hello! Is that Mr. Jay, please?" Her voice was a creamy contralto now, but, even to her pretty ears, it was quite hopelessly feminine. She tried to thrust it an octave or two lower. "Hello! Is that Mr. Jay?" The funny baby bass cracked oddly into a reedy tenor, and in spite of her best efforts—efforts which brought a delicious pink color to her cheeks—she could not hold it even at the tenor. It persisted in bobbing up and back to the soft cooing soprano which was one of her most charming gifts. She gave it up, flushed and laughing, wholly adorable.

"No, I can't do it. It's just like trying to hold a big buoyant ball under the water. I shall have to pretend that I am Mr. Forrester's private confidential secretary, making some inquiries." Her face grew serious again. "It will be very difficult to find out from Mr. Forrester if he is so—so short of money that he would be willing to entertain the idea of selling his patents." She mused, her eyes half closed. "But if I can persuade him to show me over the factory perhaps an opportunity will come."

Here the train ran into Altonbury and Winnie alighted—into the arms of Blanche.

"Oh, Winnie, I am so glad you have come back!" cried the girl with a curious, soft passion; and, regardless of several intensely interested gentlemen of various ages, inwrapped her in one of the most unconsciously graceful, exquisitely poised and fairylike embraces ever witnessed on that shabby platform.

Two newsboys, idling as newsboys will, by the bookstalls, stared for a moment with protuberant eyes; then, with a species of coarse humor, violently embraced each other, greatly to the amusement of several onlookers; but Winnie and Blanche were wholly unconscious of the jestful parody of these sedulous apes.

They went quickly out of the station to the taxicab which Blanche had reserved.

"Oh, please, what is the matter, my dear?" said Winnie motherly to the girl. Blanche drew in her breath; it was almost as if she were sobbing.

"Derek Lomond is getting tired of me, Winnie!"

"Tired of you, Blanche! Oh, how cruel!" Winnie's arm slipped round the slender form at her side. "But, darling, what makes you think that?" Winnie's voice was very soft and very compassionate. She had to be cruel to be kind to this sweet, startled little thing, but she could not help being dreadfully sorry for her. "Tell me, Blanche. Perhaps you have only imagined it."

"Oh, no, no, no, I know that I am right, Winnie! It happened like this." She gazed at Winnie with huge eyes. "It began at the station at midday," she commenced, with the air of one who says, "A disastrous affair took place today." "I happened to be at the station bookstall when the one-o'clock train from London arrived and Derek got out. He went to town on business this morning. Somehow I guessed instantly—before he had spoken a word—that he was not very pleased to see me. But I would not let myself believe that, and so we walked down the High Street together; and, Winnie, his manner had changed terribly! Something was missing. Everything he said was as nice as ever—nearly—but it was the way he said it; so cold and somehow distant and—and elderly; as if he had suddenly become ten years older or I had become ten years younger. When we passed the school I used to go to he actually glanced at it and said, in a voice that somehow seemed to freeze me, Winnie, 'Only to think, little woman, that three months ago you were just a charming little schoolgirl!' If he had said that in his nice way it would have sounded perfectly sweet. But he did not say it like that. He said it as if he meant 'After all, you're only just a schoolgirl now!' And it struck terror into my heart, Winnie. And it was like that all the way, all the way home—at least as far as he came. He did not come right home, of course, because of daddy. Oh, Winnie, I am so unhappy! I—I have been crying. Are my eyes red?"

Winnie's arm tightened round the slim figure. Poor little soul! Strictly it wasn't much of a tragedy; but Blanche thought it was, and that made it so. One may not have what a dentist would consider much of a toothache; but if one believes it to be a record toothache—well, it is a record toothache. That is where toothaches differ from bank notes.

A sharp thrill of anger against Lomond tautened Winnie's nerves. What a brute his greed to attach himself swiftly to Winnie's phantom riches had made of him!

She would have liked to take the child in both arms, whispering, "Never mind, never mind, little one. He is a bad man, worthless, cunning, cold and heartless. For his own personal gain he would sacrifice you without a thought, just as he would sacrifice your daddy's workmen and their wives and little ones. He has a silver tongue, but it is forked. Blanche, it is my doing. I, your friend Winnie, have caused this; but it is all for your own good. Some day you will see."

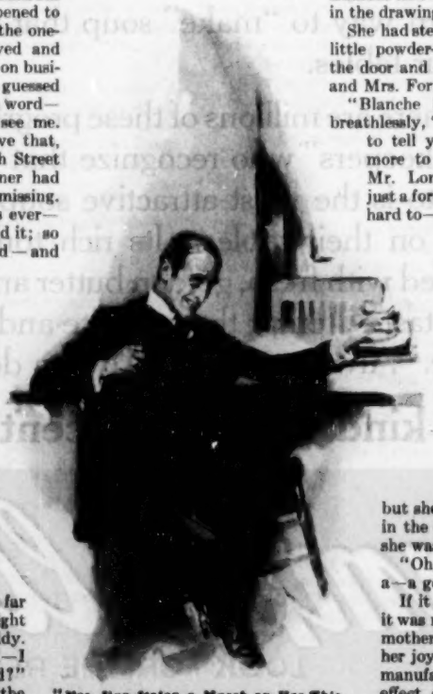
But she dared not say that yet. It would only be as a lever to bring the Forrester stubborn streaks into instant activity. Blanche would never believe it. Lomond must be convicted out of his own mouth, not out of Winnie's. So she fondled and soothed and petted the girl, murmuring over her, and saying comforting things. By the time they reached Hill Crest, Blanche was slightly less woebegone.

"After all, I am going to meet him again tonight, and perhaps I shall see then that I was mistaken. Thank you, Winnie, for cheering me up so. It is rather dreadful for a girl when she suddenly begins to fancy that the man she loves is tiring of her."

They were just in time to change for dinner.

John Forrester might be—as he was—grappling desperately, in the shadow of his overdraft, with the grim hydra-headed monster of insolvency, of agitator-fed labor discontent, high prices, fierce competition, slack demand and such manufacturer's nightmares; but he allowed no more of his struggles to appear on the surface of his everyday domestic life than he could prevent. He believed in keeping up appearances. Ill health may have sapped him physically but it had not hurt him mentally; and he knew perfectly that there is a stimulating effect to be derived from appearances grimly kept up in private which is not to be derived from a quick slump into the anything-will-do-nobody's-looking mood. So dinner at Hill Crest invariably looked a prosperous function, and, thanks to the revival of Blanche's spirits, it was tonight even cheerful.

It was not only Blanche whom Winnie had cheered. Blue-Eyes had contrived, deftly enough, to be down before Blanche and to catch the parents together in the drawing-room.



"Yes, I've Stolen a March on Her This Time, and High Time, Too"

She had stepped in, adorable in a simple little powder-blue frock, carefully closed the door and quickly crossed over to Mr. and Mrs. Forrester.

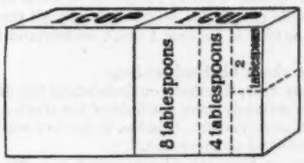
"Blanche isn't down yet," she said breathlessly, "and that just gives me time to tell you that you have nothing more to fear on her account from Mr. Lomond. You see, he is only just a fortune hunter, and he is trying hard to—to transfer his affections to me. Blanche suspects it already, and tonight I am going to try to arrange for that man unwittingly to convince her. I am afraid it will hurt her very much. But she will soon recover, and it is better for her to be very unhappy for a few days now than quite wretched all her life long."

She had broken off as the door opened and Blanche came floating in, but she had seen the sudden light in the eyes of the old people and she was thrilled.

"Oh, how nice it is to do people a—a good turn!" she told herself.

If it was nice for her, obviously it was nicer for the Forresters. The mother clearly was one who took her joys tranquilly, but on the old manufacturer the news had the effect of a bottle of champagne,

(Continued on Page 34)



Use this simple, easy way to make measures

When you next buy lard, get Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand in the carton. Score it with a knife as shown in the diagram above. Thus you can measure quantities as needed, without the time and trouble of packing and leveling spoons or measuring cups



"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Perfect crusts for your cranberry pies

For pie crusts that are delicately flaky and tender, use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.

Your assurance of perfect crusts is in the fact that this lard is always uniform, always pure.

Moreover, it is of just the right consistency to work in best with the flour; it makes this important part of pastry mixing very simple.

Thousands of women choose Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand every time they buy lard, using it not only for pastry but for all kinds of shortening and for frying. You, too, will find it most desirable.

You can get it from your grocer or your butcher in sanitary one-pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 5 and 10 pounds.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Cranberry Pie

1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
Cold water

Mix salt with flour then cut in the lard and enough cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll and line pie tins.

Cook the following ingredients ten minutes and cool:

3 cups cranberries
1½ cups sugar
1 cup water

Pour into the pie tins lined with paste and place strips of paste across the top. Bake in a moderate oven.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 32)

though more lasting. Winnie heard him laugh that evening for the first time. It was not much of a joke that he laughed at—some quip of his dutiful child—but it lit up that dinner. A touch of dim color made itself manifest on the pale cheeks of Mrs. Forrester, Blanche was frankly delighted, and even the trim well-trained parlor maid seemed in some vague way to brighten up.

It was evident to Winnie that there had not been much laughter in the house of the Forresters since—since Paschendaele.

Both the Forrester boys, Blanche had told her, had helped to pay for Paschendaele.

The spirit of mirth wrought an amazing change in John Forrester's appearance. Winnie had known him only as a gray-haired elderly man, very quiet, obviously not well, prone to silent periods, with perhaps a touch of hardness in his straight-gazing, penetrating gray eyes, and a perpetual frown on his big forehead. But tonight the hint of hardness disappeared almost completely. He talked very much more, and he was interesting, and sometimes even amusing. He was like a man who has freed himself from a heavy burden.

Winnie, demurely gay, realized that it was the fear for Blanche far more than his fear of business difficulties which had been troubling him. Watching him, she felt that, provided his health held good, he had nothing to fear from Lomond in a business fight, now that the unfair weapon had been beaten out of the agitator's hand. Once the self-willed little lady, who, despite her stubborn streak, was his pearl of great price, was safe from the danger into measurable distance of which her infatuation had brought her, John Forrester could turn with a new and confident vigor to his warfare with those who, vulturewise in the manner of Mr. Lomond, hawkwise in the manner of Mr. Jay, or wolfwise in the manner of Mr. Jimmy Maravon, were waiting, ready to take swift advantage of his weakness.

Winnie, watching and smiling, remembered something she had once read about the half-tamed huskies of the frozen countries.

"If one of them misses his footing in a struggle, and falls, he never rises again. The other wolf dogs see to that," she reminded herself inaudibly; "and I think that it is something like that in business today. A man must be careful, careful not to fall, for even though there may be some of his rivals who would help him, I think there are more who would snatch for what the falling man loses to aid them in their own battle."

But somehow John Forrester tonight did not look to her like a fallen man. Yet—even apart from the matter of Blanche—he was in danger. For Lomond wanted the patents, and though she might hold him back from these with the golden chain of her "immense riches" for a brief time, it could not be more than brief. She could never endure to vamp Lomond beyond a certain stage of what May Fasterton had jestfully called stupor, and she knew he was much too crafty to be long deceived by the fantasy of her wealth. Once undeceived, he would return to his patient cunning schemes for using the unsuspecting workmen as weapons with which to crush Forrester and achieve—for Maravon's benefit—his ends.

Yes, Wide-Eyes saw all that. But it would not happen just yet, and meantime Forrester was gaining ground and new courage. Lomond would be dealt with in due course; so would Mr. Maravon; and, assuredly, so would the gentle optimist of Finch Court, Mr. George Swiftsure Jay, who had shown such unmistakable signs of rushing in so recklessly where even Winnie was fain to tread with the most fairy-footed delicacy.

If Winnie was a trifle distrait during dessert, it was wholly excusable, for as every wise and craftsome fowler must, she was studying the disposition of her nets and snares ere the hook-beaked fowls flew down to the feast.

She perceived that now she needed nothing so much as ten minutes' quiet conversation with Mr. Forrester; and so naturally began with no appearance of exertion whatever to exert her wits to attain this without permitting any of them to become aware of what she wanted.

She achieved this exactly two grapes and one nut later.

VII

"SO YOU are interested in inventions, Miss Winnie," the manufacturer was saying ten minutes after dinner, as he ran his brightened eyes along the rows of bookshelves in his room.

"Oh, please, I don't understand them very well; but I think they are wonderful," she cried softly. "And it always seems to me that inventors and men who make patents are not treated very kindly. For, after all, it is the patent inventors who make the world advance, isn't it? And yet, somehow, it always seems to be some other kind of people who get all the honor and reap all the benefit. But perhaps that is because I don't understand the difficulties."

Forrester shook his head, smiling.

"Well, my dear, whether you understand the difficulties or not, you certainly have got hold of the truth about the people who often benefit. One has to go very warily when one has perfected an invention."

"You are an inventor, please, aren't you, Mr. Forrester?" she asked.

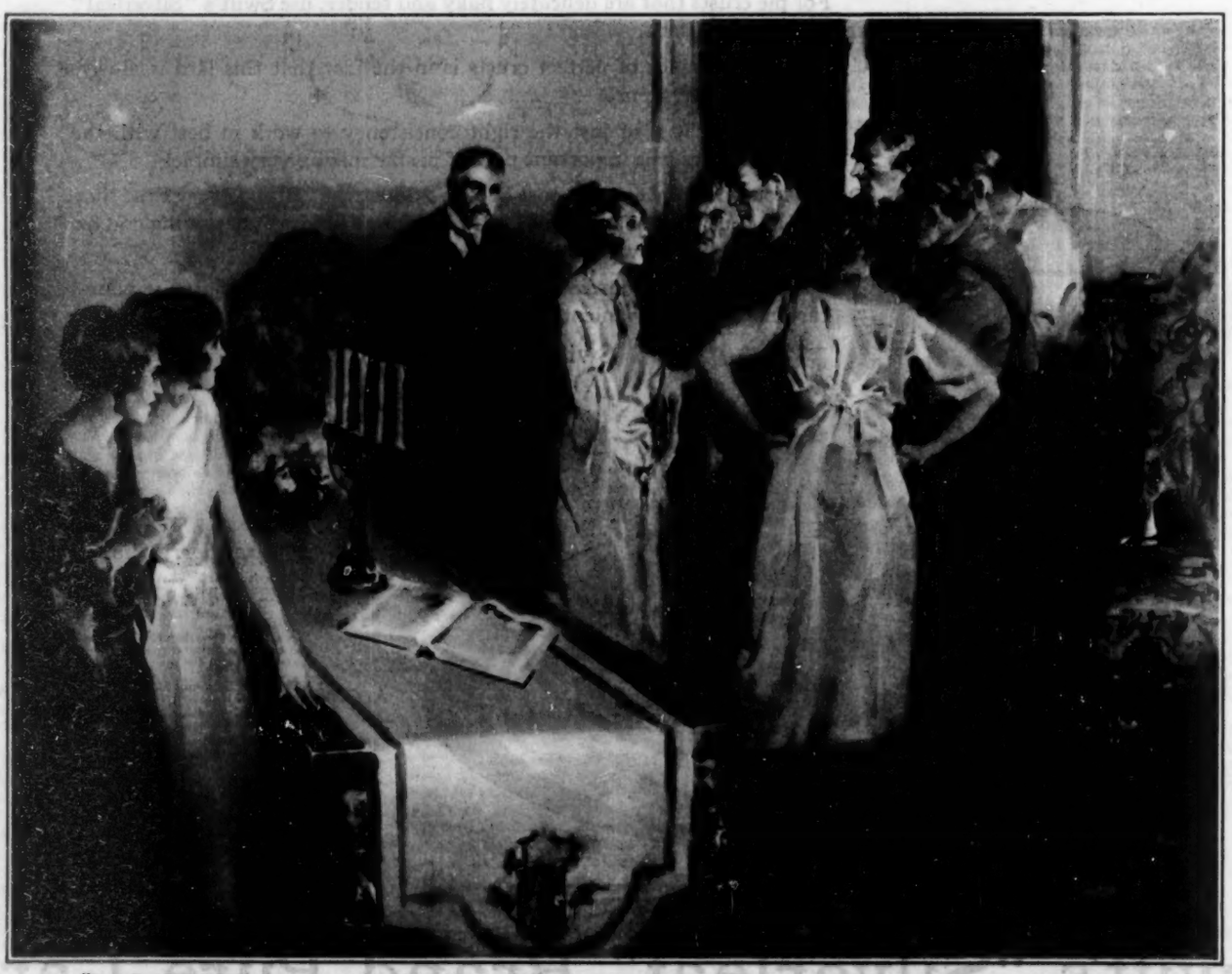
"Hardly that, child. I have invented a few little things to perfect certain machines I need in my business, but that is as far as I have gone."

Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, I have heard of those—those patents. Mr. Jay—or somebody—told me about them. Please, they are very valuable, aren't they?"

Forrester looked at her rather closely; but, as had happened to many worse men, the big blue shining eyes conveyed to him nothing more than the information that their exquisite little owner was as guileless as she was sweet.

(Continued on Page 36)



"Horn Has Just Told Us About the Absurd Difficulties Your Backers Say They Have in Getting You a Match With an Opponent of Your Own Class"

IN fifteen years we have built no car to equal this latest Hupmobile.

In power, in brilliancy of performance and in bull-dog staying qualities, it excels even the finest of our previous products.

That, of course, implies a superiority over a much wider range than the Hupmobile field itself—a superiority which is readily demonstrated on the road and which, to our minds, constitutes the greatest single element of increased value in the new Hupmobile.



The New Hupmobile

If any car has ever earned the admiration of the entire motoring world because of sheer ability to perform, surely that car is the Hupmobile.

Yet our engineers have raised that ability still higher, and in doing so have produced results which give the Hupmobile positive domination of its field.

The car is longer, it is larger and more beautiful; many improvements and refinements have been made to increase its comfort and convenience.

It has new-design fenders, a new body, new-shape headlamps, a new color-scheme, a new clear-vision top, new-type curtains that are always ready for attachment, that do not scratch or crack, and that attach entirely from the inside.

High as Hupmobile value has been for years, this new Hupmobile is higher—it is so commanding in its greater value that it would be unwise to buy any car until comparison has been made with the Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 34)

"Valuable?" he echoed. "Well, that's a difficult question. To some people they might be valuable; to others, worthless."

He smiled—a peculiar smile that oddly hinted at some obscure triumph, Winnie fancied. But there was a touch of bitterness about it, too.

He went on, almost absently, like a man half talking to himself:

"Yes, I can imagine that in certain circumstances those little inventions—to honor them with a big word—of mine might be very valuable to trade rivals of mine and still be almost worthless to me." He laughed. "There's a business puzzle for you, child. But don't worry your pretty head about it."

Winnie laughed happily.

"Oh, please, puzzles don't worry my head; because if I can't solve them at once, you see, I forget them."

It was true enough for ordinary conversation; but nevertheless her wits were reaching everywhither for the solution to the particular business puzzle the old manufacturer had just propounded. Figuratively, she was busily inscribing photographically on the tablets of her sensitive mind that statement:

"In certain circumstances those inventions might be very valuable to my trade rivals and still be worthless to me."

That was what he had said, and he had smiled oddly as he said it—a secret, half-triumphant, half-bitter smile.

Well, what are those circumstances? It was a fair problem, and was solvable. Winnie knew that; and she knew, too, that she could solve it. Why, anybody who cared to think a little could find with almost mathematical precision the exact answer!

She saw that Mr. Forrester had forgotten her for a few moments. He had paused at the little model of some curious machine tucked away in a corner, and he was fiddling absent-mindedly with some of the tiny brass rods and wheels. She was perfectly content to be forgotten just then, for already her swift, logical mind was playing about the problem, probing it with soft, inquiring, delicate, tentative fingers:

"In certain circumstances the patents could be valuable to Maravon's, but worthless to Mr. Forrester."

That would be literally true if, for example, the old manufacturer were dead. But he had not spoken lightly, cynically or despairingly.

Her mind rejected that solution. It would be true if Mr. Forrester were bankrupt, with a heavy deficit. Maravon's, at a bankrupt sale of Forrester assets, might pay heavily for the patents; but they would still be worthless to the manufacturer, for the proceeds would go to his creditors, not to him.

But Winnie's mind could not accept that solution. Mr. Forrester was naturally a serious-minded man, in a serious position; and he had spoken confidently and with a touch of triumph. There was nothing to triumph about in such a situation as the bankruptcy solution implied.

She tried again. There were not many other solutions; she knew that, for it was an abnormal puzzle.

"Valuable to Maravon's, worthless to him," she murmured, a tiny frown incising itself for a second between her brows. She was thinking with extraordinary rapidity now, so taut, intent, rapt, that if Forrester had spoken she might not have heard him.

"If he gave up business and retired—no. If—if ——"

Her great eyes dilated suddenly and a wave of shell pink passed like a pale rose cloud over her cheeks. She had it! She knew what the circumstances were in which the patents might be valuable as patents to Maravon's and worthless as patents to Forrester. She was so pleased that she could not or did not care to restrain her rarest manifestation of pleasure—a low, musical, gurgling laugh, quite unlike her usual laugh, and unfamiliar to almost all her friends, except Best Beloved in the Mirror and May Fasterton and one man who would never hear it again. The delicious sound, as clearly indicative of sheer delight as the wild spring song of a bird, woke the manufacturer from his reverie, and he looked across, smiling.

"You are happy, child?"

"Oh, yes, yes, dear Mr. Forrester, as happy as I am going to try to make Blanche—as I promise to make her."

His eyes glowed. She had risen and was impulsively offering him her hand.

"I have solved the puzzle you gave me, please," she cried softly, and smiled as she saw the startled look that flashed into his eyes.

"Now he is on guard!" she told herself; and continued aloud, "Oh, but, please, please be sure that I will tell nobody—nobody at all! Indeed, you can't guess how pleased, how glad I am."

She stopped, thinking. Forrester was watching her gravely. Presently she spoke again:

"Mr. Forrester, it was Sir Henry Furlong who first spoke of me to you, please, wasn't it?"

He nodded "Yes."

"And he—he told you that he thought well of me—that he trusted me?" She went on swiftly before he could answer: "Oh, please do not think that I ask you that because I am vain, or seeking just a compliment. I—I have a reason, so important to all of us."

Forrester's face cleared.

"He said that you had rendered him the greatest service ever rendered him, child. He said that he would trust you to an unlimited extent—with his money, with his personal honor, with his business reputation. He said you had saved his son from disaster, and probably his own life."

He smiled.

"Yes, my dear, you can believe that Sir Henry paid you a considerable compliment."

She seemed deliciously confused.

"Oh, but, please, that was too much! I only saved his son from an obvious adventuress."

His big hands—hands that in their time had done hard manual work—closed tight on hers.

"As you will save my little girl from an—adventurer?"

"Ah, yes, yes, yes! I only asked you that to be quite sure that you trust me."

"Miss O'Wynn, I trust you absolutely."

Winnie nodded, her eyes shining.

"Then, please, will you tell me for how much money you will sell me the—the option, I think it is called—to buy the patents of the two special devices in your machines for making the parts of your harvester—your reaper and binder?"

He stared at her, his face a study in sheer amazement. For a moment he did not speak. Then he said, oddly:

"Henry Furlong was right. . . . I am afraid we old fellows are behind the times. . . . Yes, I see you have guessed the answer to my puzzle. . . . Are all these modern little sweet-faced graceful girls—eh? Slips of things—like you and Blanche? So quick, flitting, alert, like birds; somehow different from your mothers, and somehow the same."

He shook his head and came back to business.

"You want an option to buy the Forrester patents in the machines for making the knotting device in my reaper and binder, and the patent eccentric drum in my elevator-chain-making machine? Those are the only Forrester patents in my factory."

Winnie nodded. "Yes, please, those are the patents I mean."

He studied her with steady eyes, friendly but watchful and tremendously interested, pinching his chin between finger and thumb. Then he took a set of faded blue prints from a drawer.

"These, child?"

Winnie glanced at the lettering—not the entirely meaningless maze of white lines—and nodded.

"Please."

"You know what they are worth to me?"

"Oh, yes," she said blithely. "Nothing—nothing at all, to you, are they?"

"Humph! Well, you are very clever, very clever, little one." His eyes twinkled. "Suppose you suggest a figure. I will give you the option to buy them within one month at the price of—what do you say, child?"

"Please, ten thousand pounds," murmured Winnie.

Forrester's jaw fell in spite of himself.

"What?"

"Ten thousand pounds—or, if you like, Mr. Forrester, twelve thousand," said Winnie gayly.

"If I like, twelve thousand," he echoed in a species of trance. "So you don't mind about a couple of thousand or so, child—a detail like that, eh?"

"Oh, no, not at all, please," answered Winnie readily.

"Very well, then. The option is yours, my dear. You have the sole right to buy those patents at twelve thousand pounds within a month from today. I will put that into writing if you wish it."

"If you like; but, please, I trust you just as much without the writing."

He shook his head.

"Never do that in modern business, my dear. Fair black and white never yet hurt an intelligent, honest man. Nowadays the verbal understanding often is the rogue's first weapon of defense—and attack. I will write it for both our sakes."

He scribbled the document and handed it to her, smiling. She folded it away.

"Oh, I forgot," she said suddenly. "But, please, would you be willing to agree to one little condition? It is not very serious. Only just that if a Mr. Jay—Mr. George H. Jay—telephones to ask you anything about the patents to let me answer him. He won't want to offer more money than I have. It won't matter a bit. But he is my agent, and I want to see if he plays fair with me."

Forrester promised that readily enough.

"Now, please, I must go. Blanche will be wondering. We are going to try some songs."

"Yes, yes," he said absently, watching her.

"So you solved my little problem?" he said. "I hope you solved it right. I think you did."

Winnie went close to him.

"Please, dear Mr. Forrester, is this the solution?" She bent low and whispered quickly.

Then she was at the door, looking back, laughing and lovely. She blew him the ghost of a kiss, and he found himself staring at the closed door.

"Witchcraft," he said. "How many men do I know who could have guessed that so quickly and so accurately? Not so many, not so many. Witchcraft! Twelve thousand pounds!"

His eyes burned, his chin came thrusting forward and his lips tightened.

"If that child buys at twelve thousand it means just the difference between defeat and victory!" he muttered. "Eh? To think that a—a fairy bit of prettiness like that should hold, in those tiny white hands, Forrester & Sons—lock, stock and barrel, Forrester & Sons!"

He caught his breath and, dropping his chin in his cupped palm, stared absently at the blue prints before him. Faintly, from the drawing-room, there came to him the sound of a fresh, glorious young voice, singing, singing like a bird. It was Blanche, her restless mercury soaring with every note of the music, every word of the song.

Alone in his room the old manufacturer listened intently to his daughter's voice. It seemed to him suddenly that it came like a shaft of sunlight, of hope, of impending happiness, into that lonely room—lonely for lack of a son to sit there sometimes and talk with him.

Once he rose and softly opened the door, then resumed his seat.

VIII

WINNIE had made her little condition concerning the gentle George H. Jay only just in time, for she had not been in the drawing-room half an hour before the quick man of Finch Court was announced on the telephone.

"Jay? Jay?" said Mr. Forrester doubtfully. He had joined them and was fitting an armchair admirably. "Oh, yes, it is your friend, Miss Winnie."

"Oh, thank you so much!" She hurried to the study.

"Hello! Hello! Is that Mr. Forrester, please?" demanded the voice of Mr. Jay.

"No, this is his private secretary. Mr. Forrester is entertaining guests," responded Winnie in her deepest voice. It was a passable contralto, and she threw in a special lisp. It deceived Mr. Jay perfectly.

"Oh—um—entertaining, eh? With the ladies—Miss O'Wynn and Miss Blanche's friends, n' doubt?" he fished.

"Mr. Forrester has had a very busy day and he does not like to be disturbed in the evenings, after business," contraltoed Winnie with a touch of severity.

"Nuh, nuh, rightly so," agreed the gentle one hastily. "It is rather a pity—I say, rather a pity. I dislike bothering him after business hours, but it is an urgent matter—um."

"Possibly you would care to put the matter to me. I am in Mr. Forrester's confidence," said Winnie coldly.

"You're his confidential secretary?" Mr. Jay's voice was eager and he did not wait for an answer. "You are competent—I mean, you have authority to discuss, for example, the preliminaries of a negotiation to acquire certain patent rights belonging to Mr. Forrester?"

"Most certainly. I may say that you are not the first inquirer about those patents, if you refer to the knotting-device maker and the eccentric drum of the elevator-chain maker, the only two Forrester patents installed in the works here."

"Yes, yes, those are the patents," agreed the gentle one hurriedly. "Other people been after them, hey? Miss O'Wynn, perhaps?"

A touch of acidity made itself noticeable in the "secretary's" voice.

"Miss O'Wynn! I imagine that Miss O'Wynn is hardly likely to be interested in factory machinery!"

"Nuh, nuh, naturally not!"

Mr. Jay made no attempt to keep the relief out of his voice.

"Well, will you please inform Mr. Forrester that Mr. Jay—George H.—of Finch Court, the well-known agent, that is—is prepared to purchase the patent rights in those devices for quick cash, should Mr. Forrester contemplate selling them?"

"One moment, please. I haven't a pencil. Would you repeat that if you please, Mr. Jay?"

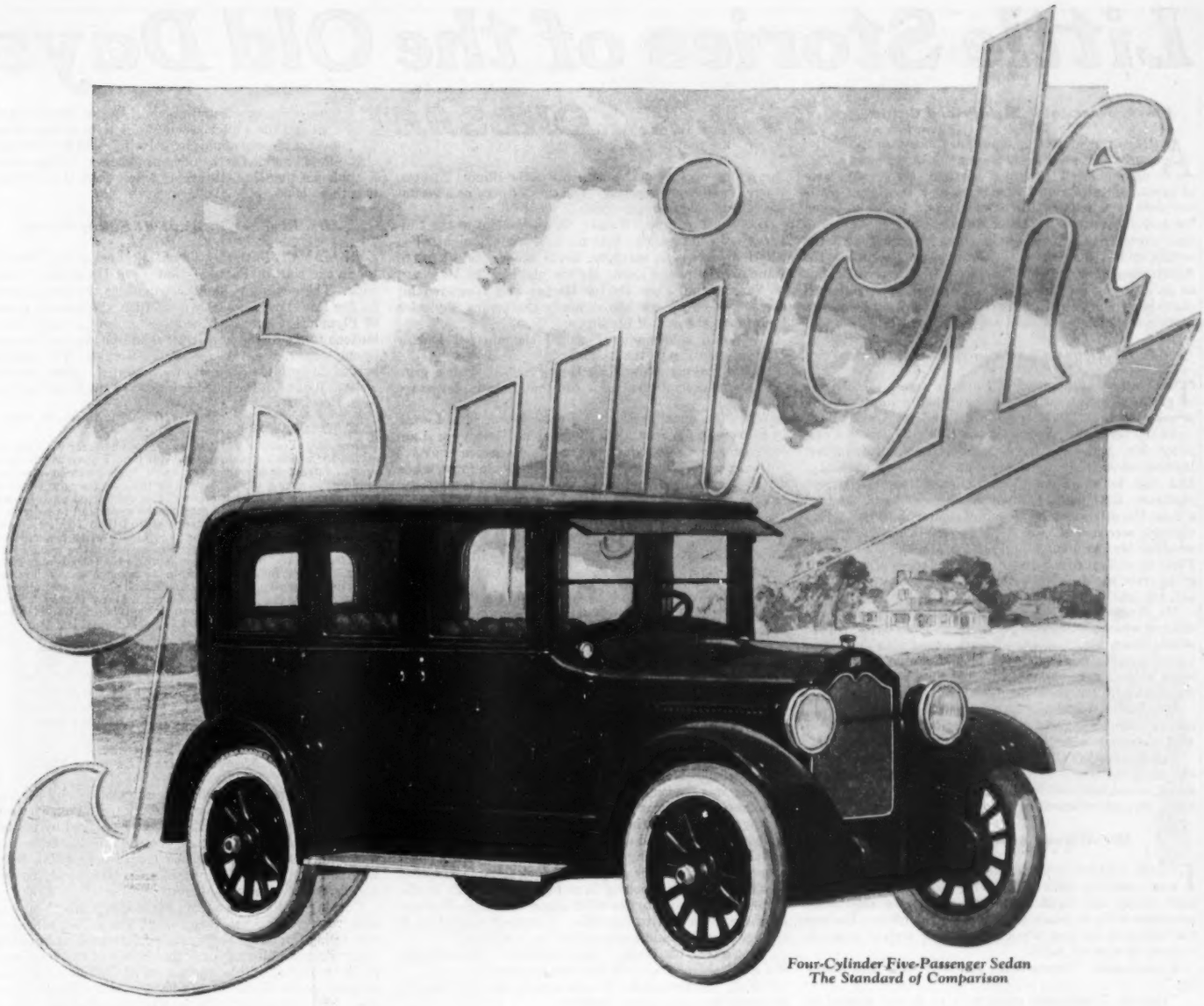
Patiently the quick man of quick cash repeated it, slowly, to give the amused little lady time to write it down, as he appeared to imagine she was doing.

"—— should—he—contemplate—selling them. Yes. It would be advisable to name a price, Mr. Jay. There are other people pressing."

"Yes, yes—always say that myself," Winnie heard him mutter—"very well. Please say that Mr. Jay is prepared to pay, in quick hard cash, a sum of two thousand pounds for each patent. That is," he added very distinctly, presumably in case of accident, "four thousand pounds for the two."

"Four thousand pounds! I must say at once, Mr. Jay, that I fear it is hardly worth bothering Mr. Forrester about. I think he would approve my saying that he has already been offered more than double the amount you suggest for the patents," lisped Winnie loftily.

(Continued on Page 43)



Four-Cylinder Five-Passenger Sedan
The Standard of Comparison

SIXES

Five Passenger Touring	$1295
Two Passenger Roadster	1275
Five Passenger Sedan	2095
Five Passenger Double Service Sedan	1695
Seven Passenger Touring	1565
Seven Passenger Sedan	2285
Three Passenger Sport Roadster	1675
Four Passenger Sport Touring	1725
Brougham Sedan	2235
Four Passenger Coupe	1995

FOURS

Five Passenger Touring	$ 965
Two Passenger Roadster	935
Five Passenger Sedan	1495
Four Passenger Coupe	1395

Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories; government tax to be added.

NEW in every particular, yet strictly Buick in character, the 1924 Buick four-cylinder, five-passenger Sedan fully exemplifies Buick's policy of building greater satisfaction into its cars with each succeeding year. Moderately priced, everything that could be asked for is present—fine appearance, comfort, power. Its new Fisher body, new frame, fenders and radiator—its powerful Buick valve-in-head motor—its sturdy, four-wheel brakes, all contribute to that greater measure of utility that the world has come to expect from Buick.

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Little Stories of the Old Days

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

Emery Storrs and High-Priced Cattle

AMONG the interesting figures in Chicago in the early '70's was Emery Storrs, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his time. He was an orator of great ability. Invited to address a convention of cattle breeders at a banquet in the old Leland Hotel he began his speech by saying, "Mister President and gentlemen of the convention: I have been listening for some time to the merits of the Guernseys, the Jerseys, the Holsteins, the Alderneys and other costly and fancy breeds of cattle, but as an attorney for railroads I wish to tell you gentlemen that the product of an ordinary red cow crossed by a locomotive is the highest-priced animal in the world."

P. D. Armour and George M. Pullman

THE industrial pioneers of Chicago were a picturesque group of men, and none of them had a more striking personality than P. D. Armour.

At the time of the failure of the Diamond Match Company, Mr. Armour found that the Moore brothers, the leading spirits in that enterprise, owed him a lot of money, and that he and George M. Pullman were the largest creditors. Both men had a kind of baronial dignity and for a time the discussion of their predicament was carried on through secretaries. Finally it became a question as to whether Mr. Armour should call on Mr. Pullman or Mr. Pullman call on Mr. Armour. It resulted in Mr. Armour going over to Mr. Pullman's office one morning with his aid, the late Patrick A. Valentine.

Mr. Armour met Mr. Pullman carrying in his hand the silk hat which all business men wore in those days. Before sitting down Mr. Armour, who was gifted with an unconscious sense of humor, said, "Well, Pullman, if you had stuck to your bed making and I had stuck to my pig sticking, we would not be in the mess that we are today."

Mr. Pullman afterwards returned Mr. Armour's call, and of course they soon found a way out of the Diamond Match embarrassment.

The Moores left Chicago soon after, went to New York, and in a few years by the organization of the National Biscuit Company and the United States Steel Corporation again became millionaires and multimillionaires.

Mr. Armour and the Early Clerk

IN MR. ARMOUR'S La Salle Street headquarters there was a settling clerk who having had occasion to dissipate mildly one night found himself after a six-o'clock breakfast with no place to go but to the office. He was half asleep at his desk when Mr. Armour arrived at seven o'clock, as was his habit.

Armour said, "Young man, you were early this morning."

"Yes, sir. I had some extra work to do and wanted to get it out of the way."

Pleased by this apparent evidence of his employe's industry Mr. Armour commended him and said, "I want you to go to my tailor's, order the best suit of clothes he can make, and send the bill to me."

The settling clerk being an acquisitive fellow thought to improve on Mr. Armour's generosity. He ordered two suits of clothes, one of which was a costly swallowtail.

When the bill arrived Mr. Armour walked over to the settling clerk's desk, looked at its occupant a moment, and said, "Young man, I want you to know that my business is killing hogs, not keeping them."

Mr. Armour's Secretary

IT IS related that Mr. Armour engaged a secretary but nothing was said about hours. The first morning the new secretary appeared at nine o'clock. Mr. Armour was at his desk. The next morning he came in at 8:30 and found Mr. Armour hard at work. The third morning the secretary came in at eight and was greeted by Armour with, "Young man, what do you do with your forenoons?"

After that the young man came in before seven, to be on hand when Mr. Armour arrived.

Sir Henry Irving

SIR HENRY IRVING had the misfortune to be playing in Chicago during the hysterical days which followed the Iroquois Theater fire, where six hundred lives were lost. That disaster was caused by the fact that there was no air vent in the stage of the unfinished Iroquois. The flames and gases from the burning scenery were drawn out into the audience instead of being sucked up through an aperture in the stage roof. The panic-stricken city authorities, eager to amend this fault in all the Chicago theaters, tore a huge opening in the back wall of the Illinois Theater, where Sir Henry was acting. The theater became a veritable cave of cold January winds.

Dr. William Rainey Harper, then president of the University of Chicago, was with me in a box one night when Sir Henry sent his manager, Bram Stoker, to ask us to come to his dressing room. He was playing The Merchant of Venice, and when Doctor Harper and I entered his dressing room we saw him viciously sharpening Shylock's knife upon the sole of his slipper.

"Why all this energy?" asked the amazed Doctor Harper, pointing to the knife.

"I am making ready," Sir Henry replied, with a grin, "for the jacks in office who cut that hole in my stage wall."

When the curtain call came Doctor Harper and I arose to go back to our seats. Sir Henry said, "Don't go. I am lonesome. Stay with me until the performance is over."

Chairs were placed for us in the wings where we could watch the stage. In the scene where Shylock is supposed to say,

> *"Gaoler, look to him:*
> *Tell not me of mercy;*
> *This is the fool that lent out money gratis:*
> *Gaoler, look to him."*

Sir Henry gave voice to a series of grunts, ugh-ughs and nasal caterwaulings entirely unintelligible to us sitting within a few feet.

I said, "What is he saying, doctor?"

Harper replied, "I cannot understand a word."

"Well, if we can't how are the people in front making out what he is saying?"

When Irving returned to his dressing room I said, "What were you saying, Sir Henry, when you passed before Doctor Harper and me, when you were addressing the jailer and Antonio?"

He replied, "Nothing, nothing at all—I forgot my lines."

There was reason for Sir Henry forgetting his lines at this time, for he was beset by money troubles, and his Chicago engagement, interrupted by the Iroquois fire, had added to these instead of relieving them as he had hoped.

One Sunday morning he telephoned to ask if he could come to our house for a twelve-o'clock breakfast. After breakfast he was reposing in a big morris chair in the library before a grate fire with cigars and ante-Volstead comforts. He said to my wife, "I suspect you think it strange that I should invite myself to breakfast."

"Not at all, Sir Henry," she answered. "We consider it a great compliment you feel free to come."

"Well," he answered, "I came simply because I had to get away from my damn creditors."

About three o'clock Bram Stoker telephoned and inquired if I had heard from or seen Sir Henry, saying they were greatly worried over his sudden disappearance. I assured him that Sir Henry was safe but didn't want his whereabouts known. Stoker said, "Thank God! We have looked everywhere else except the lake."

Sir Henry entertained us until after one o'clock Monday morning with interesting anecdotes of King Edward, whom he greatly loved, and with humorous stories of his stage experiences.

Sitting beside Ellen Terry at a midnight supper she told me Irving was greatly depressed because he feared he was losing his grip on account of his years. The next day I had an editorial in the Record-Herald praising his acting as showing his continued vigor, with no signs of the passing years.

Irving was the most grateful of men and never let a friendly touch go unappreciated. I received the following note from him:

My dear Friend Kohlsaat: And you are a true friend, and the world is not overburdened with them. I thank you right heartily for your kind and inspiring words.

I am sending 'em broadcast and they will delight many, I am glad to say, and perplex not a few who can count three score.

Ever yours,

17th of December, 1901. HENRY IRVING.

Henry Ward Beecher and Apple Pie

IN EARLY days the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago was famous as a headquarters of visiting celebrities, and also for the quality of its apple pie. I recall a tribute paid by Mr. Beecher to that dish many years ago. It was the custom for transient guests and the regular residents at the hotel to sit together at large round tables in the dining room. Mr. Beecher dined one day at the table occupied by my wife, myself and others. As the dinner neared its end the waiter asked him if he would have another piece of apple pie. "I will," said Mr. Beecher, and he added with much earnestness: "Where there is apple pie there is civilization; where there is no civilization there is no apple pie."

Mrs. Beecher in Want at Eighty-Three

ON MAY 22, 1923, they unveiled a bust of Mr. Beecher in the Hall of Fame in New York University Colonnade. There was an eloquent tribute to the great pastor by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the present pastor of Plymouth Church. Mrs. Beecher sent several contributions to me in the hope they would be available for use in my paper, the Chicago Times-Herald. The articles proved to be interesting and were printed. After sending a check for one of the articles I received the following from Mrs. Beecher:

Brooklyn, March 30, 1896.

H. H. KOHLSAAT, ESQ.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 28th enclosing check for $150 just received for which I am more thankful than I have words to express. I trust you may never know by experience how your kindness in giving me the power by my own energies to bridge over a very dark spot has relieved and comforted me. I would be most thankful if I could meet someone as kind to help me in the same way through another year and then I think I could safely burn my pens (reserving only one to write my children) and at eighty-four begin to take life easy, but the work I have done for you and for which you have so liberally remunerated me, will make it far less burdensome to manage what will remain if my life is spared a little longer, so I shall always remember you as my great helper in a time of need. Many thanks for this, added to your even greater kindness in giving me a free passage to go and see my youngest child at Puget Sound last fall. Herbert and his family never forget that through the generous kindness of Mr. Kohlsaat they saw their mother once more.

Excuse my freedom in writing this. I couldn't help it.

Yours very gratefully and with great respect,

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
40 Orange Street, Brooklyn.

P. S.—I enclose this in a note to Mrs. Hodges, preferring to have it reach you through her than through your business office.

Madame Modjeska and Eugene Field

IN THE course of a dinner given in Chicago by Melville E. Stone in 1895, Madame Modjeska, the Polish actress, added another to the long list of pranks played by the late Eugene Field. Field was a guest at the dinner, and so were Paul Du Chaillu, the discoverer of the gorilla, George Kennan, lately returned from Siberia, Mrs. Field, my wife and myself, and several others.

Turning to Field, Madame Modjeska said, "You were once very cruel to me, Eugene. It was in Denver, and I was acting Camille. Before the performance had gone far I was distracted by a man sitting in one of the front rows. In the most pathetic of the scenes of Camille's sufferings he gave vent to loud ha, ha, ha's, as if he thought them great fun. I bore with him until later in a lighter moment of the play he broke out into heartbreaking sobs. I refused to go on with my act until he left the theater. You were that man, Eugene. I thought I never could forgive you, but I will if you will recite Little Boy Blue."

Field recited the poem, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the great actress. I had heard him recite it many times, but never better than on that occasion.

Colonel House, Paderewski and Conrad

WHEN Paderewski and Joseph Conrad were in America last spring Colonel House learned that they had never met. In order to rectify that strange omission he brought them together at a lunch one day in New York, effecting, as it were, a conjunction between the North and South Poles. Percy Hammond, who was a guest at the luncheon, reported a minor incident of the occasion in the New York Tribune, as follows:

"H. H. Kohlsaat had discovered among his interesting archives a letter to him from Madame Modjeska, written in 1899, and telling him incidentally of her admiration for and her belief in Paderewski, her friend and protégé. Mr. Kohlsaat, after reading the letter to the great Pole, gave it to him to keep. Whereupon tears came to Paderewski's eyes. 'It is so precious to me,' he said, 'that I can scarcely dare to take it.'"

Madame Modjeska's letter was a characteristic appreciation of an article printed in my newspaper, the Times-Herald, discussing some of the notable Poles of the time.

Maggie Maloney, the $25,000 Cook

DURING the campaign for McKinley's nomination for the Presidency in the fall of 1895, winter and spring of 1896, Mr. Hanna had Governor McKinley and his wife

(Continued on Page 157)



The pattern on the floor is No. 532. In the 6 x 9 foot size, it costs only $9.00.

This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard.

"Well, Towser, where've you been?"

Of course, he didn't wipe his feet when he came in. Dogs can't. Children don't. And grown-ups usually forget. But with a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug on the floor it makes no difference. Mud, dirt, dust, liquids and spilled things mop right up and leave never a trace.

These practical rugs have an absolutely waterproof, durable surface. They're a comfort to the housewife—they save so much cleaning-time. A quick mopping is all they ever need. And the patterns are exquisitely lovely—artistically adapted to all the various rooms in the house.

You'll find Congoleum Rugs need no fastening—they cling tightly to the floor. And see how low the prices are!

6	feet x 9	feet $ 9.00	The rug illustrated is made	1½	feet x 3	feet $ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet 11.25	only in the five large sizes.	3	feet x 3	feet 1.40
9	feet x 9	feet 13.50	The smaller rugs are made	3	feet x 4½	feet 1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet 15.75	in other designs to harmo-	3	feet x 6	feet 2.50
9	feet x 12	feet 18.00	nize with it.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

THE HATE SOWERS

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

ANYBODY who has trekked across Western Asia Minor in the past nine months may easily understand the mood in which the Apocalypse was written; for it seemed to St. John as if his world, which was this very same territory that for a few centuries past has been called Turkey, was going to complete wrack and ruin, with no solution in sight except a new heaven and a new earth. Something of the bigness of St. John's vision appeared for a moment to touch an old, old monk on the island of Patmos—where the Revelation was written—who said to me solemnly, shaking his head with its long gray hair and beard, "It has happened to the church often before, and still she lives!"

Smyrna might have shocked and overwhelmed me had it not been for the fact that it was merely the climax of a succession of kindred spectacles. I had been following the route of the Greek retreat of last September, from Eski-Shehr to Smyrna. It had been a slow and cumulative experience of the consequences of the ghastly game of politics and of militarism as played over there. Against a background of history, such as may be found nowhere else on earth, this harvest of hate had been studied. Some of the devastated cities and towns and villages can claim an illustrious ancestry of three thousand years and more. In this Western Anatolia, Homer sang and the Cæsars ruled; Cræsus grew rich and St. John grew holy; Alexander the Great reared cities, citadels and palaces and St. Paul planted churches; Mongols and Arabs from the East played a deadly game of tag with Crusaders and other Christian adventurers from the West. History lies in layers hereabouts. It is a poor peasant who cannot secure a Grecian or Roman marble column or pilaster or architrave or statue as a doorsill for his mud hut. In old Philadelphia I noticed a Turkish tanner, who had resumed business in a roofless, wall-less building, sousing goat skins in two beautiful carved Roman sarcophagi, which he used for vats. Background, historic and scenic, is what there is most of in this wonderful region where the latest large-scale tragedy of war has been enacted. On every hand are reminders of the great and glorious Greece that used to be.

Over this route the Greek Army retreated a year ago. As they ran, they ruined. Their armies had penetrated so far into the interior of Turkey that they were halfway between Eski-Shehr, the railway-junction city, and Angora, the nationalist capital. When the tide turned, they naturally destroyed the railway; that was a proper military measure, and the Greeks carried it out to perfection, until they neared Smyrna, where the pace had grown too fast for even this rear-guard precaution. Bridges down and rails up; stations burned and culverts bombed; great trestles overthrown completely and wayside trains wrecked—such is the monotonous tale that the investigator reads over dreary miles of wonderful country, where Nature has done her best and man has done his worst.

A Story Writ in Ruins

THIS haste to get away from the pursuing Turks explains the comparative exemption of some cities from destruction by the Greeks: Afium-Karahissar was a Greek military headquarters, yet it had to be evacuated so swiftly that only the larger buildings, near the railway stations, were bombed and burned. At the same time added point is given the Greek course in taking time to lay waste everything possible that could not be carried away. The purpose was to leave nothing of value to the Turks; they should inherit a wilderness, was the common boast.

So the Greeks, certain that they could not return, deliberately wiped out the residential sections where they themselves had lived, and the bazaars where they had done business, as well as the homes and mosques and other buildings of the Turks. The story is written in the ruins. Big building after big building was deliberately blown up by trained soldiers in possession of adequate ammunition. The work was not wholly left to the flames.

Cities tell the tale of ruin wrought more eloquently than villages, for the peasants can rebuild their simple houses of mud bricks or mud-plastered wattles out of material at hand; whereas the reconstruction of a city seems to baffle them utterly. Although two-thirds of the city of Smyrna, the part that had thitherto been regarded as the real city, has been lying for a year a cold heap of burned wreckage, there has been begun only one single bit of rebuilding, and that a flimsy waterfront café. In other places like Alashehr—Philadelphia—and Eski-Shehr, nothing has been done except to put up absolutely essential bazaars which are little more than temporary shacks. The Turks are not builders.

This attitude is worlds removed from the American state of mind; and reveals one unbridgeable gulf between the two peoples. I was in Baltimore when that city burned; and even at the height of the conflagration I found the leading citizens in conference concerning the resumption of business and the rebuilding of the city. A stranger would search Baltimore in vain today for any signs of the great fire. While the ruins of San Francisco were still smoking I found the work of débris removal and of reconstruction actually under way. So it was with Chicago and with Boston, after their great fires. That is the American way; but it is not the Turkish way. Unless Western powers or Western people in some way become responsible, the ruins of Smyrna and Eski-Shehr and Alashehr will long be standing as witnesses to the sort of warfare that religious and racial and national hatred wage on this meeting ground of peoples.

If ever the Turks relent, and contemplate the possibility of readmitting any portion of the expelled Greek population, they have but to look at the desolation of the cities of Western Anatolia to set their passions again into flame.

Americans Taking Sides

HATE and terror have ever been her instruments of conquest. There were no "rules of civilized warfare"—charming paradox!—for the armies and hordes that throughout the ages swept to and fro over this fertile land. Their program was frankly barbarous; they looted and they destroyed. What the Greeks have done is in logical succession to what the East, of which she is inseparably a part, has always been doing; it does not belong in the same category as the devastation wrought by battle in France.

Perhaps it would have been good journalism, albeit rather belated, to have held formal inquiry in every city and village between Eski-Shehr and Smyrna concerning the nature and number of atrocities committed by the Greeks upon the Turks. The result would only have been to inflame passions further; and in fairness the account would have to be balanced by details of previous Turkish atrocities against Christians. The effect of what went on in Anatolia is illustrated by the remark of the captain of an American destroyer: "After what I saw the Greeks doing to the Turks in Smyrna, I don't blame the Turks for anything they later did to the Greeks." That sort of logic makes necessary some sort of hell for its final fulfillment.

One consequence, to be mentioned in passing, is that the misdeeds of each of the racial groups in Turkey—and they all alike commit atrocities as they have opportunity—is to align the Europeans and Americans into various camps, each espousing its own group. Most foreigners thereabouts, officials and business men, favor the Turk, declaring that he is the best of the boiling. A group of missionaries and relief workers champion the cause of the Armenian, because he has had a worse deal than he deserves. A smaller number, from mixed motives, ranging from business affiliations to the spell of the ancient classics, espouse the cause of the Greeks. Admittedly, the only way to get along comfortably out there is to belong to one or another of the pro crowds; then all one's enemies are on one side, and all one's friends on the other. One's position then becomes perfectly explicable.

An American business man resident in those parts greeted me with the remark, "I hope you are pro-Turk." It took an effort of the will for him to get back to the American viewpoint that an impartial attitude is the only one possible in an investigator. That man's own arraignment of Armenians, and his laudation of the Turks, would have disqualified him to serve as umpire of a game of marbles. Not only is the judicial attitude sacrificed by the intense partisanship which prevails out there but the spirit of suspicion and hostility toward persons of a contrary opinion breeds conditions that are not pleasant to contemplate. The pro and anti Turkish issue comes near to dividing the American community in the Near East. This is one of the consequences that come home to us of the long sowing of hatreds in this region. It is as if the seeds of the hate harvest had blown clear overseas into the United States, where this schism widens among persons interested in affairs in Turkey.

When I returned to Constantinople from my trip into the interior it was curious to note the effect upon various groups of friends of my answers to their inquiries. The pro-Turkish Americans were frankly puzzled that I should not come out swinging my hat and cheering for Angora and all its ways and works. Hellenophiles could not understand that I was not blazing with indignation over the plight of Greek prisoners and over the general iniquity of the Turks. The missionary-Armenian group were sad and rather suspicious, because I had found any good in the nationalist government and in the Turkish people. This state of mind is, manifestly, worse than the condition of any of the devastated communities I had visited; and equally a consequence of the same causes.

In the case of the Turks themselves—and here is a situation to be clearly grasped if the Near-Eastern question is to be understood at all—the bitterness against the Greeks was at times intensified almost to the point of frenzy because the Greeks had commonly been regarded as a subject and inferior people. For hundreds of years they had been under Turkish rule. A Turk expected a Greek to recognize his superiority, even though the Greek might be making circles around him in a commercial way. In a large sense, the Turks were used by the Greeks for the enriching of the latter; yet throughout, the Turk remained the master. Always the Greeks had walked in fear of the Turks. So when the first Smyrna atrocities occurred, in May, 1919, and were followed by other excesses against the Turkish population on the part of the Greeks, there followed a fury that knew no bounds; it was the direct and immediate incitement to the creation of the nationalist movement, the nationalist army and the nationalist government. At the same time it was the cause of the Turkish resolution to get rid of the Greeks once and for all; only the native-born, Ottoman-citizen Greeks of Constantinople were reluctantly permitted to remain in the country. Good Greeks and bad Greeks together have been expelled; those who lived in the interior, who spoke only Turkish and had no sympathy with the Greek adventure, were obliged to go from their homeland along with the invaders; the innocent have been the greatest sufferers, for the army itself got off almost scot-free, leaving the civil population to reckon with the Turks for the acts of the soldiers. So deep-seated is this animosity of the Turks against the Greeks that they even began to look kindly upon the small remnant of Armenians in Turkey.

Consequences have been many and comprehensive. The economic life of the whole Near East has been thrown out of joint. The harbor of Piræus is full of idle Greek ships, whereas the once-busy harbor of Constantinople is well-nigh empty. The business of the principal Turkish ports, such as Smyrna, has been almost wiped out. Something like a million Greeks altogether have been driven from their homes and employment and native land. The nation of Greece has been plunged into an abyss, political, economic and social. A wider wedge has been driven between France and Great Britain. America has been taxed many millions to meet the hunger emergency. Propaganda has spread its poison everywhere. Huge has been the harvest of this hate that the whole world has reaped.

Wasted Opportunity

EVEN the landscape of Western Turkey shows the effect of the present mood of strife. I allude to something other than the dreary monotony of burned and wrecked houses and mosques and churches and business structures and of whole communities and of damaged railways and remnants of automobiles. Even the destruction of trees is outside my present thought. It is the undercultivation of the soil and the waste of agricultural resources that concern the whole world. Here is a fat, fair land, which should be flowing with milk and honey, corn and wine. It is one of civilization's potential granaries. Millenniums ago it supported great cities. A farmer who is permitted to travel through the valleys of the Mæander and the Hermus is fairly thrilled by the possibilities on every hand. Instead of adequate agriculture, he finds a portion only of the available soil being tilled, and that by means of bent-stick plows. Most of the workers are women, each of whom is carrying on her back an invisible soldier. Ignorance and benightedness stand out like the frequent ruins of long-buried cities.

In the face of rare opportunity for the increase of food production, and consequent prosperity, the population has been deliberately cut down, all at the dictates of hate and fear. A hundred million people could find a good livelihood in Turkey under modernized conditions; yet the actual number now resident therein, since the deportations, is only between six and a half and eight millions, outside of Constantinople. Of these, 90 per cent live on a scale which would be classified as dire poverty by Western standards. And these Turkish peasants deserve to have a better chance; they are a hard-working, incredibly patient, long-suffering, simple-minded, kind-hearted people. Only a hate-blinded partisan could fail to wish them a fortune more in accord with their deserts.

Like every other correspondent who has gone into interior Turkey, I was impressed with the new spirit that is abroad in the land. The officials are polite and obliging to a rare degree; I did not discover a single opportunity to

(Continued on Page 158)



The Deputy Mother

The school teacher is the finest expression of American ideals that exists today.

The culture, usefulness, morals and health of twenty-five million future citizens are in her loving charge.

She labors loyally and with trained intelligence without hope of appreciation or special reward.

She is making America.

Teachers and Mothers are Allies in Fighting Dirt



The Health Doctor *says*·

Habits of personal cleanliness which children learn at home and school are their surest protection through life against the danger of disease germs which lurk on everything touched by many hands.

The wholesome Lifebuoy odor tells you that it is a true health soap. This odor vanishes—but the protection remains

OUTSIDE the safe home haven, your children find at least one protectress as lovingly relentless as any mother in warring against the dangers to health that lurk on all dirty things.

Even though Johnny's finger nails and suspiciously tanned neck should escape detection at home, his alert teacher applies that most effective discipline—public censure—and thereafter Johnny is more reconciled to cleanliness.

Why is Dirt Dangerous?

Why are doctors, mothers, teachers and health authorities waging determined war against personal uncleanliness?

It is because science has proved that almost all sickness is spread by the hands. Thousands of people deposit disease germs on everything they touch—door knobs, rails, money, car straps, books, papers, telephones. The next hand that touches the object picks up the germs and very likely transfers them to nose or mouth or food.

The sensible protection is to *purify* hands and face frequently with a true health soap. Lifebuoy has become the most widely used toilet soap in the world because mothers know that it combats the dangers of dirt.

Lifebuoy is more than pure soap, although the bland, creamy Lifebuoy lather of the oils of palm fruit and cocoanut is gratefully soothing. It is more than a beauty soap, although women have learned that it keeps the skin texture of face, hands and body soft, fine and sweet.

How Lifebuoy Protects

Lifebuoy is first of all a *skin purifier*. Its lather releases a wonderful, non-irritating antiseptic which is carried deep into every pore, removing all impurities and leaving the skin safe, odorless and stimulated.

Mothers and teachers—"Health Doctors" both of you—let Lifebuoy guard the health of your children. Place a cake at every place where there is running water. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.







"... COVERS OFF AS USUAL ... MY EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT IS AS NECESSARY IN THE NURSERY AS A QUIET FOOTSTEP ..."

The EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT is the minute man of light—instant light when you need it, right on the spot you want it, and nowhere else

Ever turn on the light in the nursery, and wake up the youngsters? Not pleasant for you, and certainly not pleasant, nor good for the youngsters.

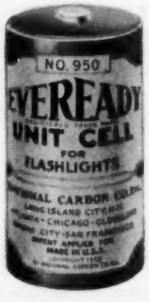
Why not avoid it by using Eveready Flashlights. The proper light in a nursery at night—or a sick room—and in a bedroom always. Mothers, physicians, and nurses all need them.

Every home should have plenty of Eveready. Handy, dependable, portable light, useful from cellar to garret. Safe too. Flameless, it can not set anything afire.

Outdoors—in traveling, hunting, boating, fishing, and motoring—it protects against accidents by avoiding mistakes.

* * *

The light of a thousand uses, and one use often repays a thousand times the small cost—65 cents to $4.50.



Eveready Flashlight Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights; they give a brighter light; they last longer. There are 60,000 Eveready dealers trained to deliver Eveready service with the sale of Eveready Flashlights and Unit Cell Batteries; at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and general stores; garages, and auto accessory shops.

WINNIE O'WYNN AND THE VULTURES

(Continued from Page 36)

"Hey? Double? Wait a minute, Miss—er—double, you say? That's very serious. Still, my client—beg pardon?—oh, yes, it's for a client—I say my client wishes to deal generously with Mr. Forrester and—yes, on the whole, I think I may venture to add a thousand—yes, a thousand pounds to my figure. Call it a round sum of five thousand—quick cash, you understand."

"I am afraid," drawled Winnie, keenly enjoying herself, "that you misunderstood me, Mr. Jay. Mr. Forrester would not entertain any such offer, no matter"—scornfully—"how excessively quick the cash might be. I may go so far as to say that it is very improbable that he would trouble to make a pencil note of any offer under twelve thousand pounds. Indeed, if you are really desirous of securing these patent rights for your client I would urge you to believe that there is practically no possibility of securing the patents for a smaller sum than fifteen thousand pounds, though I will, of course, report your offer of twelve thousand."

"Nuh, nuh, ten thousand, and I exceed my instructions in offering that."

"Very good. I will report it at ten thousand pounds."

"Thank you. Perhaps you will telephone in the morning. Thank you. Good-by," said Mr. Jay, and his tone, though subdued, was still so far from despairing that Winnie was wholly satisfied that ten thousand by no means represented the end of Mr. Jay's tether.

She hung up the receiver thoughtfully.

"Yes, I am quite sure that Mr. Jay has found someone at Maravon's with enough authority either to commission him to buy at something over ten thousand, or who has told him that Maravon's would pay more for the patents," she told herself. "But it does not matter very much, for I am quite sure that dear May will soon find out exactly what Maravon's are ready to pay," she added, and, smiling a little, she returned to the drawing-room.

For a moment she paused on the threshold, looking in, and a genuine and honest little thrill of pleasure tingled through her heart as she noticed the very noticeable change in the atmosphere of that drawing-room and the air of the people in it. On the previous evening Mr. Forrester, looking worn and ill, had been so quiet and preoccupied that he had said practically nothing. Mrs. Forrester, with a vague appearance of increasing worry, had at times been absent-minded, her eyes anxiously studying either her husband or her daughter.

But tonight the manufacturer was livelier. He was chatting quite cheerfully with his wife, with an occasional quiet laugh which told of the sudden increase of confidence and new vigor with which events had endowed him; and his wife, as wives will, quite obviously reflected his new mood. Blanche was playing softly the accompaniment to some extremely sentimental outburst of indifferently rimed passion from one of the latest musical comedies. And it seemed to Winnie that even the lights burned better and more brightly tonight.

"And it is all due to me," she said to herself. "How nice to be able to help people so—and yet be able to make a little profit to help me build up a store for my—my old age."

Then, as she noticed the slim figure of the girl at the piano, a shadow fell on the perfect face. It was such a shame that poor little Blanche must be made so unhappy presently. But it was not to be avoided. Little girls that set their hearts upon good-looking blackguards are, as friend Gibbon so compactly puts it in his little work on Rome, "seldom qualified to form a just estimate of their actual situation." And in such a case it is necessary for friends and parents to form estimates for them; and, having formed such estimates, to act accordingly.

"She will be all the happier some day because of this coming unhappiness, and perhaps I can persuade May Fasterton to find for her a nice lover, with plenty of money and perhaps a nice title and not very many brains. I am sure May will not mind, and there are so many like that—yes, that will be so nice."

She went across to Blanche, and slipping an affectionate arm around her helped her retail the musical-comedy sentiment. Real gratitude glowed in the eyes of the older people as they watched the exquisite little couple. There was forthcoming from Blanche tonight no invitation to Winnie to accompany her on her clandestine pilgrimage across the lawn to meet Lomond. But Blue-Eyes had hardly expected one—and had made her arrangements accordingly. Blanche was due to meet Lomond at the old spot at eleven o'clock. Winnie had arranged to meet him at the summer house close by at half past ten. They went to bed at ten. Hill Crest was not a house of late hours. The two girls chatted for a little, before Blanche, observing a certain languor in Winnie, decided that she had a headache—precisely as Winnie had decided that she should—and so left her early.

Thus at the moment when Blanche was beginning anxiously and impatiently to study the clock, Winnie was silently passing through the French window downstairs en route to her moonlight dalliance with the vulture in the shadow of the trees. She was timing her movements with great care and nicety. Her watch registered eighteen minutes to eleven as she left the house. She estimated that this was exactly the time she would need to bring the rapacious gentleman awaiting her to the point where he would proceed unwittingly to sever with precision and dispatch the bough upon which, on the wrong side of the saw, he was balancing himself. Her plans, as Winnie's plans, being carefully made, had a knack of doing, worked themselves out to perfection.

Lomond was waiting by the summer house obviously in much the same frame of mind as that in which the speedy gentlemen in singlets and short pants wait with their toes to a line a fraction of a second before the hundred-yard sprint. If he had made any inquiries in town that morning about Winnie's wealth he had evidently received satisfactory answers, for he was off the mark the instant she drew within speaking range.

"Ah, at last," he said. "Lady, the minutes dragged by with leaden feet!" Evidently he had not forgotten that Winnie claimed to be romantic.

She sighed, one cool hand resting in his. If he had possessed her darting wits he might have argued something from the very coolness of that hand. But all his senses were concentrated on her "immense riches" and the need to clinch matters in something like twenty minutes.

"Blanche is not quite herself tonight, and perhaps she may not come out, Mr. Lomond," she told him, making no haste whatever to withdraw her hand.

"Mr. Lomond?" he said reproachfully. Her voice sank.

"Derek, then."

He reached for her with both arms. But somehow he missed her.

"Oh, no, no, please not. It is wrong, disloyal. I know, I know very well, that I should not be here now like this, only I could not resist. Something drew me. No, don't touch me. . . . Oh, Derek, what are we to do?"

He drew close, but he obeyed her. She would be in his arms in a few moments, he was very sure of that. Meantime, there was nothing to be gained by rushing things. Let her take her time. She was a little fluttered just now, naturally; but that would pass.

"Ah, little lady, what is there to do but to surrender ourselves to this great, strange, magical tide which has caught us up, and drift with it out to sea, to the islands of romance and happiness?"

He liked that—pretty good, he felt. And, peering in the moonlight, he saw her crossed hands pressing hard over her heart.

"The islands of romance and happiness," she said. "Oh, how beautifully you express things! Tell me some more."

She was listening intently. Elated, he proceeded to tell her some more. He made his voice thrill most convincingly as he explained how, even before he had seen her, he was aware of a curious and wonderful premonition that a great happiness was hovering near him. That had puzzled him a little, for the world so far had not treated him very well, not very kindly; he had had a very stern struggle—here he imported a sorrowful sound, half sob, half a catch of the breath, rather effective—made the more strenuous because of his lack of friends who understood. That was what had made his heart bound so when he first saw her come gliding towards him across the lawn on the previous evening—something, some strange, sweet instinct had told him that his fate was at hand.

Last night, he claimed, he had returned to his lonely rooms haunted by Winnie's face and voice and certain lines of that great poet, Tennyson—ah, beautiful lines—did she know them?—"Silence, beautiful voice, be still, for you only trouble the mind with a joy in which I cannot rejoice, a glory I shall not find." Ah, did she not know those beautiful lines?

Yes, yes, yes, Winnie knew them. They would have sounded better if he had not been in such a hurry to get them said, but she did not tell him so. Nor did she remind him that a little farther on in that monodrama of Lord Tennyson occurred the following lines: "What if with her sunny hair, and smile as sunny as cold, she meant to weave me a snare of some coquettish deceit, Cleopatralike as of old!"

Then came the sound she was listening for—the bell strokes of eleven o'clock from some near-by church. The snare was woven. Somewhere close by Blanche was moving softly to her tryst.

Winnie spoke clearly. In her agitation her voice was raised.

"Ah, yes. But, Derek, what are we to do about poor little Blanche?" she asked. "She thinks you love her."

He had expected that, prepared for it, and so very readily became even more voluble and much less romantic.

"Yes, I know, I know. And I, too, thought I loved her until you came. But I am wiser now; you have taught me otherwise. I have thought a great deal of this difficulty, and I know that there is no solution for such a difficulty but the honest truth, spoken and faced unflinchingly. It is you, Winnie, you whom I love, not Blanche. It is you who are predestined to be my wife, not Blanche. Ever since I saw you I knew that this is so; that Blanche, so recently from school, so young, so inexperienced, for all her grace and sweetness, has been an infatuation."

Winnie's gaze was directed over his shoulder, but he did not notice that.

"An infatuation. But I am wiser now—wiser now."

Winnie stepped back.

"And so, I think, are we—Blanche and I—Mr. Lomond. Aren't we, Blanche?" she cried softly.

She moved swiftly past him to a slender little figure which stood not five feet from him—Blanche, her face white in the moonlight, her hands clasped on her breast.

"He—he loves you!" gasped the girl. "I—heard—every—word!"

"Yes, dearest, just as I intended you should. But he—that man—does not love me any more than he loves you," said Winnie. "It is only himself that he loves, and it is only because he believes me to be rich that he pretends to love me."

Her arm slipped round the waist of the girl.

"Blanche, be brave. Don't let him see that you care!" she whispered. "He is bad—worthless, darling. You will be sorry all your life if you let him see that you care!"

Winnie felt her stiffen. The Forrester stubborn streak was asserting itself.

"Why, Winnie darling, I don't think even Derek is quite conceited enough to imagine that I seriously care for him," said the girl, coldly, clearly, though perhaps a little mechanically. "It has been amusing in a way to steal out and play at romance, but I can think of nothing of less importance to me than where or how Derek bestows his serious love." She laughed softly, almost naturally—only Winnie ever realized just how painfully her fingers clenched on Winnie's arm—and continued, "Why, Derek, it was only my foolish little joke about Winnie being so immensely rich. Wasn't it, Winnie?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"And we thought that it would be such an amusing test of your—your quality, Derek, to see whether you would respond to a little encouragement from a wealthy girl." She drew her breath sharply. "And your quality proved to be—not very superlative, Derek. I have not forgotten everything I learned so recently at school—one phrase particularly: 'You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting,' Derek. Oh, don't bother to be ashamed or to explain. You see, it's really not

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sufficiently important to be worth explanation." She half turned. "Good night, Derek. I hope you will be fortunate enough to find a rich girl," she said, and with Winnie went away.

Winnie was charmed with her.

"Oh, you were splendid, darling—perfectly splendid! You have had such a fortunate escape too."

But Blanche was crying softly.

"Ye-es, I—I know, Winnie. Only—it—hurts so. I don't know where I got the courage to speak to him so. I thought I was going to faint when I was listening."

The inquest on Blanche's love and Lomond's infatuation used up the next two hours and many tears. But Winnie made it plain to the girl at last. She was a little happier when, presently, she went to sleep in Winnie's bed, though, as she told Winnie, her heart was irretrievably broken. Winnie understood. She, too, had frequently had her heart broken. But only a pessimist of the deepest dye, privileged to peep at the two, sound asleep a little later, would have maintained that either looked like the possessor of a very seriously battered heart.

IX

NEXT to a stubborn bank account, there are few more valuable life belts in this vale of tears than a stubborn streak in one's psychology. Winnie had not erred in relying on Blanche, though gallantly as the child had taken her overnight shock, her blue-eyed little mentor would not have been greatly amazed had the next morning brought a renewal of the midnight tears. But this was not so. Blanche may not have had any claim to be a really fine judge of men, but she was by no means short of pluck. She was a little quiet and distrait while they sipped their morning tea, but suddenly she turned and gave Winnie a big hug.

"There, that's all over and finished with. Derek Lomond, I mean. All over, darling Winnie. Napoo, as my brother Jack used to say." She threw out a bare arm, still a little thin with the pretty childish thinness of budding adolescence, and gave one of those soft, whispering, feminine finger snaps that sound so feeble but mean so much. "I always knew deep down in my heart that daddy was right about Derek, and I was wrong, and I must hurry along and tell him so."

She sprang out of bed, threw on her dressing gown, danced herself into her slippers and sought her parent.

"Some day she will set cities on fire, I think," said Winnie, enchanted with the sheer, unconscious grace of the girl's every movement. "Every movement she makes is—a poem. I always want to ask her to do it again."

Then she forgot Blanche, for she had graver strategies to plan and more adz-edged tactics to perform.

"I don't think it will be long before Mr. Lomond strikes," she told herself. "For he will hope to be able to combine revenge with profit." She smiled, snapping her fingers at Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror just to see if her rendering was as graceful and pretty as Blanche's. It was. "He will try to induce the men to strike at once, I think."

She was right. An hour later at breakfast there was an urgent call for Mr. Forrester from the works manager. He did not return to the table. Mrs. Forrester went out to see him off, her custom of twenty years' standing; and across the breakfast table Blue-Eyes and Brown-Eyes exchanged significant glances.

"That means that Derek Lomond has begun his attempt to ruin daddy," faltered Blanche.

Winnie nodded. "Yes."

She thought swiftly. She regretted for a moment that she had not postponed the exposure of Lomond for another day so that she would have had a little more time in which to see something of the factory and of the workpeople. But that was only for a second. Vain regretting was an arid pastime which had never appealed to Winnie, and already schemes were pouring through her mind in a quick, flitting, cinemalike procession. It was like working in the dark. She knew no more about Forrester's workpeople than she knew about workpeople at the other side of the world, nor had she the faintest inkling of any local conditions which might be seized upon and twisted into a weapon with which to fight the strike. But she knew something about human nature, and that is much the same all the world over.

She was aware—for the gentle George H. Jay had told her—that Forrester paid his people as well as any other manufacturers—Maravon's, for example. And she judged, at sixty-thoughts-a-second speed, that the workmen knew that. So that, assuming conditions to be as favorable as the conditions in any other factory, it did not take her long to decide that the impulse to strike arose from an irritant which was abnormal. And the irritant was Lomond.

Winnie mentally put herself in the shoes of a workman and decided that the only things for which she would allow a smooth outsider to persuade her to strike were: More money, shorter hours, better conditions to work in.

"But their wages are the normal wages, therefore their hours must be the normal hours; and I expect that the conditions in which they work are normal too," she told herself. "So that the strike is artificial, and I don't think that their hearts can really be in it, and so they would be quite ready to listen to reason."

She turned to Blanche.

"Darling, who is the most popular man in the factory? I don't know very much about factories, but wherever there is a big group of men there is nearly always one dominating the others."

Her daddy had told her that about regiments long ago and she knew it was true. Blanche replied instantly, without bothering to think:

"Oh, Big Jim Barnes, one of the foundry men. He is a great boxer—always fighting matches. They all adore him. They say he has beat everybody for miles round, and the workmen have won lots and lots of money by betting on him."

Winnie's blue eyes began to shine.

"Is he nice, Blanche?"

"No; he is always sulky, they say."

"Why, darling?"

"Oh, because he is so conceited, I think. He believes he is a—a boxer championship, or a champion boxership," hesitated Blanche. "Isn't that what they call themselves—something like that? Cook knows; she is his friend, he is fond of her. She could tell you, Winnie."

So in order to stop an ugly little strike Winnie instantly sent for cook. To send for cook is not normally one of the most highly recommended methods of stopping a strike. It may easily result not only in the loss of the strike but also in the loss of the cook—both serious matters. But Winnie rarely worked along normal lines.

Cook arrived, a youngish, largish lady, somewhat self-defensive. But Blanche would have nothing to do with any cook who wore an armor of suspicion. It was only a question of months since she had twisted cook round her graceful little finger for sake of hot cakes and recently cooked tarts—schoolgirl stuff.

"Oh, cook dear, don't be on your dignity. It's dreadfully serious. Miss O'Wynn wants to know about Big Jim's boxing, that's all."

Cook's reserve melted forthwith. She may have been a trifle weak on soups, and her sweets may not have been wholly above suspicion; but question her about the heftsome lad whose near-manslaughter of Chimp Johnson, the champion of a near-by town, had netted her a level thirty shillings and cook knew the answer.

"Oh, miss, there ain't much to tell you about my cousin Big Jim Barnes except that he's the best boxer in the South of England, and if only they'd give him a chance at one of the big clubs in London he'd be making a fortune in no time, miss." She said it like a flustered parrot repeating what she had heard said many times. "It's a shame they don't get him a big fight, miss. He admits himself that he's got a left-handed punch like the kick of death's own white horse—like the reporter reported in the paper—but he's never been given a chance to use it! They say he's sulky, and so he can be when he likes—the sulkiest hound I ever heard of—but he'd be all right if only he could get a chance to show his class, miss."

Cook stopped, breathless.

"But, cook, why don't they arrange a match for him at a London club?" asked Winnie.

"Because they can't—or won't, miss. Mr. Lomond gave a sort of a promise to do it after the strike, but he says he can do nothing till the strike's took place."

Winnie nodded.

"But that is not true, cook. I think Mr. Lomond is trying to—to make a—don't

(Continued on Page 46)

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"FRICTION PROOF"

(Continued from Page 44)

mind my saying this, cook—a fool of Big Jim. He is cheating, I think. You see, a strike is not likely to help Big Jim get a big match in London. It is much more likely to ruin him. I don't think Big Jim is very wise to trust Mr. Lomond."

"Well, but miss, it's Jim's only chance," demurred cook.

Winnie laughed softly and went across to the girl.

"Why, of course it isn't, cook dear!" she cooed. "I can get him a match at once—at least, I have influential friends who can. Would he be satisfied if Lord Fasterton or the Honorable Gerald Peel did so? Lord Fasterton is a member of the jockey club and Mr. Peel is the finest steeplechase rider in England. I can promise that they will give Big Jim a match, and I myself will promise a—a purse—don't they call it?—of five hundred pounds. But it will be bigger than that. I expect Mr. Forrester would add something to that purse."

Cook gaped, and her eyes bulged a little.

"But—but, miss, Mr. Lomond said that, speaking as a member of all the big sporting clubs, it would be totally impossible for Jim to get a match for three months at least!"

Winnie only laughed.

"That is just exactly what Mr. Lomond might say; but, you see, it isn't true. I don't suppose that he is even a member of any famous clubs."

She turned to Blanche.

"Darling, you will help, please, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, Winnie, let me," answered Blanche with the keen anxiety of a naughty child eager to make amends.

"Then will you ring up Number 6600 Western on the telephone—that's the Junior Sports Club—and ask for Mr. Gerald Peel, or Lord Fasterton if Gerald isn't there, and tell him that I want to ask him to do something?"

"Miss, could I ring up first and tell the works to send Jim up here to see you?" asked cook excitedly.

"But he is busy with the strike, isn't he?" demurred Winnie. "I thought he was one of the leaders of the strike."

"Him? Jim? Leader? Strike?" echoed cook. "I'll learn the great hulk to strike when there's a chance of a lifetime in front of him!" said cook, flushed and looking a bit of a scrapper herself. "Believe me, miss, we been engaged four months, and all we got towards the home so far is mother's horsehair sofa and a promise of the gilt frame round grandfather's photo! Strike! We don't want any strikers at Forrester's!"

Winnie controlled her smile and they went to the telephone together.

"But suppose Big Jim isn't able to persuade his comrades to stop striking, cook."

Cook smiled with bland confidence.

"Jim's the ringleader, and if they don't stop when he tells 'em he'll knock their blocks off," she said with supreme contempt. "Him and Hefty Bright and Ugly Smith and Birmingham John and Long-George Watts—that's his gang, miss. Besides, none of the old, respectable gangs want to strike at all. It's only the noisy lot. I'll tell Jim, miss, you see if I don't."

But it was Winnie who spoke first at the telephone, and it was to Mr. Forrester that she spoke.

It took less than a minute to glean from the harassed manufacturer that although it might be a half-hearted strike on the part of many of the older workers, the strike was certainly in full swing. And when one is working against time on a contract, with a penalty clause in it, it makes no difference whether the strike that smashes the contract is half-hearted or not.

Forrester was worried and—thanks, no doubt, to his health—nervous. He was even then interviewing a deputation of the strikers, he said, and was on the point of hanging up when Winnie gently stopped him.

"Oh, please, wait just a moment, dear Mr. Forrester. I—I think that I can arrange something to help, if you don't mind very much. Please, is Big Jim Barnes a member of the deputation?"

"A member!" echoed Forrester bitterly. "He's the ringleader, Lomond's mouthpiece. He's here now in my office."

"Would you mind, please, if he came to the telephone to speak? It is rather important, you see. And if, in a moment, he wants to come to the house, please, will you come with him?"

Winnie turned to cook.

"Big Jim is going to speak, cook," she said, "to you. You will be tactful, won't you?"

"Yes, miss," said cook grimly, and moved to the telephone. "Yes, I'll be tactful."

She clutched the receiver as one may clutch a dumb-bell.

"Is that you, Jim Barnes, muttering into the machine?" she demanded. "Yes? Well, you great, clumsy fool, what d'you think you're doing? Yes, this is Nora speaking. What are you wasting your time goading on this strike for when you've got the chance of a lifetime waiting for you in this house, now, this very minute? Have you ever heard of a lady called Miss O'Wynn? Oh, you haven't? Well, more fool you! Have you ever heard of a horse called Lullaby or a lord called Fasterton or a gentleman jockey called Peel? Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you? Well, Miss O'Wynn owns 'em, see? Owns 'em all—kind of. Eh? Lullaby won the Middle Park Plate a year or two ago, did she? Would of won the Derby if she hadn't been kicked at the post, would she? Well, as you know so much about it, perhaps you'd like to know that Miss O'Wynn's a friend of the boss and the missus and Miss Blanche, see? And she's here ready and willing to get Lord Fasterton and Mr. Peel and some of their friends to match you against a good man at the Junior Sports Club for a twenty-round go as soon as you like. Miss O'Wynn has guaranteed you a five-hundred-pound purse, and she says the boss will add to it. And all the time this is being done for you, you great fool, you're hand in glove with that oily hound, Lomond, trying to hurt your best friends and eggin' on your mates to do the same. Look here, Jim Barnes! You come on up here now and learn some news—and some sense. I'll give you five minutes, and if you ain't here in five minutes you and me part company. And I'll fix up with Hefty Bright and get him the match. . . . All right, then, hurry up—and don't be such a fool!"

Cook hung up, panting.

"He's coming, miss. Nothing like telling 'em off tactful, miss," she said.

"No, indeed!" cooed Winnie, and proceeded to put in the trunk call for 6600 Western.

x

BIG JIM, accompanied by Mr. Forrester, and followed by a thick-jawed entourage including Hefty Bright, Ugly Smith, Birmingham John and Long-George Watts, arrived well within the time limit so peremptorily laid down by Nora. He proved to be a beefsome gentleman with a discontented scowl, a shallow brow, but not unfriendly blue eyes. His face, like that of many another iron-working boxer, looked as if it had been extensively rearranged by hand.

Winnie liked his eyes. Deep down in them she thought she caught a minute twinkle which hinted that James at heart was a good-tempered and probably placid person. But his air and his scowl warned her that his vague sense of injury, added to his popularity and the flatteries of his satellites, had almost spoiled him. She went up to him, speaking quickly.

"Big Jim," she said quietly, "Nora has just told us about the absurd difficulties your backers say they have in getting you a match with an opponent of—of your own quality, your own class; and of course that is quite ridiculous. There need be no difficulty at all. Why, everyone knows quite well that the Junior Sports Club is sorely in need of new talent, and I feel certain that your friend, Mr. Lomond, has been trying—not to get you a match, but to keep you out, for his own reasons."

Ominous mutterings from the committee of large-jawed, beetle-browed henchmen.

Big Jim stared down at the wide blue eyes looking so steadily into his own. His great hands balled up, but he said nothing.

"I can get you a match at once, of course—anyone could," continued Winnie. "Do you know of Lord Fasterton or the Honorable Gerald Peel?"

"Yes," replied James, and the committee muttered affirmation. Like most British workingmen, they knew far more about racing than, for example, religion.

"I am expecting to speak to one of those gentlemen about your match almost at once. Have you thought of an opponent you would like to meet?"

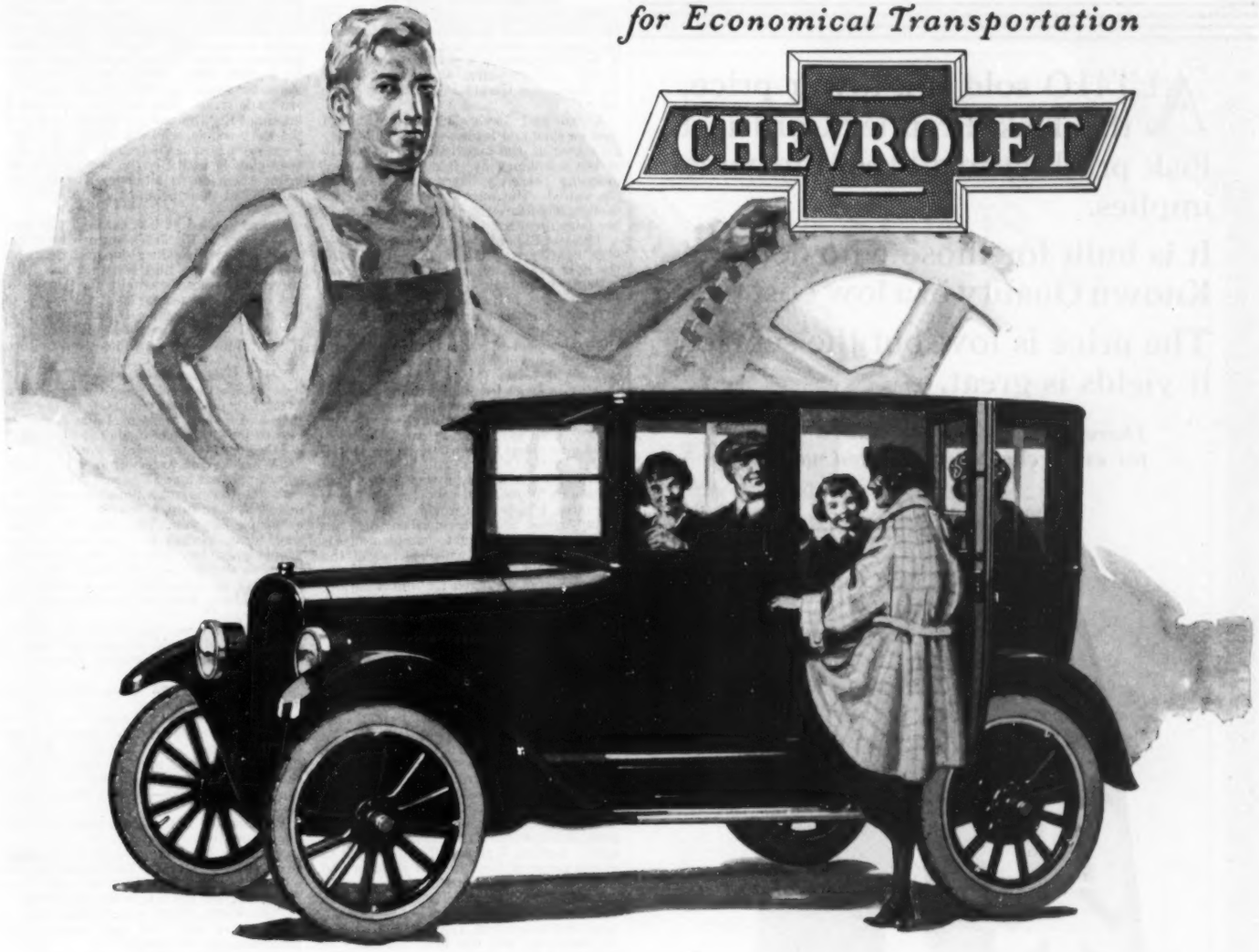
"I'd like to meet Dempsey," said Big Jim simply; "but I ain't a fool, and I ain't expecting to meet him till I've fought my way up to his class."

"That is so sensible, Big Jim. You are modest, and modesty is half the battle in boxing. I heard Mr. Peel say so personally."

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

The entourage muttered warm approval and tried to look modest. The telephone bell giggled violently and Winnie soothed it, inquiring sweetly if that was the Junior Sports Club speaking, and if so whether the Honorable Gerald Peel chanced to be there.

A blank and utterly silent minute flapped past on slow and leaden wings, while they all stared at the angelic-faced little lady at the telephone, her fair gleaming head drooping pensively like a tired flower as she waited. But once she looked up, as a thought shouldered its great coarse way into her fairy dreams.

"Please, Big Jim, what is your weight—your fighting weight? Fighting weight is the right expression, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, lady," volunteered Long-George Watts. "He goes as a heavyweight."

It was the Honorable Gerald who answered Winnie. He had breakfasted at the club, it seemed, en route to a big horse sale at Tattersall's. Winnie was glad of that. She could settle things with him more quickly and with less maneuvering than she could with Lord Fasterton, from whom she was ever loath to request or accept favors, readily, even too readily, though that polished man about town would have granted them.

"Oh, Gerry, please, I want you to do something for me," she cooed. . . . "Yes, of course, I knew you would. There is an awfully good boxer here called Big Jim Barnes, the heavyweight champion of this district—Altonbury—which is full of the most splendid boxers, and he would like to have a match arranged for him with any good heavyweight boxer at the Junior Sports Club. . . . I expect you know of him, Gerry. . . . I have just found out that he and his four friends, all fine boxers, too, have been very treacherously treated by a man called Lomond, who has been trying to—to make a—a fool of Big Jim. I am so sorry, Gerry, to have to use such coarse language, but it is true. This person called Lomond has managed to persuade Big Jim to lead a strike here, and has tried to bribe him with the promise of a match at a London club after the strike is over. He pretends that it is impossible to get a match at present. But, please, that is absurd, Gerry, isn't it? Such a boxer as Big Jim could get a match anywhere if it were properly managed. Besides, I personally am willing to give a purse of five hundred pounds, and Mr. Forrester, Big Jim's employer, is willing to add two hundred pounds more, so that there is already a purse of seven hundred pounds assured, you see." She broke off, listening, and the little company of listeners behind her whispered excitedly. Presently she spoke again. "You can get him matched at once against—against—oh, please, dear Gerry, say it slowly—either Battling Bill Burns, of Battersea; or Bombardier Brooks, or Man-Eating Mike Muldoon. Oh, how terrible, Gerry! Just as he wishes! Please wait a moment, Gerry."

She turned dancing eyes on Big Jim and his supporters.

"Please, Big Jim, which would you prefer—Battling Bill Burns or Bombardier Brooks or Man-Eating Mike Muldoon?"

There was a unanimous call for the cannibalistic-sounding Mr. Muldoon, and Winnie promptly reported to that effect.

"Gerry, Big Jim wished Man-Eating Mike. You will arrange that? It is a definite promise? Big Jim had better go into training at once? And I am to say that he can regard it as a definite promise from you? Oh, thank you, Gerry; thank you so much!"

She looked across the room.

"Mr. Peel has promised—and he never fails to keep a promise, you kn——" she began, but broke off and listened attentively for a few moments.

When she spoke again there was a note of disappointment in her voice which matched the sudden dejection on her face.

"You say that your promise is subject to the club committee agreeing to allow a boxer who is on strike or encouraging a strike to appear at the club, and you fear they won't? Oh-h! Please listen, Gerry! Big Jim and his friends and the people they lead are striking under a misapprehension, you see. It is because they have been misled by that clever and crafty Mr. Lomond. You see, they do not know that Mr. Lomond's object is to keep the strike lasting just long enough to ruin Mr. Forrester, the proprietor of the Forrester & Sons works. And Lomond only wants to ruin Mr. Forrester now in order that he, or the people behind him, may buy up Forrester & Sons' business for a mere nothing when it is sold by the—the official receiver, if the strike is successful. You see, Gerry, there are some patent rights Lomond and his—his backers want, which they believe Mr. Forrester would not sell willingly, as they are trade rivals. Lomond does not care a bit about Big Jim and his friends or any of the work-people, who will be ruined if Mr. Forrester's business is ruined. He has only been playing with Big Jim and his friends, luring them on to influence a strike and laughing at them behind their backs."

"'Ere!"

It had soaked at last through the pure bone casing of Big Jim's brain—the truth.

Gerald Peel had long departed from his end of the wire; and Winnie's last little speech, though directed into the telephone, had been aimed primarily at the brains of the quintet of boxers. It had connected.

"'Ere! That's news to me, that is!" Big Jim lunged forward like a mosquitoed buffalo.

"He's been double-crossing us, Lomond has—oh, has he!" said Long-George Watts. "Out to ruin every workman in the factory, and make a fool out of Jim and all of us, just for the sake of buying up the boss!"

Mr. Forrester stepped forward.

"What do you expect from a free-lance agitator of that kind?" he said crisply. "A man like that is not a philanthropist. He is a wolf, a vulture, a criminal! He preys on people like you. That type of man always does, always will, as long as you people ignore the facts and risk your livelihoods to chase will-o'-the-wisps! What do you think he cares about you or your wives and children, provided he can make his Judas profit?"

"All right, boss; we got it now. We've been swindled!" said Birmingham John, a great illumination on his face. He wheeled to the door.

"Hey, where you going, Jack?" demanded Big Jim.

"I want this Lomond man ——"

"Stop there, Jack! He's mine! I got the truth now." He turned to Winnie. "Miss, would you mind telling Mr. Peel that there'll be no strike—that it's all off? We'll promise that—us five chaps, here. Hey?"

He appealed to the chaps and they were unanimous in reply.

"Oh, yes, Big Jim; and so, of course, if there is no strike Mr. Peel's promise will be kept. I will answer for that," said Winnie, and spoke again into the telephone.

"Oh, Gerry, there is not going to be a strike, after all!" she said gayly. "So please arrange the match."

Mr. Forrester broke in once more.

"And now, men, let's get on, let's get on. Enough time has been wasted already. Come on! You'd better speak to your followers before there is any serious trouble. I will speak too. They have nearly ruined me as well as themselves. It will be a narrow squeak for all of us."

Master and men went hurrying out, leaving Winnie to receive the thanks of Blanche, of Mrs. Forrester and cook, who had loyally hastened the footsteps of her hefty betrothed with a sharp word or two as he departed.

"He and his lot will persuade the others back to work in next to no time, miss," she prophesied.

Mrs. Forrester was grateful but bewildered.

"But, Winnie, so much has been going on that none of us guessed about. How is it that you were able to learn so much in so short a time? You—I think, my dear, that you have saved us."

But Winnie shook her beautiful head, smiling.

"Oh, no, dear Mrs. Forrester! It was only just that it somehow occurred to me. I—I somehow thought of it, you know."

"Ah, you are as modest as you are kind and clever."

"Winnie's a darling," said Blanche bluntly, and hugged her enthusiastically to prove it.

Then the two little ladies adventured forth to the works to see just exactly what was going to happen to Mr. Derek Lomond.

"I—I hope they won't injure him," said Blanche, weakening a little as they went out.

Winnie smiled faintly. She did not share the girl's uneasiness, for, in her judgment, the possibility of Big Jim and company injuring Lomond was excessively remote. Like most labor agitators that agitate but

(Continued on Page 50)

TEN SIMPLE REASONS
for Preferring the Single-Six

1. The Single-Six is a product of Packard, which insures supreme fineness of manufacturing. Packard quality has won for the Single-Six the name—"the ten year car."
2. The brilliant beauty of the Single-Six is outstanding in every company. Such intrinsic good looks combined with the prestige of the name Packard, contribute unfailingly to pride of possession.
3. A demonstration ride conclusively proves the superiority of Single-Six performance.
4. Packard design is the last word in simplicity and accessibility. Thus, the delays and expense of care and upkeep are reduced to the very minimum.
5. No other six is so easy to handle. Packard Fuelizer assures easy starting and smooth running under all conditions. Gear shifting is required only in the case of a dead stop. Steering effort is negligible.
6. Based solely on Single-Six owners' experience, you may anticipate 16 to 20 miles from a gallon of gasoline, 20,000 miles, or more, from a set of tires.
7. The Single-Six is luxuriously easy riding. You have only to try it to realize its greater comfort.
8. Packard Single-Six costs very, very little for repairs and service. Owners' reports of low cost of Single-Six maintenance under Packard's standardized service are invariably a revelation to drivers of lesser cars.
9. As an investment, the Single-Six costs actually less to own than second-choice cars whose list price is several hundred dollars lower. Let any Packard salesman *prove* this statement.
10. Ask the man who owns one.

Packard Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed
Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight

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$5.00

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You'll like Jungle Cloth, the new and exclusive Wilson Bro's shirting. Its novel weave carries the subtle note of individuality that every well-dressed man desires, and its lustre lasts. Of course, shirts made of this fabric are correctly tailored, as are all shirts that bear our label.

Wilson Bro's
FURNISHERS TO MEN FOR ALMOST 60 YEARS

Shirts tailored to fit by Wilson Bro's reflect an intimate knowledge of what discriminating men are wearing in Paris, London and New York. Wilson Bro's shirts have the Special (reversible) Cuff—with an even crease and a smooth fold—and a neckband of pre-shrunk webbing that requires no starch in laundering. Other Wilson Bro's products include: *Hose · Pajamas · Underwear · Belts · Cravats · Nightshirts · Handkerchiefs · Garters · Mufflers · Suspenders · Knit Gloves*

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York Paris

(Continued from Page 48)

do not labor, Mr. Lomond possessed an instinct for the welfare of his hide much more highly developed, trained and encouraged than the instinct of his victims for the welfare of their jobs.

By the time Big Jim and company had explained things to their following of strikers sufficiently to stop the strike, and, this done, turned to lay violent hands on Lomond, that adroit and shifty gentleman was markedly absent. His schemes had gone up into the air—and it would appear that he had followed them.

XI

IT WAS characteristic of Winnie that she did not allow the immense success of her efforts on behalf of Blanche and Papa Forrester to blot out from her quick but well-balanced mind the fact that she had a living to earn; and although the child was in no real danger of forgetting that hard-shelled truth, she deemed it expedient to impress it upon her mind again that afternoon during an hour of tranquillity in her room.

She had pleaded a slight headache, and instantly the house of Forrester was hushed for her sake. It was pleasant after the excitement of the morning to relax concentration on other folks' affairs and focus it upon her own; and when, presently, kimonoed, comfortable and cozy, Winnie settled down with a chocolate or so to scan the general position, she was able to nod very confidently and happily to charming little Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror.

"How nice everything is," she smiled. "I think things have worked out so sweetly. Even dear May has kept her word."

That was true. The indolent Lady Fasterton had telephoned a few moments before to tell her little friend that she had achieved the absurdly easy bit of amateur vamping which Winnie had asked her to accomplish. She had bestowed upon Mr. James Maravon the boon of lunching in her company that day; and had gleaned, in the course of casual conversation, all concerning his views of the value of the Forrester patents which Winnie wished to know. Also, she had canceled the trip to Newmarket for the purpose of viewing Barbarian.

"There, Winnie dear, that is all you wanted me to do, I think," Lady May had said. "And it was so elementary that it was quite uninteresting. The next time you want me to play the enchantress, little one, do please make it difficult enough to be thrilling. It would have been much more amusing, Winnie, if it had been my charming husband that you wished me to—er—vamp. You see, he has been vamped so often—by me, among others—that he is getting wary and would be game worthy of my attention."

May had laughed joyously at her little jest, asked when Winnie expected to return to London, learned that the child anticipated being back in time to dine with her next day, and so rang off.

"It is so wonderful that things have worked out so well, I think!" breathed Winnie, her big blue eyes thoughtfully surveying their perfect reflections. "And something seems to tell me that everything will be settled tomorrow. Mr. Lomond will be back in time to report to the people who were behind him, and I think that dear Mr. Jay will be promoted—or perhaps promote himself—to the vacancy left by Mr. Lomond."

Her eyes danced as she selected a large, very chocolaty one, with a crystallized violet on its summit.

"It is so sad, I think, that dear Mr. Jay should be so quick and rapacious. If only he would trust me more and himself less, that would be so nice for him."

She lay back, thinking carefully, and for a quarter of an hour she seemed not to move an eyelid. Then suddenly she came out of her reverie and laughed—the slow, sweet, musical sound of a happy linnet.

"Oh, how glad, glad, glad I am that daddy taught me how valuable it was to learn how to think carefully right from the beginning of a—subject, step by step, to the very end, and never to jump to conclusions very hastily," she said whole-heartedly. "If only he had done that himself, I am sure he would not have backed so many losers—poor daddy!"

Even as it was without any amazement that Mr. Forrester learned later in the evening that Winnie wanted to be allowed to go with him to his office at the works on the following morning, so it was without hesitation that he willingly agreed.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Winnie, I was on the point of asking you if you could fix things tomorrow morning so that you could be within easy call." He took a telegram from his pocket. "This reached me at about five o'clock this afternoon. Read it, child; it concerns you more than it does me."

Winnie's big eyes absorbed the telegram at a glance:

Calling upon you eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. Trust do business concerning purchase of patents. JAY.

"You know this man Jay was interested in the patents, child?"

Winnie nodded, smiling.

"Oh, please, yes, dear Mr. Forrester. But I think it is only on behalf of Maravon's that Mr. Jay wants to buy them. Unless he wishes to speculate and buy them in the hope of selling at a big profit to Maravon's."

Mr. Forrester laughed more cheerfully than he had been known to laugh for years.

"You know him well, this Mr. Jay?"

Winnie nodded her gleaming curls.

"Oh, yes, I know him quite well," she admitted. "He is a very quick and clever man."

Forrester looked serious.

"Ah, is he? Well, naturally I shall be present at any interview or discussion about the sale of the patents, and you may be perfectly sure that Mr. Jay, whoever he may be, will not be allowed to have it all his own way with you, my dear."

Winnie's exquisite head drooped—was it to hide a tiny smile?

"Ah, thank you so much, Mr. Forrester," she said softly. "I am quite sure of that."

It was the truest thing she had ever said in her short life. Mr. Jay would have been the very first to acknowledge it.

"But there is one thing that has puzzled me very much, please," she went on. "Why is it a big firm like Maravon's, if they want to buy something from you, Mr. Forrester, seem to prefer to use emissaries instead of dealing direct? I don't understand very much about these things, but why doesn't Mr. Maravon come and talk with you in a friendly spirit about business?"

The manufacturer frowned a little.

"That firm and I can never be on friendly relations. I have an old and well-founded grievance against them, my dear. They once stole an invention of mine—in circumstances which left me without a chance of obtaining redress. There is a personal animosity, too."

"Oh, that was such a sname, to steal your invention!" cried Winnie. Then she smiled. "But perhaps, after all, it will all come right in the end," she added. "I—I feel quite sure that it will. Don't you think so, too, please?"

The business man looked penetratingly into the wide vivid eyes searching his, and he, too, smiled.

"I have had the privilege of being able to see something of your methods, my dear, and I feel that if you say it will come right it will be so."

Obviously he intended it as a compliment—at least, Winnie accepted it as that.

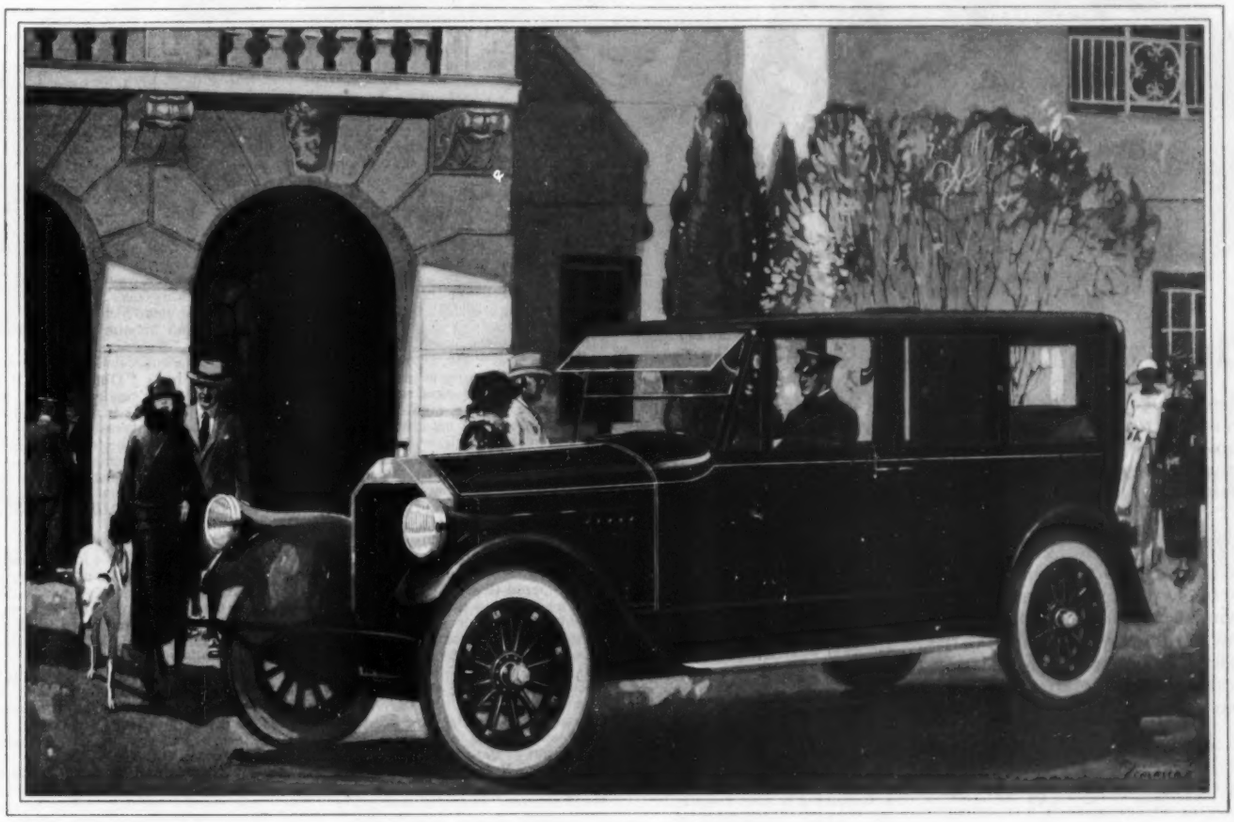
XII

THE entry of Mr. George H. Jay into the office of Mr. Forrester on the following morning was the entry of a well pleased and confident man. For some days he had feared that the tortuous twistings of the shifty Lomond would succeed in bringing that labor—and love—manipulator out at the very goal of successful achievement; and the news of his utter downfall had come like the music of harps to the Finch Court schemer on the previous afternoon.

"Great cash, but he's down at the last fence—ha-ha—and now there's only the straight run home. Little George Tortoise Jay wins, I fancy," he had declared. "Little old George swoops down upon the kitty this time, I kind of think! Something seemed to tell me all the time that I was destined to star as first past the post in the Forrester Patent Stakes—at any rate, as far as Lomond was concerned." He selected the best-looking cigar in the box and struck a match. "As far as Lomond was concerned," he repeated absently, staring at the match. "In fact I never really feared him. He went the wrong way to work to get those patents. . . . But I never was quite easy in my mind about her. If I can get the patents for twelve thousand, there's a certain eight thousand profit gummed onto the deal for me. And I'll

(Continued on Page 52)

PIERCE



One cannot help but observe the greatly increased numbers of Pierce-Arrows — in the morning city-bound procession, at the smart shops, at the clubs, at exclusive summer colonies, at the shore resorts, at country estates, at fashionable hotels.

It verifies unmistakably the conviction — repeatedly expressed by owners — that in all its history Pierce-Arrow has never built a car that could match the present one.

To sense the full significance of this tribute, one has only to inspect or ride in one of the latest Pierce-Arrows — as a suggestion, the Enclosed Drive Limousine, which may be converted instantly into a companionable seven-passenger Sedan.

Any Pierce-Arrow distributor, upon request, will arrange for a demonstration. To those unacquainted with the performance of the six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve engine, it will be a new experience.

Open cars are $5250; closed cars, $7000, at Buffalo. Government tax additional. Prices in Canada furnished upon application.

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"Pride of its makers makes you proud in possession."

When in Buffalo visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Courteous guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow cars are built.



Snug-fitting doors and windows eliminate drafts in a Pierce-Arrow car, but the ventilation is perfect. The webbed dome light conceals the roof ventilator, which exhausts the interior air, instead of forcing a blast within.

ARROW



What will Your Harvest be?

When you come to the harvest season of life, will you have a bountiful crop of things worth while? Will full granaries mean security and contentment for yourself and your family? On the seeds you sow and the soil you choose depends your harvest.

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(Continued from Page 50)

confess, as there's nobody to hear, that I never liked the idea of Miss Winnie and a homeless eight thousand sleeping under the same roof—no, sir!"

The match burnt his fingers and he dropped it with a dreamy smile. He was feeling perfectly fireproof just then.

"She wasn't interested—or, more likely, didn't care to meddle with real business. Give her a little mystery, give her something a little bit odd, out of the way, secret, lady-style stuff, and she can leave old George H. standing still, with a stitch under his heart like a needle point. But when it's a matter of straight business—why, who's this coming but little George H. Jay with all sails set? Yes, I've stolen a march on her this time, and high time too. She didn't like machinery—cogs, wheels and black grimy iron—and she was right. It's man's work—this black iron stuff. Mine, for instance!"

He laughed very loudly.

"It was the love interest that took her attention off the money end, as it always does with these little ladies," he told himself confidently, and believed himself completely. "She's a wonder, but she's got her limits—yes, naturally."

He was really confident, and so far nothing had occurred to undermine or even shake that confidence; and, indeed, he had some justification for being confident. He knew that the Maravons would pay twenty thousand pounds for those patents, and he was practically certain that he could buy them for something close to twelve thousand. Yes, he was confident.

His greeting to Mr. Forrester was almost a benison; and even as he uttered it, his quick ranging eye picked off the prints and parchments on the manufacturer's desk. He beamed so that his large bare face was red and benevolent like that of a man who had just finished a faultless dinner.

They wasted singularly little time in preliminaries. Both were anxious to get to business, and both said so. Mr. Jay, with rather uncanny precision for one not a master of mechanical matters, stated exactly what it was he wished to buy, and which he had been given to understand Mr. Forrester was prepared to sell.

"The knotting device machine and the patent eccentric drum, yes. You have a copy of the original specifications under which they were patented, I see," said the manufacturer.

George H. agreed, and, poring over the faded prints, did a little careful checking. He expected to be risking a good deal of his own money—for a few short minutes—and he was not proposing to take any unnecessary risks. But everything was in order.

"Yes, these are the patents in question, Mr. Forrester," he said almost gayly. "You are prepared to sell, I understand. I am prepared to buy—at a businesslike figure. My offer was ——"

"One moment, my dear sir," interrupted Forrester. "These patents are for sale, but the price is not a matter for me."

He touched the bell on his desk. Mr. Jay stared a little.

"But I don't understand," he said. "Subject to our agreement on the price ——"

He stopped, aware that Mr. Forrester was looking past him at the opening door. A clerk murmured a name, and the gentle George H. turned like lightning. Winnie was standing just inside the door, smiling enchantingly.

"Oh, please, am I late?" she asked anxiously. "I walked down with Blanche and I must have miscalculated ——"

A clock on the mantelpiece behind Forrester chimed eleven.

"Oh, no, you are exactly punctual, Miss Winnie," said Forrester.

Mr. Jay closed his mouth, which seemed to have slipped open, paused a second, then greeted the girl.

"I have never known you to be unpunctual yet, Miss Winnie—ha-ha!" he volunteered. But his laugh was extraordinarily feeble, his handshake nerveless and his eyes were protuberant with a sudden strange anxiety. He looked homeless. "So you have an appointment at eleven, too, Miss Winnie?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—about the patents, you see," she smiled.

George H. was turning a little pale. He looked uncertainly from Winnie to Mr. Forrester, opened his mouth to speak, closed it again, then asked a trifle hoarsely, "The patents, dear Miss Winnie?"

Winnie nodded. "Oh, yes, dear Mr. Jay."

Never had he known her voice so dulcet, her eyes so darkly wonderful, her gentle smile so sweet. Mr. Forrester put him out of his misery.

"Miss O'Wynn has an option on the patent rights you wish to buy, you understand, Mr. Jay," he explained.

"Help!" said George H. slowly, deliberately and sincerely, albeit somewhat dazedly. "Of course she owns the option! Almost anybody but me would have known a little thing like that!"

He sat down again, heavily, and wiped his brow.

"Pass me the anæsthetics—ha-ha!" he said with a feeble attempt at humor.

It was a sure defeat. He took a few deep breaths and spoke.

"Some day, Miss Winnie, I'll learn that a good gleaner never follows in the track of a locust, speaking generally," he added hastily. "I don't mean that exactly. But I'm a little kind of upset, Miss Winnie. I'd sort of hypnotized myself into a trance. I had got to believe that you really weren't interested in these patents." He made a meaningless movement with his hands, then pulled himself together and started afresh. "However, all that's my trouble, dear Miss Winnie. Never mind that, eh? Never mind me—certainly not!"

He stiffened.

"What are you going to let me off for, Miss Winnie?"

The big blue eyes surveyed him with tranquil innocence.

"Please, dear Mr. Jay, let you off?"

He inlaid his tone with a touch of entreaty.

"Miss Winnie, let it be short and swift," he asked her. "Don't make it lingering. I haven't got a single excuse. I sort of believed you meant it when you hinted that you weren't interested in the patents." He was watching her exquisite face, caught a shadow that touched it and hastened to add, "but I'll confess, too, that I sort of—didn't. . . . How much are you asking for the patents, Miss Winnie? In one word."

Winnie's eyes went wide.

"Oh, but please it's four words, dear Mr. Jay. Twenty-five thousand pounds!"

Mr. Jay went all awkward-looking, and his jaw swung loose on its hinges.

"What?" he ejaculated loudly.

So Winnie said it again: "Twenty-five thousand pounds."

Even Mr. Forrester blinked rapidly as he stared at the trim, slim, dainty little soul sitting so composedly before them. He was too raptly interested to speak.

For an excruciating five seconds Mr. Jay was silent. Once he shut his eyes very tightly and his lips moved. He looked as if he were praying, but more probably he was merely figuring. Then he spoke with the most impressive earnestness of which he was physically capable.

"Miss Winnie ——" he said, and stopped short, thinking.

Presently he gave a great and breezy sigh and some of the acute agony left his face. He gave her a species of melancholy grin.

"Miss Winnie, I want you to believe this—I am out of this deal. I cross myself out here and now. It's up over my head. I want you to believe that, Miss Winnie. I was looking to make a very sweet little profit out of this deal, but I realize that all that was just dreamy stuff. But let me—give me leave to speak as your agent, your—er—proud agent. What I mean—gratified—great privilege. Miss Winnie, you're five thousand pounds past the limit. Maravon's won't give the money. Twenty thousand, yes. Believe me, I know. They've guaranteed me twenty thousand. Take whatever profit that shows you—while it's in sight, Miss Winnie. It means nothing to me. I'm trying to give you good advice."

Mr. Forrester stirred.

"My dear, I agree with that. It is good advice."

But Winnie's eyes were still violet dark and gravely innocent.

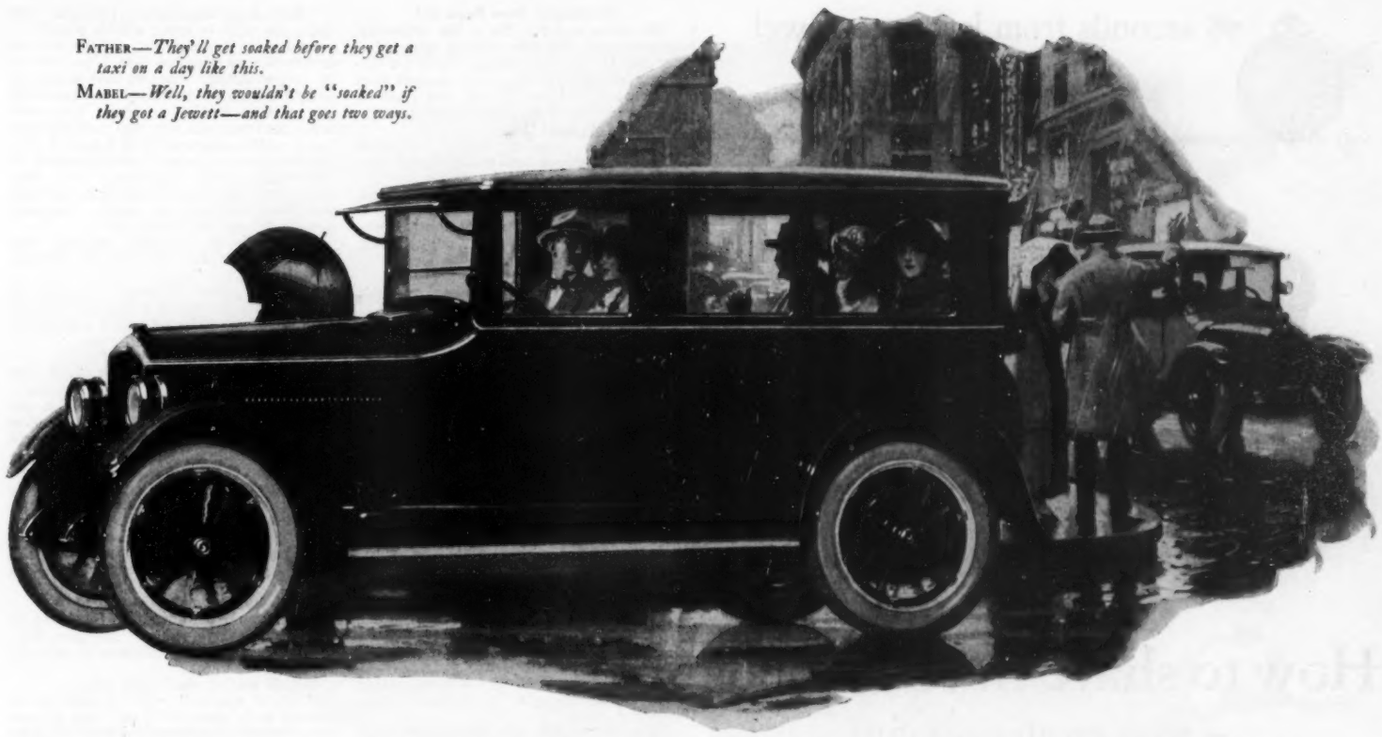
"But, please, you could consult Maravon's, couldn't you, Mr. Jay? By telephone, perhaps?"

Her gaze was full on Mr. Jay, and he stood up.

"Yes, Miss Winnie, I can consult," he said with the air of one who throws away his last mental reservation. "And better than by telephone. Mr. Maravon is in the town—we came together. He's at the hotel now. May I use your phone, Mr. Forrester?"

(Continued on Page 54)

FATHER—*They'll get soaked before they get a taxi on a day like this.*
MABEL—*Well, they wouldn't be "soaked" if they got a Jewett—and that goes two ways.*



Most Power for Weight—Most Weight for Size

Hence New Jewett's Spirited Performance—Enduring Smoothness—Superb Comfort

FROM $900 to $1100 there are many six-cylinder cars. In weight they range from 2440 lbs. to 2805 lbs. In power they range from 177 cubic inches piston displacement to 249 cubic inches. One fact stands out—the lower priced cars offer less power and less weight. They save you a little in first cost, but they withhold much of great value.

Weight means sturdiness of construction. Without weight, sturdiness cannot exist. Jewett weighs from 200 to 400 pounds more than other cars its size. Of course we would save this weight if we could—and sell Jewett cheaper. But Jewett touring car is made to weigh 2805 pounds, and the sedan in proportion. Only in this weight can we produce the sturdiness Paige engineers demand.

For example—Jewett has a strongly built motor; a 6-inch-deep frame; all-steel universal joints; Paige-Timken axles front and rear; Paige-type clutch and transmission; strong, sturdy wheels; sound bodies—giving a toughness throughout that comes only from weight enough to be strong.

In power too, Jewett is a different car from those in its price-class or size-class. Its motor, with cylinders 3¼ x 5 inches, measures 249 cubic inches piston displacement. This is 20% more than any car of Jewett's size—40% more than some. So Jewett has 20% more power than any car of its size or price—because power, you know, comes from piston displacement.

And so great is Jewett's power that, in spite of Jewett's sturdiness, Jewett still has most power for its weight. Jewett weighs 11.4 pounds for each cubic inch piston displacement. Other cars in its class show 12 to 14 pounds. Think what superb performance Jewett must have!

With the weight to ride comfortably over all roads and endure the roughest use, Jewett has also the power to pass most any car on any hill—to beat most any car in the traffic get-away. Jewett accelerates from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear. Try that with any other car—and realize Jewett's superiority!

Thus in the new Jewett—at a few dollars more than "light" sixes cost—you have a sturdily constructed six that will last for years. Also, you have power to out-perform nearly every car you meet. Ask a Jewett dealer to show you.

(619)

Touring $1065
Brougham $1325
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Special Touring $1220
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PAIGE BUILT

78 seconds from lather to towel



How to shave in 78 seconds

—with greater comfort

THIS tells of the new-day way to shave. Already millions of men are enjoying this cleaner, smoother shave—once over, lather to towel, in 78 seconds—the world's fastest shave.

Such speed and comfort are only possible with a super-keen razor—no ordinary one will do.

New discovery—super-keenness

For nearly a quarter century we have made razors. Like other razor makers, we knew the safety principle to be correct, but we were not satisfied with the ordinary type of blade.

Skin specialists told us a keener edge was needed, one that avoided slow shaving, over and over the same spot, which irritated the skin.

For 3 years we experimented, spending a fortune. Then we succeeded. We have processed a barber's edge—the keenest cutting edge known—upon a *safety razor blade.*

With this Valet AutoStrop Razor men now speed over their face just once, in 78 seconds. No scraping, no pulling. Harshness is gone and with it that raw, tender feeling. Your face feels like velvet—cool and comfortable.

Our achievements in perfecting this new-day shaving method have been enthusiastically endorsed by leading dermatologists. As an example, Dr. O. C. Stackhouse, Director of the famous Lynbrook Institute of New York City, specializing in facial rejuvenation, says: "I have investigated all razors and unqualifiedly recommend the Valet AutoStrop Razor to men who desire to shave correctly."

Make this test

Much is at stake. Your whole shaving future. Get acquainted with a Valet AutoStrop Razor. A new blade can be inserted when needed or you can keep the blades keen with our automatic stropping feature. It works as part of the razor. A few strokes restore the barber's edge—*it sharpens itself.*

We urge you to experience a new sensation in shaving. You're certain to adopt this new, speedier way—every day a velvet shave.

Don't delay making this test. Buy a Valet AutoStrop Razor today. $1 to $25, according to finish, case and number of blades. For sale by all dealers or mail coupon today.



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(Continued from Page 52)

He spoke urgently for a few moments, then hung up, his eyes bulging again.

"Mr. Maravon is coming round personally," he said, and his voice cracked with excitement. "Miss Winnie, you'll get it, I believe. Hang on—hang onto twenty-five, Miss Winnie!"

"Maravon coming here!" snapped Forrester, a sudden flush on his cheek bones. "Not with my ——"

He caught himself up and shook his head, smiling oddly.

"No, no; of course he may come! I was impulsive, child. By all means, let him come and finish the transaction here."

Winnie went across to him.

"Please, you don't mind—you don't truly mind?" she asked gently.

"No, no, my dear. Of course not."

So Maravon came, cool, crisp, confident; somehow a different Maravon from the social idler who had lunched with Winnie, Lady May and Gerald at the Savoy.

Mr. Jay fetched him, and presumably explained matters en route, for he wasted little time. He greeted Forrester with the chill politeness of an unfriend, and Winnie with a species of semiplayfulness.

"So you intend holding me up for an extra five thousand, Miss O'Wynn?" he said. "Well, you deserve it—in a way. Suppose we split the difference—twenty-two thousand five hundred. That's the usual way, I think—a little generosity on both sides, and good feeling all round."

But Winnie only smiled shyly and shook her charming head.

"Oh, please, no. I am so sorry, but it's twenty-five thousand pounds or nothing, you see."

Maravon stared at her—a keen, rather hard stare—thought a moment, then shrugged.

"Oh, ve-ry well. You ladies haven't the slightest idea of money values. Two thousand five hundred really is a tremendous lot of money, you know. Your friend, Lady Fasterton, is just the same, Miss Winnie. No real idea of money!"

He jerked his head at the desk, behind which sat Forrester, still as a stone.

"All the documents in order, Jay?"

"Oh, perfectly, Mr. Maravon."

Forrester pressed his bell.

"It would be more satisfactory to me if a lawyer attended to the transfer of these rights, and I have arranged for that," he said coldly.

"Oh, naturally!" agreed Maravon. "You have the money, Jay?"

"As to twenty thousand, yes. That, as you know, I arranged with your people this morning, Mr. Maravon. But as to the—er—unexpected five thousand, no," explained the gentle George, producing his check book.

"I will give Miss O'Wynn my personal check for the five thousand," said Mr. Maravon speciously.

"That will be excellent," agreed Mr. Jay, drawing his fountain pen.

Both he and his principal wrote, and the checks were filled and signed. The lawyer started into action and the documents were completed. Winnie took the checks with slim, lingering fingers, and in her turn passed Mr. Forrester a check. The old manufacturer took it, studied it gravely, and put it away.

"Thank you, Miss O'Wynn," he said in a peculiar tone. "You have made thirteen thousand pounds' profit out of this transaction and I congratulate you with all my heart."

The flush on his prominent cheek bone deepened, and his voice was firm and even.

"Here, in my own factory, perhaps I may claim the right to speak a little plainly. I congratulate you, my dear. I have also the satisfaction of knowing that I, too, am to be congratulated. For you have saved my daughter from certain dangers prepared for her by that reptile, Lomond; you have saved me from ruin, my men from the misery of a strike engineered by Lomond, who was employed or secretly countenanced by Maravon's—wait, Maravon; you may speak presently—and in addition, my dear, you have conjured up twelve thousand pounds for me out of thin air!"

Mr. Forrester stopped, smiling, rose and faced Maravon, who thrust forward, frowning.

"Thin air, man! Haven't I bought the solid patents—on which a vital part of your output depends?" he said, with a species of acrid triumph.

But Forrester only smiled.

"Listen!" he said. "Before I sold Miss O'Wynn the option on those patents I warned her that I was selling them in circumstances that rendered them valueless to me, though apparently they were worth a great deal of money to you, Maravon. She guessed in five minutes what those circumstances were—that child! Can you guess as well as she did what those circumstances were?

"I dwell on this a little, because, Maravon, this happens to be in the nature of a minor personal triumph for me, also. Can you guess?"

Maravon shrugged.

"Forgive me if I am not in the mood for conundrums," he said. "Perhaps Miss O'Wynn will deign to enlighten us as to the nature of her guess."

Winnie smiled, and spoke softly.

"But of course I will! I shall be so pleased to do that. I—I only just guessed that dear Mr. Forrester had invented some far better devices to take the place of the old ones which you have just bought, Mr. Maravon. Perhaps I guessed wrongly—only, you see, that was how it seemed to me."

It took Mr. Maravon square between the eyes. He gasped.

"But—is that true? Did she guess right, Forrester?"

The manufacturer nodded.

"Absolutely! Maravon, I have devices which render those patents you have bought obsolete as far as I am concerned, and as valueless to me as was the invention which, twenty years ago, your firm stole from me! Maravon, we're quits!"

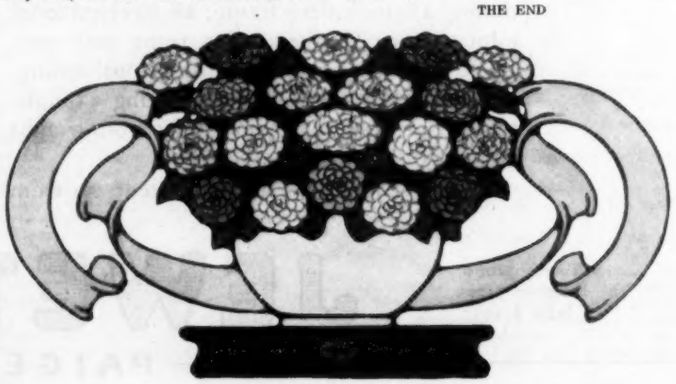
Somebody emitted an extremely odd sound—as it might have been a yelp of half-hysterical laughter. It was the gentle Mr. Jay.

"Good Lord!" cried he. "Then—then if I'd gambled on those has-beens with my own money—as I came here to do—I might at any moment have been left to hold the baby—er—what I mean, I might have been let in!"

"Yes, indeed," nodded Forrester.

Maravon strode to the door. But George H. Jay did not follow him. For that gentleman was engaged in desperately shaking hands with Winnie, and rather incoherently assuring her that in no circumstances would he feel justified in charging her the usual commission in this matter—in no circumstances whatever. That of course was quite an unnecessary assurance; but the gentle George was a trifle scrambled, and Winnie was much too sweet to say so. She had just netted thirteen thousand pounds, and a little profit like that makes one wondrous kind—ah, yes, wondrous kind.

THE END





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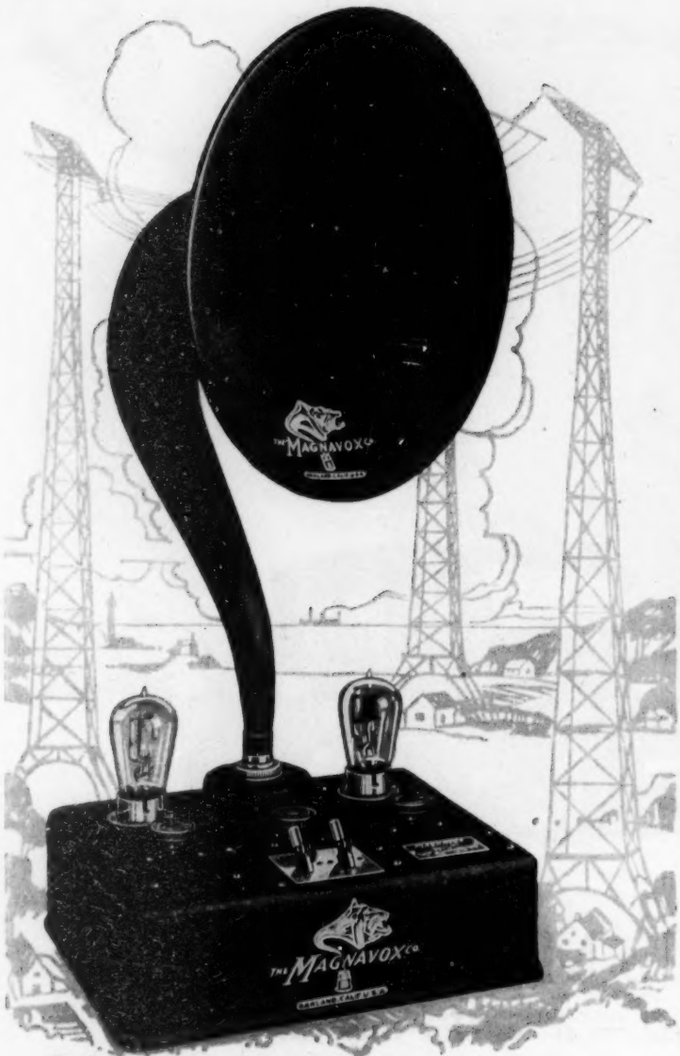
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SKOOKUM CHUCK

(Continued from Page 4)

"brought me to a decision against the course of action you advise—or suggest."

The doctor, if such he could be called, made another note.

"Nevertheless," he continued after a moment, "I observe your appointments, and I cannot avoid the thought that they indicate at least an interest in your own appearance before your fellow creatures."

"On the contrary, they indicate a following of the line of least resistance. With my upbringing, and perhaps the tastes appropriate to my temperament, a deviation from the perfection of the appointments to which you refer would indicate the stirrings of a purpose to which my thoughts are utterly foreign."

The other bowed his understanding of this point of view.

"In view of your statement it is perhaps useless for me to inquire as to whether you have any personal affiliations, of any age, or either sex"—he paused slightly at the last, but after a keen scrutiny went on—"that intrigue even a shred of your attention."

"None, none whatever," replied the young man firmly. "If I were to learn on indubitable authority—your own, for example—that tomorrow the entire human race would be eliminated from this planet it so worthily administers and adorns, I should feel no stirring either of regret at the fact or curiosity over the wherefore. And if, the next instant after full belief in that catastrophe, I were to be told—on equally indubitable authority—that a reprieve had been decreed, I should not rejoice."

X. Anaxagoras nodded briefly.

"Very well," said he; "I understand your condition. Now I must ask you some questions in order to complete my data. Your name?"

"Roger Marshall."

"Your age?"

"Thirty-one."

"Other physical details can await on the physical examination. Soul and body are more intimately connected than many people imagine."

"I may state," put in Marshall, "to save time, that physically I am sound. I have been very thoroughly examined by Dr. Daniel Everard and numberless competent and expensive specialists of his recommendation. I can furnish you with their voluminous findings."

"Very good. Now as to a history of your case. How long have you been in this condition?"

"Five years."

"Five years! You served in France?"

"For four years and a half—the duration."

"I see, I see," commented the doctor thoughtfully. He ruminated a moment, made a note, and went on. "Wounded?"

"No."

"Shell shock?"

"No, no, no. Nor any disappointments in love, or disillusionments, or frustrated ambitions, or anything of the sort. I cannot be psychoanalyzed. This thing has happened to me; that is all."

"Your occupation?"

"I have been seeking a cure."

"Obviously without success. How?"

"In every way: Business, art, writing, science, women, the so-called curiosities of travel, danger, study, philanthropy, politics. I have examined all religions, even to holy rollers; I have delved into the mysteries of occult things as they are offered through psychic investigation, through the occult teachings of the East, from the careful and learned and guarded experiments of what is called the new science to the barefaced fakeries of Water Street. No fraud has been too obvious for my trial. I have allowed no preconceptions to stand in my way. That," he concluded deliberately, "is why I find myself here."

II

X. ANAXAGORAS paid no heed to the implication of the last statement, but remained for some moments lost not so much in thought as in some inner concentration.

"I will take your case," he said briskly at last, "but only under certain conditions, which you will enter into of your own free will, which you will observe rigidly and honorably, and to which you will subscribe not merely your signature but your word as a gentleman."

"Those conditions?" queried the weary and elegant young man.

"As follows," enumerated X. Anaxagoras, ticking them off on the fingers of his left hand while he jotted them down on the pad of paper with his right: "You will place yourself unreservedly in my hands for the next three months. During that time you will perform without question anything I may ask you to do; and this irrespective of whether you consider my requests sensible, desirable or even relevant. In other words, you will be absolutely—and blindly—under orders. If I tell you to go stand on your head in Granville Street, you will do so, however distasteful such a course of action may appear to you to be."

"I should not care to stand on my head in Granville Street," pointed out the young man politely.

"If your self-diagnosis is correct—which, pardon me, I am inclined to doubt—it is a matter of equal indifference to you whether you stand on your head in Granville Street or in Portland Drive."

"That," agreed the patient a trifle grimly, "I am prepared to admit. Let us waive the point for a moment and consider the other conditions."

"There are none, if this first condition is faithfully carried out. I will, however, add what might be called correlative addenda: You will go unquestioningly where I take you; you will, when once entered on the course of cure, continue with it until the expiration of the time agreed; you may discuss my methods, but you will not be privileged to argue their advisability. You will refrain, whatever your emotions, from complaint. Above all, in whatever situation I place you, you will conscientiously and honestly do the best that is in you, substituting—since every action requires a motivation—for the personal interest that would naturally actuate you, the artificial stimulus of this agreement. These conditions, though you may not at present appreciate that fact, are in themselves therapeutic agents of no mean value."

The young man considered for some moments in silence, staring somberly at the practitioner in souls.

The latter broke the silence at last.

"Had I more faith in your self-diagnosis," he said gently, "I should not add what I am about to say. Were I convinced that your indifference is as fundamental as you believe it to be, it would be unnecessary. I will therefore assure you that the conditions are abrogated and yourself absolved from all compliance therewith if I demand of you anything dishonorable."

"And the standard of honor?" demanded the patient with cool insolence.

"Shall be determined by yourself," replied the practitioner, unruffled.

The young man considered further—and gloomily.

"Your fee?" he demanded shortly.

"Is, I believe—theoretically—a matter of indifference to you, as long as it is within your means, which I understand you to say are large." The young man flushed a trifle angrily, but whether from resentment at being considered a financial zany or vexation over the dialectical traps the nature of his malady had placed in his every path, it would be impossible to say.

"But," continued the doctor, "practically it is well to have such matters defined. You will pay actual expenses. In the event my methods are crowned with success, the fee will be nothing; in case I fail, ten thousand dollars."

"Pardon, I cannot believe I have correctly understood you," said the young man after an interval of astonishment.

"You pay expenses; no fee in case of a cure; ten thousand dollars if my methods fail," repeated X. Anaxagoras briskly.

The young man leaned back with a cynical smile.

"You play safe," he observed dryly.

"Certainly," agreed Anaxagoras. "Why not? But not possibly in the way your very natural suspicions point. I do not think I shall fail with you; indeed, I have every confidence of succeeding, and I shall certainly bend my best endeavors to that end."

"Why should I think that?"

"You should not. But of course that is a matter of indifference to you. You are at best taking a chance with any physician. You must use your judgment as to whether to take a chance with me."

(Continued on Page 58)

The Public

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*Name*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 56)

The young man digested this in silence for a moment.

"That is true. But you will pardon me if I ask you to relieve, not a curiosity, but an intellectual bafflement that may prove an obstruction, by elucidating the rationale of your extraordinary proposal."

"The expenses, of course, are obvious," Anaxagoras obliged him. He looked steadily across the table at the young man and for an instant his candid brow seemed almost to shine and his figure to swell into grandeur. "He to whom it is given to cure a human soul of aught which threatens its destruction must have entered into a place where he must stand humbly and gratefully, full-heartedly, but with empty hands." He paused and something drained away as though a presence had been withdrawn. "Of course if I fail," he added briskly, "I ought to be paid. That is obvious."

"I accept," said the young man.

III

ANAXAGORAS evinced no emotion, whether of satisfaction or the contrary. He penciled a few lines on his paper, then pushed a button concealed beneath the edge of the table desk. The door into the hall so instantly opened as to have lent color to Marshall's suspicion that it had been either guarded or attended for the purpose of surreptitious observation or eavesdropping or both. Or this promptitude in response might be part of the atmosphere. Marshall had no interest in either case. Nor did he raise his eyes to examine the newcomer, even when he became aware that it was a woman; and, as to that portion included in the radius of his lowered gaze, at least, one not devoid of attractions.

"Please type this in triplicate at once," Anaxagoras requested her.

The woman took the sheets of penciled memoranda and disappeared.

The two men sat in an unembarrassed silence during her absence. Marshall gazed at the floor rather blankly; the healer of souls stared off into some distant space that contained his thoughts. The room must have been deadened; at least no sounds penetrated from outside.

Again the door opened and closed. Again the feminine figure crossed the room to the side of the desk. Again Marshall's eyes, too heavy in indifference to rise, became aware, nevertheless, of high-heeled slippers, slim silk-clad ankles, a cloth skirt and a hand. The hand was tapering and brown. It wore only one ring, on the middle finger—a curious thing of beaten silver, remarkable in itself, but altogether remarkable in its present situation.

The papers passed across the desk. The woman turned to go. No word was exchanged. The little shoes and the silk-clad ankles passed Marshall's chair, disappeared from his radius of vision, on their way to the door. He heard the door open.

But it did not immediately shut, in the regular sequence. Marshall's dullness of indifference was penetrated in spite of itself by the uneasy feeling that he was a subject of scrutiny. He stirred uneasily. And then fancifully he seemed to become aware somehow that the compact hard substance of his personality was being slowly permeated by something from outside itself, an exploratory, vague searching with a distinct quality of its own. It was an impression whose life was momentary, for he thrust it from him as he would have thrust out an intruder from his private room.

Instinctively prompt as was his action, still his subconscious had caught and registered the nature of that distinct quality. It was amusement. And amusement echoed back from the delighted chuckle that preceded the closing of the door.

But X. Anaxagoras was claiming his attention.

"Here," said he, "are triplicate memoranda of our agreement. These we will sign, for form's sake, and in order that we may each be enabled at any time to refresh our memories. This other paper contains your directions. You will kindly follow them. You can consult them at your leisure."

He pressed again the button beneath his desk and arose from his seat.

"I will wish you good day," said he; and without further ceremony disappeared whence he had come.

Marshall turned with a gleam of interest as the hall door again was pushed ajar. The maid who had admitted him stood in the opening. It was to be noted that she wore shoes, that her ankles were clothed in lisle, and that the fingers of her square and competent hand were unadorned.

"This way, sir, if you please," said she.

Marshall retrieved his hat, gloves and stick, and so, shortly, found himself again in the street.

IV

TO HIS annoyance he discovered a desire to unfold the paper which he still held in his hand, in order to ascertain the directions for his conduct prescribed by the healer of souls. This impulse he sternly repressed as threatening the sacredness of his indifference. When, however, he had reached a small strip of parking that offered the accommodation of a green painted bench, he permitted himself to be seated.

The strip of park had been cunningly chosen. It was completely sheltered, and the sun poured in on it a concentrated elixir of its subtler essences. A great concourse from among the little peoples had been aware of that fact, and had there gathered to receive of that elixir of sun warmth and to render back their hummings and buzzings and chirpings in cheerfulness of gratitude. Nevertheless, outside, it could be seen, a lively breeze was blowing. The waters of English Bay were aflash with the stir of it, and the blue of the open gulf beyond showed dark. The lighthouse on Point Atkinson, miles away, stood bravely white and clear. And beyond it, over the edge of the world, were great mountains like soap bubbles, and the hint of many islands urging the spirit to wing farther than the eye could leap.

Marshall snatched his eyes away almost with impatience. For a single shining instant his spirit had spread its wings.

He unfolded the paper disdainfully, a slight sneer sketching its lines about his nostrils.

"Tonight you will take the 11:40 W westbound car in front of the Vancouver Hotel," he read, "debarking at the first street the other side of the old armory building. Proceed down the alleyway directly opposite. You will come to two floats. Go to the end of the one on which stands a barrel. At the end of this float you will find a gas-boat cabin cruiser. Bring with you only warm stout garments suitable for an extended outdoor excursion. Come alone, and see that you are not followed. Provide yourself with ten thousand dollars, some of it in small bills. Arrive promptly at midnight."

He read this document slowly, the cynical lines deepening. The old weariness blanketed his soul. Back to Nature. Old stuff! Midnight mystery buncombe of the cheapest sort! Ten thousand dollars. He paused, then shrugged his shoulders. What matter? A great cloud hurrying down the wind grayed the waters of English Bay. Its shadow chilled the strip of park. The little peoples fell silent out of the sun.

V

ROGER MARSHALL cursed himself for a fool, not once but many times; and did as he was bid! His baggage he packed and laid away in the hotel cellars; his kit bag he filled with such garments as had been prescribed. Long he hesitated over ten thousand dollars, some of it in small bills. Only a reperusal of the last clause in the agreement he had so carelessly signed tipped his decision. After briefly reciting the terms of the association, the thrice-damned document ended as follows:

It is specifically agreed and understood that this contract has no legal or moral force whatever, and that either party thereto shall have the right to break its terms at any time. It is to be considered merely as a memorandum intended for the double purpose of *(a)* reminding the parties thereto of the original terms of compact, and *(b)* as a barometer of moral evaluations.

A barometer of moral evaluations, forsooth! No legal or moral force!

The stroke of midnight found Marshall stumbling down an incredibly steep and littered alleyway that led between ramshackle crazy-roofed little buildings whose motive for existence was obscure. It was black-dark, save where the sky showed murk-wreathed stars; and the half glimpsed water of Coal Harbor below him stirred guardedly as one who lurks. The night was deathly still. No faintest breath of life came from the buildings at either hand, no slightest stir even of a vagrant paper fluttered by a vagrant wind. The half-guessed boats and launches, crowded along the floats below, lay as though set in glass, their mastheads unbreathingly motionless against the

(Continued on Page 60)



WITHOUT KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT

Enlarged from a negative made with 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.7.7*, *without* Kodak Portrait Attachment. Subject 15 feet away.



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(Continued from Page 58)

sky. In spite of himself Marshall felt a faint stir of adventure. In spite of himself he moved furtively. When, on the pavement of the street above, a belated pedestrian klopped by, as loud and profane as a whistle in a church, he flattened himself against a wall with a certain gusto. Two phrases popped into his brain: "Come alone, and see that you are not followed," and "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine!"

VI

"OH, THRICE-BORN ass of asses!" he apostrophized himself disgustedly, and stepped deliberately and openly and defiantly down to the level of the floats.

From this new vantage point he became aware of a single guarded light at the end of the float. Toward this he made his way.

It proved to reveal a portion of the midships of a small cabin cruiser, casting into clarity only a section of her rub strake and rail, and into a penumbra only a little less obliterating than the darkness all other details. A dark figure stood erect near the stern of the craft. Another dark figure could be dimly discerned on the forward deck. A third, Marshall made out as he approached, was holding the guarded light, which seemed to be either a powerful flash light or a hooded extension of some sort. For a blinding instant his eyes were dazzled by its direct glare as it was elevated to his features.

"All right," said the voice of X. Anaxagoras in low tones, and the hand of X. Anaxagoras was extended to assist Marshall and his kit bag to the deck. From forward came the slithering of a rope's end and its soft plash as it touched the water and was drawn aboard. The figure on the forward deck disappeared. Almost immediately a throttled engine began its smooth low murmuring, and the inert fabric of the craft became vibrant with awakened life.

By a touch on the arm the healer of souls guided his patient along the narrow channel to the triangle of a small after deck where stood the third figure.

"Wait here a few moments," he whispered, dropping the kit bag; then to the third figure in a low tone, "All right, cast off."

The third figure deftly flipped the line it had been holding, and the loop, disengaged from some low pile head, in its turn plashed and was drawn swiftly aboard. A boil of phosphorescence, a mounting tremor of life—the low building of the float glided quietly by. X. Anaxagoras snapped off the light he had held. But his doing so swept for a brief instant the planks of the little deck and a portion of the figure stooping to coil the line. Marshall caught a fleeting impression of a short mackinaw coat, of stout laced boots. Only one thing the beam of light struck sharply across his vision—a ring of beaten silver on the middle finger of the left hand.

X. Anaxagoras slipped forward. As the craft glided in a long curve out into Coal Harbor he could be distinguished bending forward in an attempt to make out the marks of the exceedingly narrow dredged channel to the old coal hulk. The mud shallows were successfully skirted; the dark mass of the hulk was almost abeam; the little craft heeled slightly as the wheel went hard over. Under the shadow of the Stanley Park peninsula she glided quietly at half speed, until at the point she heeled again, more sharply, under the impulse of the tidal whirlpools beneath her keel. She straightened out and shot away down the ebb that had but just begun to run out through the First Narrows.

The dark shore to port brooded in its deep shadow; over the way Lion's Head, supremely indifferent, communed with its million stars. Like a phantom the little craft glided, darkened and silent. The low purr of her throttled engines was almost inaudible. Only the eddying waters alongside whispered and gurgled and tossed angrily a thousand arms in protest at the intrusion of this alien through the involved and intricate dance of the tide on its way to the open sea.

By the after rail the girl remained where she had coiled the rope, apparently looking back. In a moment X. Anaxagoras joined her. They exchanged no word, but he, too, looked back intently. The Second Light dropped astern. The point of the peninsula appeared. For an instant Siwash Rock stood out clear and detached, then, as they passed, it blended with the shore. Far away the lights of Point Atkinson on the right and of Point Gray on the left marked the widespread arms of that little sea called English Bay. The outrushing tidal current met the calm of the open water, slackened, turned uneasily, and was stilled. X. Anaxagoras left his post and spoke aloud, cheerily:

"All right, Bill; let her go!"

At his word the running lights flashed on; the purr of the engine became a steady beat; the wake boiled white a moment under the counter, then, as the propeller bit and the craft gathered way, strung out astern in a long faint line. The girl slipped by Marshall and disappeared down the companionway.

"Now," remarked the healer of souls courteously, "I will, if you please, show you your quarters. They are neither distant nor commodious; nor, indeed, are they even exclusive. Our only stateroom—to dignify it by that name—is occupied, so that you and Bill and I are constrained to occupy the after cabin together. I will indicate your bunk, and you can turn in."

"And yourself?" inquired Marshall.

"Oh, Bill and I will do the navigation."

"I think I will remain on deck a little while, with your permission."

"Please yourself, to be sure. But in that case let me persuade you to slip on this pilot coat. And may I offer you refreshment?"

"Thanks, no."

"In case you should feel the need of rest," Anaxagoras advised him, "you can lie down on any of the bunks."

Without further parley he rejoined Bill in the pilot house, where presently the faint light of a binnacle disclosed through the small after window dimly the two figures staring out into the darkness.

Marshall put on the pea-jacket and sat down in an easy-chair that occupied almost the entire space on the tiny after deck. The night air nipped sharply, but its edge was turned by the thick pea-jacket, into the pockets of which he thrust his hands. No ripple of wind blurred the glassy surface of the sea, which itself breathed slowly as though asleep. The chill depths of heaven were acrackle with stars. To starboard the land seemed to lie prone and inert, dark as velvet, shrunken by night into a narrow band of shadow; and the great snow-clad peaks, grown insubstantial as soap bubbles under the starlight, hovered above its sleeping form as though embodied from the substance of its dreams.

Marshall lit a cigarette and fell into musing. On what adventure had he embarked, and in what company? What plots against his close-guarded personality had been laid? What in this wild experiment meant these things that had been here gathered together by this man who called himself fantastically a healer of souls? Where was this little craft heading so bravely out into the starlit sea? Who and what was Bill? Who and what was the mysterious girl of the silver ring? Marshall reflected cynically that he thought he could guess her why. Who and what was he himself in all this—besides a fool? The whole of creation suddenly seemed to beat in on him with an answer, clamoring at the gateways of his soul. From the widespread night came forces demanding.

Suddenly, without reason, mystically, he felt as though he were in the midst of a combat, silent and unseen. The sense of struggle was strong and real within him. He was being assaulted and he roused himself fiercely and tensely to defense. External things disappeared before a strange inner concentration. Forces outside were clamoring at him a triumphant battle cry; and, fantastically, something within was answering faint and far, as though a prisoner deep immured lifted its smothered voice. Then came a great surge as of a pride that reared a haughty crest. The forces withdrew as swiftly as they had gathered. Again he looked about him on external things. The little craft once more forged steadily on into the starlit night; once more he became aware of the deck and the pilot house with the two figures peering into the dimness.

He passed his hand across his forehead and looked about him as though at an iron victory won. The mood draining away left him with a fleeting wonder, with a little terror. What was this thing that had befallen him? Had, indeed, he been invaded? Had, indeed, the defenses of his inner being been rallied in instinctive resistance of some threatened privacy of self? Did, indeed, this mysterious man, whom he had designated to himself as a subliminal quack, possess some power that ——

He shook himself angrily, and snapped back into reality. Again the night slumbered; again, wearily, he called himself a fool.

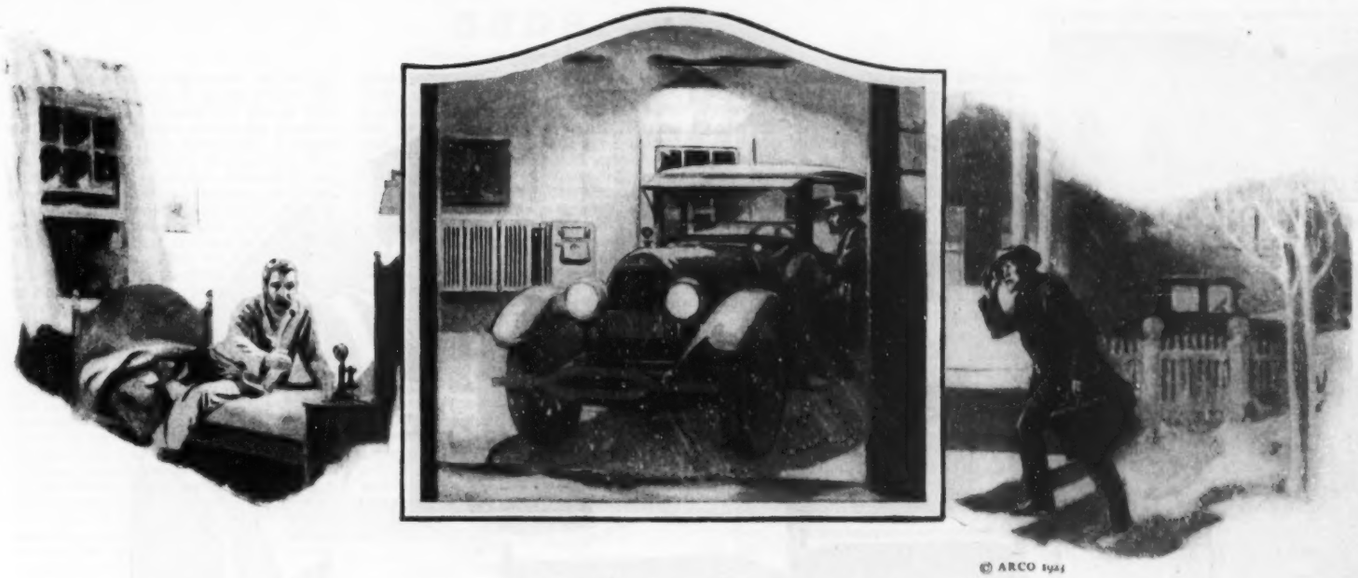
With decision he arose, took off the pea-jacket and descended to his bunk.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.



DRAWN BY WYNNE KING

"You Can't See 'Em for His Dust"



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When human life depends on a quick start—

Doctors know the importance of a warm garage

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RED STAR
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SUDS

(Continued from Page 11)

This organization is known as the Bavarian Fascisti, and it bears almost the same relation to Mussolini's Italian Fascisti that a last year's duck's egg bears to a golf ball. In this connection it might be added that the same thing is true in a number of other countries—Poland, for example, and France and Hungary and Norway and Sweden—where various deluded souls have evolved the idea that they are Mussolinis and that they are heading Fascisti movements. They are heading them against nothing in particular, and have as much chance of being Mussolinis as they have of being William Shaksperes or Henry Fords.

Hitler is an ordinary sort of person in many ways, and in other ways he isn't so ordinary. He has, for example, an intense aversion to having his picture taken; but not long ago, when an American was importuning him for a photograph, he is reported to have announced through one of his advisers that he could overcome his aversion to such things for fifteen hundred dollars. On another occasion, when an English newspaperman was seeking an interview with him, he was told that the interview could be arranged if he would contribute twenty-five dollars to the funds of the National Socialist Workers' Party.

He also has an idea that he is a sort of reincarnation of Frederick the Great—an idea which will probably cause the bones of Frederick the Great to rattle noisily in their tomb if they ever get wind of it.

As a talker, however, Hitler could easily win the diamond-studded belt if there were an annual official gabfest in Southern Germany. He is particularly exciting to the fluent beer drinkers of Bavaria; and whenever he takes a firm stand on the top of a keg or a table in any German beer garden, hall or cellar and points the finger of scorn at everything in sight, every beer drinker in the audience pounds the table violently and coughs out the German equivalent for "By golly, he's right!" Wherever he speaks he arouses intense enthusiasm; but most students of Bavarian life and manners believe that it is a pure beer enthusiasm, which permits hearty cheering for the subjects under discussion but no fighting for them.

A Moss-Covered Theory

Hitler and his party have evolved some twenty-seven demands or articles of faith, which are printed in a small blue pamphlet and distributed among the faithful. At the close of the articles of faith is the simple but pregnant statement that the party chiefs "promise, in case of need, to sacrifice their own lives and skins for the realization of these demands."

The use of the word "skins" is believed to be metaphorical.

Back of Hitler's anticommunist activity is the moss-covered and moth-eaten—but widespread—European theory that there is an international conspiracy on foot among the Jews to control the world, and that the communist movement and Bolshevism are entirely Jewish and a part of the fight for world control.

All Hitler's supporters, once they get started on this subject, froth at the mouth with rage and quote the names of Jewish leaders who have come to the front in Europe since the war, cite the names of the Jewish bankers who made millions out of the war, and claim passionately that while all the Germans and Austrians and Hungarians and Poles and so on fought and suffered and lost all their money during the war, the Jews in every country became wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

This argument would have a better chance if there weren't so many millions of poverty-stricken Jews in Europe, and if fewer Germans had banked money in England and America since the war.

The demands of Hitler and his party include the union of all Germans, whether they are located in Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia or other adjoining countries, into a Great Germany on the basis of President Wilson's plea for the self-determination of peoples; the suppression of the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain; the wrecking of France by any means whatever; colonies for the surplus population of Germany; the refusal of citizenship to Jews; special legislation for foreigners; a complete stoppage of all non-German immigration and the expulsion of all non-Germans who have entered Germany subsequent to August 2, 1914; the confiscation by the state of all war profits; the nationalization of trusts; old-age pensions; communalization of all great warehouses; the passage of a law for the appropriation of land for common purposes; the abolition of ground rent and the prohibition of land speculation; an extension of the scope of national education, and the education of all talented children, whether rich or poor, at national expense; state care of mothers and children, and compulsory athletics for the young; state control of the press, and the prohibition of foreign ownership of German publications.

There are several other demands on Hitler's list, including a few that are never made public. In fact, whenever he thinks of anything new to demand he demands it. Demands don't cost anything; and the good Bavarian burghers like to hear him demanding things after they have downed a flock of beers. And the idea behind the multifarious demands is not a bad one, said idea being that everyone who hears Hitler will agree with at least one of the demands, and therefore fall in line behind him.

Sports of the Hitlerites

Being not only a loud demander but a loud threatener as well, Hitler naturally attracted to himself all the tough nuts and the hard-boiled eggs and the rough diamonds of Bavaria and particularly of Munich. When Hitler would stand up and bark at the existing government and call it by the meanest German names in or out of the dictionary, all the hard-boiled eggs would slap each other on the back and say, "Aha! Here is the boy for us!" And they would promptly sign up with Hitler.

And out of the hundreds of vereins and corps and bunds that had been deprived of central leadership with the disbanding of the Einwohnerwehr, all the extremist societies gathered under Hitler's banners.

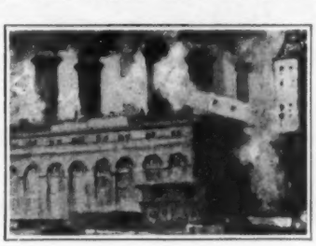
As the roughneck organizations joined Hitler they automatically attracted still rougher elements, until this ostensibly anti-communistic party presented the strange spectacle of being well peppered with communists.

At the beginning some of the milder and more conservative corps and vereins had supported Hitler because they figured that if the moment ever came to push Prince Rupprecht back on the Bavarian throne and take charge of the German Empire they would be able to use Hitler and his storm troops for their own ends. But as the violent elements flocked in greater and greater numbers to Hitler the conservative Bavarians soon began to realize that although they might be able to control Hitler himself if they needed him, they would never be able to control his wild-headed, desperate followers. Consequently, the conservative and level-headed element deserted him entirely—though anyone that was half stewed on beer would give him a rousing cheer at any old time.

So Hitler's Bavarian Fascisti, after attempting to convey to everyone the idea that they are engaged in leading Bavaria into the blinding white light of moral and political perfection, proceed on a platform of "Hang the Jews, shoot the foreigners, and nationalize property when the time is ripe"; and they enjoy themselves tremendously while keeping in training for the arduous task that lies before them.

Their most popular recreation is to go out for a Sunday *Ausflug*, or jaunt, which is usually mentioned in the secretive Munich papers as being of a sporting and social nature.

As is well known, the German idea of sport frequently fails to conform with that of other nations, and the sporting life of the Bavarian Fascisti will probably never become popular with week-end parties in America.



It is participated in by two or three or four thousand so-called *Sturmtruppen*, or storm troops, most of whom wear a frowzy-looking pale-greenish-gray uniform and the familiar tin hat of the old German Army, and are armed with revolvers and the *Gummiknöchel*, or flexible steel club covered with rubber. The latter is a highly effective weapon of defense, and is warranted to send the most square-headed person in the world to sleep for an indefinite period when bent lightly across the top of the skull.

These Green Shirts of Hitler furthermore have motor lorries and Red Cross attendants, and carry the official Hitler standard, which is a black swastika—known in Bavaria as a *Hexenkreuz*—on a red background.

Thus arrayed and decorated, the Bavarian Fascisti sportively line up in military array, march ten or fifteen miles into the country until they reach a likely terrain, and then proceed to march, countermarch, issue hoarse orders, discipline each other, kick dust up each other's backs, dream, hope, conspire, plot, and otherwise have a full day of South German sport and social activity.

For a time the Hitlerites had other minor recreations. The Hitler storm troops were greatly given to putting on their uniforms in the cool of the evening and marching into the Munich cafés, beer gardens and restaurants in a sporting manner. They would eject all the Jews that they were able to locate, speak harshly to any person who wasn't speaking German, and order the orchestras to play patriotic airs. As restaurant fighters they were very daring and effective.

By way of helping the good work along, the socialists, who didn't care for the anti-Semitic activities of the Hitlerites, organized storm troops of their own and frequently followed the Hitlerites when they emerged from the beer garden after one of these recreational visits. Then there would be a pleasant fracas in the street, during which a number of socialists and Hitlerites would dent each other's heads with *Gummiknöchel*, while the Bavarians back in the beer garden resumed their beer drinking in peace and contentment.

A War That Fizzled

The activities of the Hitlerites were somewhat cramped on the first of last May, when they announced that if the socialists displayed any red flags on the streets of Munich there would be a horrible civil war. When the first of May arrived the Hitlerites appeared in force, ready to shoot up the town if a socialist showed his head. To their horror, a number of red flags were carried through the streets by the socialists. There was great excitement among the Munich burghers, many of whom drank two or three quarts of beer in quick succession in anticipation of seeing a wild fight between the Hitlerites and the socialists. The Hitler forces unfortunately were unable to start this horrible civil war because the police refused to get out of the way. Since it was obviously impossible for them to take any action against the wishes of the police, they remained calm, and the socialists carried their red flags home in peace. After this fiasco the Hitler storm troops became much less brash about rushing into beer gardens and stirring up unpleasantness.

In addition to the Hitlerites, who are running around in circles and howling for action against Jews, foreigners, France, and anything that happens to arouse their ire at the moment, there is in Bavaria an association of vereins and bunds and bands and blocs and corps which is known as the United Fatherland Association, or Vereinigte Vaterländische Verbände. Most of the former officers and enlisted men of the old Bavarian Army belong to this association, and they are thoroughly card-indexed so that if they are ever needed for military purposes they can be jerked into line with a minimum of effort. Field Marshal Von Hindenburg was responsible for its formation, and its membership includes General Ludendorff and many high officers of the old German Army.

Its ostensible purpose is to combat socialism and communism. The members

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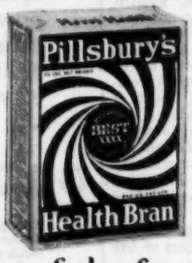
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are fairly well armed and have been assigned concentration places at which to assemble in case of trouble, and there is little doubt that any genuine outbreak of communism in Bavaria would receive prompt and efficacious treatment at its hands—probably prompter and more efficacious than at the hands of the Hitlerites.

But after the members of the association have sat around the table for a few hours and sopped up a small ocean of rich dark beer, they don't talk about using the association to combat socialism and communism, nor do they indulge in any noticeable worrying about those evils. What they talk about then is placing Crown Prince Rupprecht back on the throne of Bavaria and putting Bavaria at the head of the German Reich, where she belongs—to hear the Bavarians tell it.

Crown Prince Rupprecht, as a matter of fact, is a member of the association; and when he attends the meetings of the association, as he usually does, he is always addressed as "Your Majesty," and accorded the usual royal honors, whatever they are.

Anybody who has an idea that the leaders of Bavaria aren't interested in getting back on a monarchial basis would do well to have his ideas readjusted.

Around the middle of May of this year the Munich newspapers recorded as a casual news item the fact that the minister president of Bavaria, the minister of foreign affairs and all other high officers of the Bavarian State had attended mass on the birthday of Crown Prince Rupprecht—and high officials are very careful not to attend mass in celebration of the birthday of anybody who is expected to spend the rest of his life digging in the garden or writing his memoirs.

Bavarians First

All this fuming and fussing and planning and plotting on the part of the Bavarian vereins and bunds and bands and so on has been traced by many serious-minded thinkers to centuries of beer drinking and the resultant delusions of grandeur set up in the Bavarian brain by inherited and acquired beer fumes.

The Bavarians are Bavarians before they are Germans, just as a New Yorker might be a New Yorker first and an American afterwards. The Bavarian has a bad case of culture fever—that pernicious and tiresome disease that has caused more anguish in Europe in the past few years than passport regulations and customs control put together.

Just as the Hungarian agitator screams that his culture is greater than the culture of the Czech, and as the Czech agitator growls that his culture possesses a much greater horse power than that of the Hungarian, and just as the agitator of every other nation in Europe fondly imagines that the brilliance of his nation's culture makes every other culture look like a candle in a black fog, so does the Bavarian agitator suffer from the obsession that the culture of Bavaria is about six notches higher than the culture of the rest of Germany.

He thinks that the Bavarian culture is the only original culture, and that the others are tawdry counterfeits. He thinks that it is the true God-given, blown-in-the-bottle culture, and that the mere possession of it fits him to be the ruler and regulator of the entire German nation.

He also thinks—and it seems impossible that the thought can be inspired by anything but beer fumes—that Bavaria is the center of interest in Europe, the heart of the world, as one might say.

He imagines that the eyes of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia and the Island of Yap are glued on Bavaria; he will tell you that Bavaria has been a great nation in the past, ruled by great emperors, a battlefield of European interest; and he has a vague idea foaming around in his head to the effect that some day in the not far-distant future Bavaria will again be the storm center of the fight between Oriental Bolshevism and Occidental capitalism—between Russia and the rest of Europe.

Hymns of Hate

It is in Bavaria that one learns of the fantastic scheme to lead an army of Bavarians against Moscow; it is in Bavaria that one hears most frequently repeated the calm and assured statement that the destruction of France by Germany is only a matter of a few years as years go; it is in Bavaria that one learns of full equipment for an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, stored in the Southern Bavarian mountains; it is in Bavaria that one finds publicly displayed in shops and shop windows a wide variety of hymns of hate against France that make the original Hymn of Hate against England sound like the Maiden's Prayer.

The average Bavarian brain is so hedged about by its crust or aura—whatever may be the composition of said crust or aura—that any direct or straight thought on any situation penetrates it with difficulty.

One of the best ways in which to sense the peculiar aloofness of the Bavarian brain by comparison with, let us say, the French brain, is to make an automobile trip through any part of the two countries and hurl questions concerning one's route from the moving automobile at persons by the roadside.

The French, men, women and children, country folk and city folk alike, almost invariably understand the question and instantly hurl back accurate answers. The Bavarians, no matter of what age or condition of life, never understand, don't particularly want to understand, and are usually incapable of answering after understanding has been forced on them.

(Continued on Page 66)



Bavarian Wood-Gatherers Stopping at a Beer Garden on the Outskirts of Munich



A residence at Longview, Washington—A. N. Torbitt, architect.

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Mind you, I'm not trying to tell you that Mennen's is best—I am only asking you to prove to your own satisfaction that it is the best—and I'll pay you on demand the value of seven great shaves, if the trial doesn't convince you.

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Doesn't it put your beard in a softer and more non-resisting condition than it ever was before?

Isn't the razoring more speedy, more comfortable and smoother?

Don't you build more lather with less cream—isn't the lather firmer and creamier—full of lasting, cooling moisture instead of airy, useless bubbles—doesn't it work perfectly with any kind of water—cold hard water included? Don't blades last longer and seem sharper?

And finally, doesn't your skin feel better and get into a more healthy condition than it has been since you began to shave? (It is Boro-glycerine which makes Mennen's a wonderful skin conditioner.)

Two sizes—the big 50 cent size for home use and the convenient 35 cent tube for traveling.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 64)

A question hurled at a Bavarian from a moving automobile concerning, let us say, the route from Munich to Würtzburg is received with a blank and popeyed stare. If the automobile is stopped and backed up to the popeyed starer for further investigation the question must be repeated at least three different times before the Bavarian succeeds in grasping it. Having grasped it, the internal mechanism of his so-called cerebrum turns over slowly and stickily six or eight times, after which there is an even chance that he will either be unable to answer, or will give the wrong answer, or will answer correctly.

Further examples of this peculiar Bavarian brain fog may be observed in the Munich traffic policemen or in the Munich bicyclists.

The Munich traffic policemen are highly impressive-looking persons in *Pickelhauben*, or spike helmets, long dark blue coats and trick swords that hang down inside the coats with the hilts protruding coyly from the side pockets. They stand at the intersection of two main streets, just like regular traffic policemen; and from their attitude toward approaching automobiles it is apparent that they believe themselves to be controlling traffic. They do it, however, by facing the nearest automobile and waving it forward with the most graceful and perfect of gestures, but without any thought of any other traffic that may be trafficking in their vicinity.

Directly behind a Munich policeman's back may be a group of eighteen or twenty school children straggling across the street; but if an automobile is approaching, the policeman graciously waves it forward and lets the children lump it.

If two automobiles are approaching the same corner, along intersecting streets, the policeman waves one of them forward and takes no interest whatever in the fate of the other. It can come ahead and participate in a collision, or it can stop itself if possible.

The Munich bicyclists, who are many and peculiar, are apparently unable to get into their heads any idea except that they are going to a definite place by the shortest possible route, and that nothing must be allowed to interfere with them. Most of the Munich bicycles have rumble seats, on which the Munich burghers carry valises, beds, market baskets, dogs, lady friends, firewood, provisions, household belongings, musical instruments and other impedimenta, so that one might imagine that their riders would be more attentive to approaching danger than the ordinary unburdened bicyclists of other countries.

Prussian Dominance

Such, however, is not the case. On emerging from a cross street and finding himself directly in the path of an approaching automobile, which is being politely waved forward by an obliging traffic policeman, the Munich bicyclist rides serenely on his way, leaving it to the automobilist to run his machine into a tree, drive it through a shop window or drop dead from heart failure.

There is, in Bavaria, sufficient legitimate cause for unrest to keep any normal country in a ferment for years on end; but because of the beer fog in the Bavarian brain, very few Bavarians have any idea why they are restless. They apparently know that something serious is the matter with them, but they seem unable to put their fingers on the real trouble. The real reason that frequently causes the Bavarian to go out and hurl vile Bavarian epithets like "Pfui!" and "Sheep head" at foreigners and start campaigns against the Jew is something as follows:

Under the old German Constitution, sometimes known as the Bismarck Constitution, the German Empire was formed with Prussia as the dominant state, and with the Kaiser holding the megaphone which permitted him to order out the troops and tell the rest of the world how to behave itself. All the different states of the German Empire, however, had more rights and powers and privileges than any of the individual states in the United States. Bavaria, for example, had its own government and its own king, rejoiced in its own judicial system, ran its own railroads, applied its taxes where they would do the most good, received diplomatic representatives from other nations, and considered itself to be as good as any other nation, not to say a great deal better.

Then came the war, which must be laid at the door of the dominant Prussian, and when the smoke began to blow away, the new Germany, minus Kaiser and other royal excess baggage, was seen to be adopting a new constitution, known as the Constitution of Weimar, for the new German Republic. This constitution aimed, for one thing, to break down the power of the dominant Prussian, and consequently provided that the frontiers of the different German states could be altered—the idea being to steal land from Prussia and add it to the other states, so that Prussia would fade into insignificance and the others swell into importance. And for another—and more important—thing, this new Constitution of Weimar, in forming the German Republic, strongly centralized all governmental powers—centralized them to such an extent that the separate governments of the separate states of the new Germany became about as prominent and important as the label on a traveler's suitcase.

The Weimar Constitution took away from Bavaria the right to have a king, the right to have a state religion, the right to control its electoral system, the right to set, collect and dispose of its taxes, the right to have its own legislative and judicial systems, the right to deal with foreign governments, the right to control its own waterways and the right to run its own railroads.

By this constitution the power of the central government became absolute, and it could, at will, stick its nose into the greatest and the smallest functions of the separate German states, from the operation of the posts and telegraphs down to the disposal of the dead.

Fuzzy Thoughts About Europe

On top of all this, the dominant Prussian state raised a prolonged and penetrating howl to the effect that if the frontiers of the German states were altered so that Prussia's power was lessened and the power of the other states increased, the result would be to play into the enemy's hands. Consequently the changing of the frontiers was postponed until 1921. Since 1921 conditions in Germany have been regarded as unfavorable to any such change, so there hasn't been any. Consequently Prussia is still dominant in Germany.

Bavaria has always had a somewhat powerful dislike for Prussia. Now that she has lost all her separate rights, sees her national existence threatened, finds herself being taxed without being able to see where the taxes are going, cannot discover what is happening to her coal mines and railways that have been snatched by the central government, and may soon have Prussians pouring into Bavarian territory to run her railroads and collect her taxes, fear and hatred of Prussia and Prussian domination are more violent in Bavaria than ever.

Consequently there are nervousness and unrest in Bavaria. The Bavarian knows that something is wrong; and when the bund, band and verein leaders begin to howl and yell and complain and curse the government, he thinks that maybe they are telling him what it is that is wrong. Unfortunately the bund, band and verein leaders have Bavarian brains, protected from direct perception and clear understanding by the beer aura. So they devote their energies to placing the blame for their unpleasant situation on Jews, foreigners in general, the French, the Belgians, the Bolsheviks and the climate, and seldom place it on the politicians, where it belongs.

It should be remarked in passing that if Europe could assemble all her politicians under one roof and give them a comprehensive dose of mustard gas, nine-tenths of Europe's difficulties would automatically be solved.

An uncomfortable number of American travelers, most of whom lack the ability and the time to obtain unbiased information concerning any European subject, are lifting up their voices and yelping that America must help Europe, and that Europe will blow up with a crash and scatter her fragments over a distressed world if America doesn't help.

Most of these gentlemen are extremely hazy as to the help that America should give Europe; and at the bottom of their minds is the belief that America should help some particular European nation at the expense of some other nation—should help Germany at the expense of France, or France at the expense of Germany, or Italy at the expense of Jugo-Slavia or Greece, or Greece at the expense of Turkey; all of which wouldn't be helping Europe but would be holding Europe back in the Balkanized gloom where the politicians are determined that she shall remain.

The only effective way in which America can help Europe is to help her get rid of her politicians.

Unfortunately all the Americans who advocate helping Europe get their information, suggestions and propaganda from European politicians, who naturally aren't telling the truth about themselves.

Every nation in Europe is in better condition than it was in 1919, 1920, 1921 and 1922. The crops are bigger, more land is under cultivation, fewer people are out of work, workmen are less affected by money fluctuations, manufacturers are turning out more finished products and making more money. But the politicians all over Europe are behaving so stupidly that foreign residents of every European country—residents who used to be filled with sympathy for the countries in which they lived—have turned against those countries.

In the old days before and just after the war the statements of American residents of Ruritania—to use an imaginary European state as a sample of all Europe—usually had to be discounted because of their pro-Ruritania leanings. Today the statements of American residents of Ruritania usually have to be discounted because of their anti-Ruritania bias.

It is only the casual American politician and business man, careering through Europe at such speed that he touches only the highest spots, who succumbs to the propaganda of the European politician.

Owing to the activities of Hitler's Bavarian Fascisti in Munich and its purlieus, the American traveler may occasionally meet with an unpleasant word or two, but seldom with enough to cause him any pronounced anguish. It should be understood that the American everywhere in Europe is regarded as a peculiar blend of imbecile, braggart, trickster, hypocrite, roughneck, bloodsucker and easy mark. A common slang phrase in France is the expression "He must think I am an American," and it is used by Frenchmen when they are asked an exorbitant or prohibitive price for anything. The humorous papers of England and the Continent are well sprinkled with gibes at Americans; and in most of the large cities in Continental countries the American is perpetually soaked triple and quadruple the amount that travelers from other countries are charged. Bavarian cities in this respect aren't much worse than the cities of several other countries, and are considerably better than the Northern German cities of Berlin and Hamburg.

How Tourists are Mulcted

Like many of the large shops in most German cities, the large Munich shops multiply their prices by two, three and even four when Americans wish to buy. About the only result of this discrimination is to keep the Americans constantly irritated at Germans and German methods. It is a German gesture, like the signs in the shop windows reading, "No Frenchmen or Belgians will be admitted to this shop." French and Belgian tourists, even if they had the inclination to do so, couldn't get German visas on their passports; but French and Belgians who for diplomatic or family reasons are forced to be in Germany can always purchase in German shops, even when speaking their own language.

The ordinary foreigner is obliged to report to the police whenever he arrives in a Bavarian city, and must pay heavily in marks for the privilege of remaining in it. Owing to the rapid fall of the mark, it is fruitless to attempt to say what this tax now amounts to. Early in the summer one paid approximately a dollar a day for the privilege of remaining in Bavaria, and had to have a good reason in order to stay there more than ten days.

For persons who were fond of beer this tax was not excessive. For persons who were not fond of it, the ten-day limit was usually regarded as about 500 per cent too generous.

These regulations, too, are not without their advantages for Bavaria. Last July a young American from Greenwich Village came to Munich to start a socialist paper. He wore a long black cape, long hair and no hat, a flowing bow tie and all the trick appurtenances of folk who are either hopeless radicals or a little queer in the head.

(Continued on Page 68)



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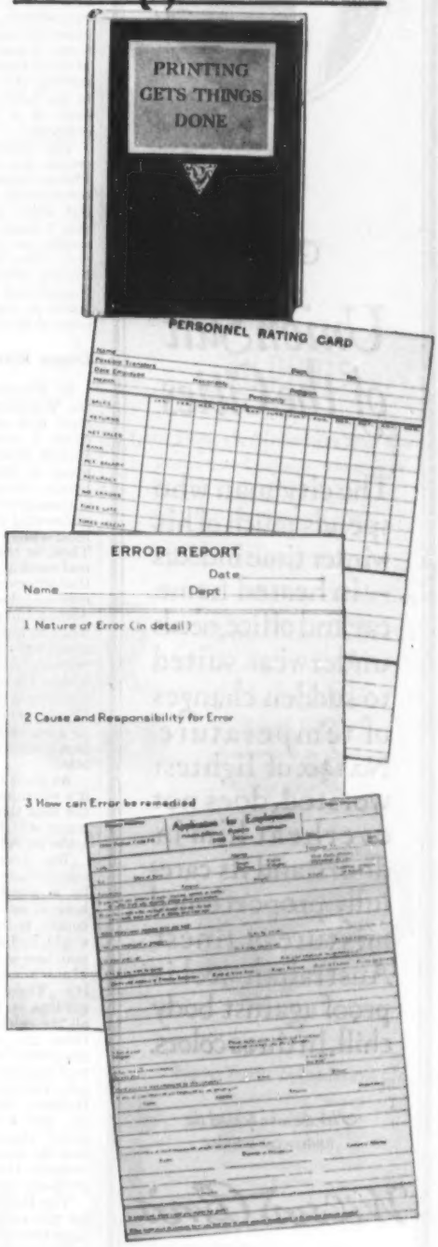
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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York Paris

(Continued from Page 66)

The Munich police took a good look at him and then proceeded to put him on the grill. After eight hours of grilling they turned him out on the streets and told him to run along and start his paper elsewhere. Having been afflicted with Bolshevism once, they don't want to be afflicted with it again if they can help it, and one good way to help it is to take a good look at every stranger who wishes to sojourn in their midst.

To be truly uncomfortable in Bavaria one needs to cruise around for a time in an automobile. It is an axiom in Southern Germany—and Northern Germany, too, for that matter—that any person who has money is either a Jew or a profiteer. Consequently any person who rides in an automobile is greeted with enthusiastic yells of opprobrium, passionate expressions of disapproval, and highly offensive German gestures. I was almost mobbed by a crowd of Munich toughs early one morning for committing the unpardonable sin of returning to my hotel in the automobile of the president of a large German manufacturing company.

The bitterest expressions of hatred, of course, are reserved for the French. The French representative on the reparations commission in Munich counted that day lost when a crowd of fretful Bavarians didn't heave a peck of rocks into his automobile or give him an offensive German raz. The only persons with whom this French officer could mix socially were the English and Americans in Munich. He was about as popular with everyone else as a tube of cholera cultures.

Down Where the Würzburger Flows

In Würzburg, which is the place where the Würzburger flows and also one of the most hick and bush-league of all German cities, I picked up one of the new anti-French hymns of hate with which all Germany is littered. The first verse of the hymn, which is called The German Oath, is comparatively harmless, and merely explains that the oath is one of the hottest and most widely distributed oaths ever emitted. Then, in the second verse, it gets down to real cursing, all of which, translated, argues that whoever in Germany shelters a Frenchman, or takes his accursed hand, and doesn't despise and mortally hate him; and whoever looks at him a couple of times, and doesn't avoid his rotten money as though it were poison; whoever, in fact, refreshes him with a bit of bread, or lends him any help when he is up against it, or buys him a bottle of wine or doesn't shrink from him as he'd shrink from carrion—that man in Germany shall forever be labeled a dishonored bum.

As poetry it's pretty sad; and as a hymn it's worthless; but it successfully conveys the idea that as first-class haters the Germans still hold the record for efficiency, horse power and endurance.

The drawbacks to life in Munich are counterbalanced for foreigners, however, by a number of things, notably by the beer, if one cares for beer. Germany, of course, is the greatest beer country in the world, and Munich is the center of the German beer industry, and the Hofbräu Haus in Munich is the bull's-eye of the beer industry. There are many beer halls and beer gardens in Munich for the dispensation of all the celebrated Munich bräus. Some of them are sumptuous and glittering and decorated with all manner of frescoes and wall mottoes and wood carvings and what not; but none of them is as popular as the Hofbräu Haus, which isn't sumptuous at all, and which caters to everyone, from street cleaners, panhandlers, cab drivers and the human dregs of Munich, up to the farmers, the shopkeepers, the bankers and anybody else with a thirst.

The Hofbräu Haus is a veritable heaven for the religious beer drinker. In the old days before the war a liter of beer, which is in the neighborhood of a full quart, used to cost twenty-two pfennigs, or five and three-eighths cents. On the last occasion when I visited the Hofbräu Haus, in the summer of 1923, two enormous hookers of beer, four large buns and two generous slabs of creamy Emmenthaler cheese figured up to the equivalent of nine and one-half cents. For ninety cents any man on earth could get enough beer at the Hofbräu Haus to distend himself into a perfect sphere.

The Hofbräu Haus is an unpretentious building down a gloomy side street. The people who built it and run it evidently proceeded on the assumption that those who go there go for the sole purpose of drinking beer; so everything in it is subordinated to the business of beer drinking.

There are no paintings of large naked women in the German style to take the mind of the drinker from his drink. There are no distractions of any sort. Even the mädchens who rush the beer to customers who are disinclined to get it for themselves must apparently be over fifty years of age, and are as solid as though they themselves devoted at least six hours a day to the consumption of the fragrant and fattening hop.

It may be, however, that the age and size of the Hofbräu Haus beer rushers is due entirely to the fact that the physical labor connected with running up and down the floors of the Haus with each hand filled with about twenty pounds of steins and beer is too great for any woman who hasn't outgrown the fragility of youth and who hasn't the constitution and the endurance of a Percheron or a Clydesdale.

At any rate, one enters the moist, dank gloom of the Hofbräu Haus and is confronted by a huge shelf covered with beer receptacles which rejoice in the appropriate name of Mass.

A Mass bears a striking resemblance to a length of sewer pipe, and is made of a similar material.

Just beyond the Mass shelf is an enormous horse trough into which streams of water fall with a musical tinkle reminiscent of a fire hose playing against a cellar door.

One helps himself to a Mass and then stands in front of the horse trough in a puddle of water and washes off the Mass under one of the cataracts. In so doing one slops water all over oneself and onto the floor, adding to the size of the puddles which extend off into the distance, giving the entrance a sort of Mazurian Lake or Great Dismal Swamp effect.

Having washed the Mass, one steps forward two steps and hands it to the barkeeper, who fills it up and slides it back, whereupon one sets off for the main room of the Haus to hunt a seat.

The main room is about the size of a convention hall. It has a low ceiling, so that the atmosphere is held down close to the floor. Oblong tables flanked with benches stretch off into the distant haze, and every square inch of every bench is thoroughly occupied by Bavarians young and old, thick and thin. Every Bavarian has a sewer pipe, or Mass, before him, and most of them also occupy themselves by toying with long china pipes, sections of sausage or smoked eel, fragments of cheese, bad German cigarettes or worse German cigars. As a result the atmosphere is so violent that one can readily imagine that it could be hacked out with an ax, baled and sold for old rags or fertilizer.

Nights of Close Harmony

In odd spots throughout the hall little groups of serious drinkers indulge in song fests under the evident impression that they are melodious and harmonious, which they are not. This form of activity goes on continually from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, both in the large downstairs convention hall and in similar commodious rooms upstairs.

Some of the drinkers arrive between eight and nine o'clock in the morning and by sundry clever ruses manage to avoid leaving—and thus losing—their seats until midnight.

It is difficult to get the exact figures on the amount of beer consumed in the Hofbräu Haus each day; but it is generally believed that if placed in one receptacle, one of the new six-thousand-ton English submarines could do a crash dive in it to a depth of at least thirty yards.

The courtyard of the Hofbräu Haus is a pleasant place in which to spend a sunny afternoon. Chestnut trees are scattered around it; and under the trees are ranged large beer kegs. Parties of four or five echt, or genuine, Bavarians, with shaved heads and shaving-brush hats are fond of rolling a number of kegs together, filling their mouths with Emmenthaler cheese and bread, and then elevating their brimming sewer pipes and bursting into Hoch, Hoch, Dreimal Hoch! or some similar German drinking song, spraying each other with cheese during the operation.

One who listens to five or six of these choruses ringing out at one and the same time is at once convinced of three things, to wit: That the people who hold that one cannot become intoxicated on beer are crazy; that the prevalence of singing societies in Germany is due to the desire of the people to make life more bearable by training the German voices; and that the close harmony in which so many of us used to indulge in our beer-drinking college days must have been lots worse than we ever imagined at the time.

Around the courtyard are ranged tables at which entire German families, from the father and mother down through the aunt, the five children and the two cousins, to Putzi the hund, gather and sop up sewer pipes of beer. The dog gets bread soaked in beer, while the children take the beer straight.

One of the mysterious things about the Hofbräu Haus is the manner in which the beer mädchens, through the development of a sixth sense, are able to pick up eight empty sewer pipes in each hand, take them away and fill them, and later return them to their proper owners. All the sewer pipes look alike, but if one puts a private mark on his mug he will inevitably get it back again.

Munich and every other Bavarian city and the entire Bavarian countryside are littered with beer cellars and halls and gardens, all of them Hofbräu Hauses in miniature, and have been so littered for nearly seven hundred years. Necessarily the Bavarians have been greatly influenced by beer.

Another source of delight to the foreigner in Bavaria is the picturesqueness of Bavarian attire. The Bavarian farmer walks the city streets clad in a tastefully embroidered bolero jacket, a little pair of leather pants which stop about four inches above his knees, and a pair of semigolf stockings which begin like regular golf stockings just below the knee but end entirely some two inches above the shoe tops. Sometimes his leather pants are embroidered in floral designs, and sometimes they are hand painted.

One of the most popular sports among Bavarian farmer lasses is to spend the long winter afternoons hand-painting a pair of leather pants for someone near and dear to them. It is assumed that the paint is always allowed to dry before the pants are worn, as it would be inconvenient for farmer boys to walk around with placards attached to their suspender buttons reading "Fresh paint; keep off."

Munich in Motley

For the truly picturesque attire, however, the Bavarian city dweller captures all prizes. He is passionately addicted to dressing the part, and he likes to think of himself as a great sport. Consequently he is frequently in golfing costume, mountain-climbing costume or summer-outing costume, even though he seldom plays golf, climbs mountains or takes summer outings.

One sees young men, hatless, and wearing wide-open sport shirts and no stockings. They are the summer-outing boys. Or in a restaurant at noontime one comes across square-headed gentlemen carrying alpenstocks seven or eight feet long, and wearing hobnailed boots. They are dressing the part of mountain climbers, though the nearest they will get to mountain climbing is ascending the stairs of their apartment houses. The result of all this is that one can appear on the streets of Munich wearing the most astounding sartorial combinations ever perpetrated, without arousing the slightest interest among the inhabitants. One could wear a dress coat, a jockey cap, a pair of bloomers and jack boots on Munich's main street without exciting any comment whatever.

So long as the Bavarian has his beer he may be depended on to remain fairly calm. In spite of the violent and horrifying collapse of the mark, the working classes are fairly well off because their wages are adjusted each week to keep pace with the descent of the mark. If he is paid two million, or ten million marks one week, he may be paid four million or twenty million marks the next week. The manufacturers and business men, also, are fairly well off, since they send their money to foreign countries where the currency is stable. Only the professional classes, such as teachers and physicians, and so on, are suffering; and they, it might be remarked, are suffering bitterly. So, too, are those who are determined to educate themselves. The German universities are up against it.

But when we read that great changes are taking place in Bavaria, it is much more likely that the final outcome of current happenings will be Prince Rupprecht and a limited monarchy rather than communistic chaos.



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WORKING THE WORKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

There is a special type of swindling operation for fleecing women known as the home-workers' graft. This registers about 100 per cent in petty larceny, as its effect is to fleece the poorer class of women who do the work of their families at home. Its lure is to add a little to the family income by night work, by devoting their rest hours to additional toil. Many invalids and semi-invalids, who are unable to take positions which require them to go outside of their homes, are victimized by these schemes. Here is an example, drawn from Inspector Moran's experience, of a swindling scheme of this sort: A want ad appeared in certain Philadelphia newspapers calling for home workers and holding out the bait that women who were willing to do extra work in their own homes could earn forty dollars a week in their spare time. As the advertisement was carried by the foreign-language papers a large proportion of those who responded to take advantage of the remarkable opportunity which it offered were women of foreign birth. Behind the masks of the stoical Old World faces burned fires of hope and ambition. Forty dollars a week! And without leaving home! And when they learned that all they had to do for this was to knit, they felt sure that they had comparative wealth within their grasp. Hadn't they handled the knitting needles almost as long as they could remember anything?

But there was one little catch in the good fortune which was at the point of their needles—two, in fact. The yarns with which to begin their work would not arrive until the first of the next month. This involved about two weeks of lost time—at forty dollars a week. Then they were asked to buy a small tin box of special needles suited to the work which they were to do. For this they paid two dollars. But why bother about an investment of two dollars when they were to get twenty cents each for knitting pulsewarmers, two to twelve dollars each for knitting sweaters and six and a half dollars each for their work on baby sweaters?

When the inspector called, about two hundred dollars had been taken in for these outfits which cost less than twenty cents each by the gross. From the stock in hand it was evident that these swindlers had expected to take in at least four thousand dollars.

As is generally the case, the victims of this operation resented with wails and tears the interference of the authorities. Though the money taken in by these sharpers was in payment for articles sold, the transaction was based upon employment to be furnished and consequently came under the law. Those who were caught operating this scheme discovered this fact to their sorrow.

How Labor is Exploited

One of the most vicious phases of employment graft by which workers are fleeced is technically known as the hire-and-fire scheme. The fact that it can be operated by a regularly licensed employment agent makes it all the more dangerous. Certainly it is a practice common to nearly all states, but in Pennsylvania it meets with the maximum of discouragement, due to the fact that the protection of workers is in the hands of specialists who are responsible for this phase of law enforcement and for no other.

In essence this plan is a conspiracy between a labor foreman and an employment agent to defraud the workers placed by the agent. For example, a foreman in a large shop arranged with a certain licensed agent in Pennsylvania to do a hiring-and-firing business. The agent agreed to pay the foreman five dollars in and two dollars out—in other words, for each man which he accepted from the agent he received five dollars; the men were retained one week—this company paid its men every Friday—and then the foreman gave them the air, receiving two dollars for each man's discharge. Quite naturally the discharged man returns for another job to the agent who found him employment. Like all business men, the agent is out after volume; he is up on his toes for turnover. Hence his willingness to pay the foreman a seven-dollar bribe for hiring and firing. As the agent gets as large a fee for finding a job for a worker which lasts only a week as for placing him with an employer with whom he remains for the rest of his working life, he should worry over the fact that a large share of the worker's wage goes for placement fees.

This, however, has become a dangerous game to play under the Pennsylvania law, with its rigid reporting and inspection requirements. Under this system every individual placement by an agent must be reported in detail so that its complete history is an open book to the inspection department. A standard fee receipt, drawn by state employment authorities, must be given to every man from whom the agent accepts money. The law is explicit and rigid on the score of misrepresentation of any kind and an agent's license may be instantly revoked and his bond forfeited by the secretary or any of his representatives who has reason to believe that the agent is not honestly and faithfully living up to the law and the rules under which the department operates. States which do not have this system of requiring an agent to keep virtually a complete history of each placement are at great disadvantage in detecting and convicting the hire-and-fire offenders. In the case I have described the punishment was a prison sentence of nine months.

Strike-Breaking Agencies

It is small wonder that unscrupulous foremen fall for the temptation to play this low game when its financial possibilities are considered. Many a big-job foreman is called upon to take on one to two hundred men at a time. This is especially true of large public-works enterprises calling for a heavy volume of rough labor and also, in theory at least, demanding haste. Here is a generous opportunity for large turnover, for both the crooked employment agent and the grafting superintendent or foreman. In some cases it is probably a toss-up as to which makes the larger net profit, the contractor or the superintendent who is in with the employment agent on a hire-and-fire collusion.

Another employment game of wholesale proportions is the strike-breaking industry. Inspector Moran has a poor opinion of these industrial specialists who generally operate as detective agencies.

"In eight years," he declares, "we have arrested more than one hundred and fifty private detectives and operatives of the strike-breaker brand. Their game is to nick employers out of large sums—and in the process of doing this they do not hesitate to send professional gunmen with criminal records against strikers, knowing that violence and perhaps murder will be the consequence. I do not say that all detective agencies which furnish strike breakers do this, but some do. And some foment and start the very strikes which they are finally called in to break. The whole game is one of intimidation. When the employer has been mulcted out of about all they think can be got from him, these crooked detective agencies will sometimes be able to break the strike by calling off their men and working through the very men in their pay who were planted for the purpose of starting the trouble.

"Finks, busters and guerrillas are the technical names for the crooks, gunmen and head breakers used in this kind of industrial warfare. The buster is the boss of the operation, the fink is the under-cover man who joins the union and supplies information from the strikers' camp, and the guerrilla is the gunman and strong-arm worker who serves as a guard for the plant and the nonunion workers.

"But policing a strike is only part of the service which these detective agencies assume to perform for the employers who find themselves with a strike on their hands. They are also supposed to recruit laborers to take the place of the strikers. This is what brings them up against the Pennsylvania law. They come here from other states to recruit workers—to get 'em away from our employers. Under the Pennsylvania law any person, firm or corporation receiving compensation for securing employment for workers or securing labor for employers must have a state license. Here is where we get the detective agencies doing strike-breaking work. They come in here to recruit men without a license. This means arrest and punishment.

"Whenever there's a strike in any industrial city of a near-by state we naturally keep a close eye not only on the want ads but also on the railroad stations and yards. Knowing that a large plant up in Ohio was having labor trouble I decided to take a look at the stations for strike-breaker signs. A deputy was with me and at the first station at which we called we encountered a colored man pushing a hand-truck loaded with small boxes in cartons.

"'Something good, George?' I asked him.

"'Yes, suh! Lunches for a lot of strike breakers. Goin' t' take 'em down to that special at the end of the station. Y'see, judge, they ain't got all their men gathered in yet; but what they've got they keeps down here so they won't stray. An' they feeds 'em good t' hold 'em.'

"The game was to find the boss of the gang, so we made a quick dash for our office and put on working clothes. Then we mixed with men, who assumed that we were going out with them. Soon I saw a hard-boiled individual handing out small coin to two men who approached him. They immediately went to the cigar counter and bought cigarettes. I followed their lead and made a touch for cigarette money. This identified my man as the boss of the enterprise and I pinched him. His first play was to offer me two hundred dollars to go away and forget it. He seemed surprised and grieved when I told him to tell it to the judge. Then he urged that he had a contract for recruiting a certain number of men and that this was the last lot required to fill the contract. When he turned these men in he'd get his two thousand, and wouldn't I have a heart? The judge was more sympathetic than I was and let him off with a two-hundred-dollar fine. The railroad company fell for his pleas and returned his money for the special train, excepting the charges for making it up. The men scattered in every direction—after making sure that there were no lunches left. And we made sure that the strike-breaking contractor took the train for his Ohio home. He got off easy, but he will fight shy of Pennsylvania when he undertakes his next recruiting job."

The License System

"Why don't they take out a license? They'd have hard work to do so; at least, most of them would. The license system under our employment-agent act wasn't built to serve as a machine for collecting fees, and it is not run for that purpose, either. It was set up for one purpose—that of protecting workers from being skinned by swindlers in the matter of securing employment. If the fifty-dollar fee was the main consideration the income of this division would be a lot bigger than it now is. The law hedges about the granting of a license with a barricade of safeguards which other states, wishing to improve their employment-agent statutes, will do well to consider. Section Six reads:

"The secretary shall refuse to issue a license if, upon investigation, he finds that the applicant is unfit to engage in the business, or has had a license or permit previously revoked, or that the business is to be conducted on or immediately adjoining unsuitable premises, or that any other good reason exists within the meaning of the law.

"Again the provisions for revoking licenses are equally liberal. This is a big point when it comes to the practical enforcement of the law. The section covering this reads:

"The secretary shall revoke any license issued under the provisions of this act, with or without a hearing, and may order such license to be returned for cancellation, if the employment agent has violated any provisions of this act or the rules and regulations issued thereunder, or if any cause appears on which a license might have been refused.

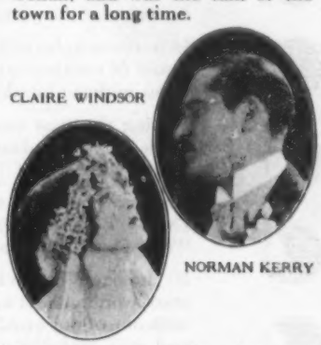
"This gives the state the whip hand and the ability to keep crooks out of the employment-agent business and to throw those out who go wrong after obtaining a license. There are two other provisions of our law which experience in its enforcement shows to be important. One is that covering liability for false statements, which reads:

"Every employment agent shall be held responsible for every untrue statement he makes, publishes, or distributes regarding any employment. He shall also be responsible for the acts, statements, and misconduct of his employe or employes, agent, partner, or person

Watch This Column

You *must* see "The Acquittal"

Rita Weiman's great play, ***"The Acquittal,"*** has been put into picture by Universal, with a cast that ought to please everybody. It includes CLAIRE WINDSOR, NORMAN KERRY, BARBARA BEDFORD, RICHARD TRAVERS and others almost as well known. The stage-play, you will remember, was produced by George Cohan, and was the talk of the town for a long time.



I want you to see this play, and am equally anxious that you see ***"Merry Go Round,"*** the striking success; also ***"Drifting,"*** the popular stage-play, presenting PRISCILLA DEAN with MATT MOORE and WALLACE BEERY; Lois Weber's great production, ***"A Chapter in Her Life,"*** based on Clara Louise Burnham's novel of ***"Jewel"***; and ***"Thundering Dawn,"*** a big melodramatic spectacle; also HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Ramblin' Kid"***; and remember, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** is still the reigning success of New York, Boston, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

* * *

I mention these plays to prove to you that "Universal has the pictures" which will please 100 per cent of the public. Any one or all of these plays will prove profitable investments for exhibitors because they are beautiful, coherent, romantic and thrilling.

* * *

Motion-picture producers should always choose plays that will please the great majority. I don't believe in anything that is revolting, because no good purpose can be served with pictures that repel. I don't believe in anything that inspires horror, but I do most sincerely believe in romance, love-themes, adventure, courage, thrills and the pictures which appeal to the finer thoughts. Have I succeeded? Please write me your opinion.

* * *

You can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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1600 Broadway, New York City

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

Higher Holeage—Lower Costs

"Holeage" is the standard by which you can measure the value of the portable electric drills in your plant.

How many holes will they drill per hour? How many hours of continuous production can you get from them without breakdowns and expensive delays?

During the past twenty years, thousands of companies have found satisfactory answers to these questions by the use of "Van Dorn" Electric Drills.

Best materials and workmanship may make "Van Dorn" Electric Drills cost a little more, but "Van Dorn" holes always cost less.

If "holeage" has to be figured into your production costs, won't you set aside a little time and talk it over with one of our men? It will cost you only your time, and may save you money. Write us today.

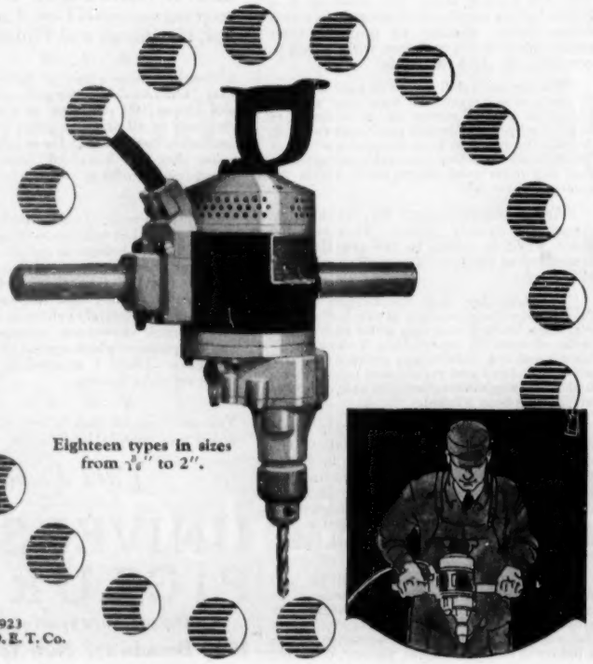
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Eighteen types in sizes from 1/16" to 2".

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associated with him, where such acts, statements, or misconduct occur in the conduct and operation of such employment agent's business.

"No employer seeking employes, and no person seeking employment, shall knowingly make any false statement or conceal any material facts, for the purpose of obtaining employes or employment by or through any employment agent duly licensed.

"As the enforcement of this law always calls for quick action, anything which facilitates that and cuts the handicaps of red tape and legal entanglements is mighty important. No one knows that better than the inspectors who do the hand-to-hand work of enforcement."

The swindling of aliens is an interesting specialty in this field of crime. As a rule each race supplied its own breed of vultures. For example, the Italian whose scruples do not prevent him from preying upon his own people has an immense tactical advantage from the fact that he belongs to the race of those he intends to victimize; he understands their habits, speaks their language and is able to secure their confidence. However, it does not follow that intra-racial lines are always observed by employment crooks.

An advertisement appeared in Italian papers calling for stewards for a line of ships plying between Philadelphia and Genoa, Italy. The name of the steamship company was well known—but the fact that it was in the English and not the Italian trade made the chief inspector of the eastern district virtually certain that he was on the trail of an employment crook. When the Italian who was operating the fraud was arrested, several interesting side lights were developed. His scheme was based on a shrewd knowledge of his own people in this country and of their immediate circumstances, ambitions and desires. At that time there were many Italians in Philadelphia who wished to return to their native land, but the cost of a third-class passage was about one hundred and fifty dollars, which was the cause of considerable lingering on this side. The advertisements were aimed to meet this psychological situation. Here was a chance to get back to Italy and be paid handsomely for going, instead of being forced to raid the bandanna safe for one hundred and fifty dollars! Naturally this brought scores of eager and happy Italians to the net.

Italians Victimized

In their own tongue the alleged employment agent explained to the more cautious and inquisitive that though they would have to sign up with the steamship company for the usual term, they need pay no attention to that. All they needed to do was to disappear when they had the soil of sunny Italy under their feet. Under this scheme it was easy for the fraudulent agent to extract a good fat fee. He modestly demanded only twenty-five dollars and his victims considered him a good fellow for his moderation. The fees were falling upon the little deal table like leaves in autumn when the place was raided. All the money taken in was immediately returned to the disappointed victims. The Italian who had hatched this smooth scheme for plucking his trusting countrymen had no difficulty in obtaining bonds in the amount of three thousand dollars. Then he indulged his own hunger to revisit his native land and left his bondsmen to hold the bag.

Employment-agent crooks would have to be far more stupid than they are if they overlooked the possibilities of the chauffeur field. It is decidedly fertile and popular from their point of view. In fact it has become quite a specialty with those who do not find it to their taste to deal with the rough-labor type. They are shrewd students of human nature and understand the passion for motor cars which has seized upon the youth of the country. This modern tendency is the basis of their appeal. Why offer the young man of today, who has just weathered the period of adolescence, a job in a shop or a store when you can as easily offer him the position of chauffeur to a gentleman of comparative leisure and generous tendencies—with better pay, with the possibilities of perquisites in the background and the privilege of seeing the world in immediate prospect?

According to Chief Inspector Moran this specialty attracts some of the shrewdest swindlers in the country. It furnished him with perhaps the most interesting case on which he ever worked. A tip came to him from a youth living in his neighborhood that a queer game was being played at the leading hotel of the city; the young woman at the cigar counter could put him wise. Having followed the want ads of the daily papers with scrupulous care, the inspector wondered how he had slipped. The thought that a swindle had got past him put a keen edge on his zest for the investigation.

"I'll tell the world," confided the keeper of the cigar counter, "that the little bird who told you that a funny game is going on here is some feathered sleuth. There's a swell up in 301 that's hiring chauffeurs and stenos and filing clerks at gilt-edged wages as fast as they can apply. They all come from an employment agent in the Baxter Building. Yes; I got his card from a chauffeur friend of mine who paid fifteen dollars for a one hundred and fifty dollar job. Here it is."

The inspector didn't wait for further information. He pinched the busy employment agent and terrified the girl in the office, took particular pains to see that they were not in position to telephone, and then made a dash for the hotel.

There, in a luxurious suite, he found a man dressed as a sporting duke—according to the ideas of an East Manhattan movie fan—monocle, top hat, spats 'n' everything! The owner of the pin-checked trousers admitted that he was a wealthy manufacturer, but a competent search of the sporty trousers yielded just eighty cents. The rich manufacturer was gathered in and he and his partner were each placed under three thousand dollar bonds. Not being able to negotiate these they were held.

Bogus Positions

Then the baffled inspector began the task of digging into the mystery. He felt a bit better when he found that he had not overlooked any phony advertisement. These clever workers realized that they were living in Pennsylvania and took no chances on giving away their game by advertising. They let others do that for them: this was not only safer but cheaper.

Their method of getting in touch with victims was to write to those advertising for positions. Chauffeurs came first, with stenographers, accountants, filing clerks, timekeepers and even cooks also in the running. The instructions to the office girl were brief and simple. When she was asked if any position was filled she was to answer, "No, sir!" The applicants were sent to the rich manufacturer, who kept them waiting long enough to make sure that they were duly impressed with the magnificence of the surroundings and his own importance.

"So you're looking for a place as a chauffeur? I suppose you can drive a ——" naming the most expensive American-made car. When this was admitted, he would continue:

"That's good, for I'm going to have a new one the first of the month. Do you know, I think we can get along together nicely. I like your looks. Of course you might give me a reference or two—but really I'm taking you on appearance. The pay? How will one hundred and fifty dollars a month do? Yes; that seems fair. I'll take you on, young man."

Apparently as an afterthought every applicant was asked how much had been paid to the employment agent. The stock excuse for this question was: "You see, he might try to collect from me and I want to know that the slate is clean on that score."

The scale of prices for securing the bogus position varied, the clear intention being to let the punishment fit the crime. Some chauffeurs paid fifteen dollars and others ten. The average for stenographers was about five dollars. One girl, on being assured that she could have a stenographer's position, walked out to West Philadelphia and back in order to get the five dollars demanded as a fee. A lame messenger boy paid two dollars as a fee for a position as timekeeper so that he could spare his bad leg—a fact which helped materially in the trial to get a verdict of guilty and two years' prison sentence for each of the swindlers. The one who operated the office was convicted for violating the employment-agent act, the other for conspiracy. Fortunately enough money was seized in the fake employment agency to refund the fees paid by the victims.

The flood of negroes from the South brought with it rich opportunities for fleecing the beloved brethren, which were not neglected. This task was generally attended to by negroes who posed as preachers.

(Continued on Page 74)

No More Diphtheria

NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—*without warning*—and there was no sure way to combat it.



Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It *checks* the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!



Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be Stamped Out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is now being used to show which children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.



November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane. Death is frequently caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child beggars description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever. Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick *Test* does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin *Treatment* does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.



The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will help, this dread disease that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be *prevented.*

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why then permit Diphtheria—unchecked—to mow them down?



Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of this test in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Antitoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

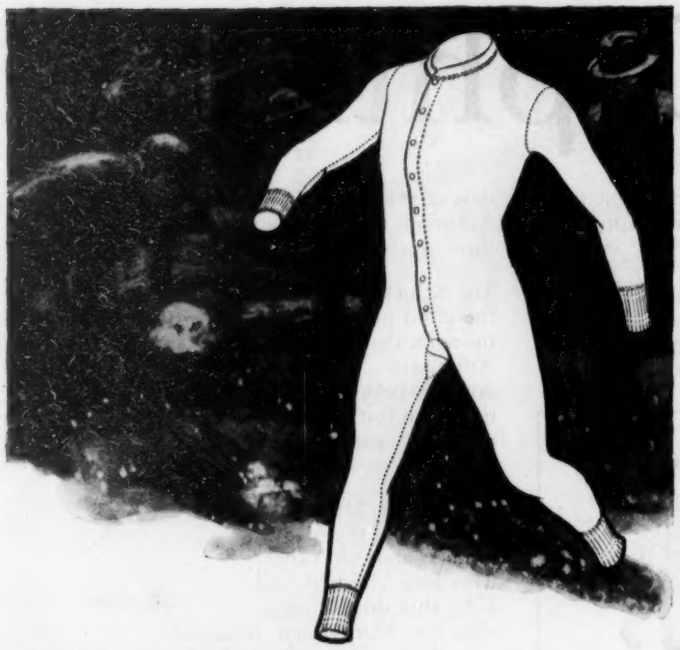
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and Its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Within 60 days— the Danger Line

WITHIN sixty days comes the first official day of winter. Before that time, comes the danger line—that period of late fall when days are treacherous. When the temperature drops from mild to icy cold, and rises again in forty-eight hours.

Sudden weather changes lay you wide open to colds unless your body is properly protected. Wright's Health Underwear is the greatest protection you can give yourself.

It keeps you warm on the coldest days. The wool in it is a non-conductor of heat. It keeps your body-warmth in—and cold out. It keeps your body dry—at a warm, *even* temperature.

For Wright's Health Underwear absorbs the excretion given off through your pores—over a pound a day. Unless absorbed, this matter clogs the pores. Your system becomes sensitive to colds. Wright's Health Underwear is doubly absorbent because of the wool in it, and the patented loop-stitch with which it is knitted.

Wright's Health Underwear comes in *all pure wool*, in worsted, and in cotton-and-wool mixtures. The weights range from heavy to light to suit any climatic condition and every personal preference. Your choice of union suits or separate garments.

Write for our booklet entitled "Comfort." It tells you some interesting facts about Wright's Health Underwear. Please include your dealer's name. And look at the underwear itself at your favorite store.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS

WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, INC.
74 Leonard Street, New York City
Mills at Troy, N. Y.

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

Copyright, 1923, Wright's Underwear Company, Inc.

(Continued from Page 72)

"Catching criminals," declares Inspector Moran, "is rather grim and sordid business, as a rule—but the colored preachers furnished a comedy element which was a great relief to the usual drab background. We landed one, for example, whose cards had these choice fragments of the alphabet attached to his name: 'D.D.,' 'S.P.,' 'G.' and 'H.J.' But his clothes were his chief glory. He wore a long frock coat with an ecclesiastical collar. On his neck chain was a heavy gold cross. Then, for special occasions, he sported a kind of purple cape or robe which was the last word in barbaric magnificence. His main defense was a diploma for which he said he had paid five dollars in Florida. He insisted that this made him a full-fledged preacher. His main work, according to his own account, was that of uplifting his race; but the records showed that he was most diligent in lifting their dough—on promises to secure jobs.

"Of course he operated without a license and we had a clear case against him. His fees ran from two to ten dollars each. We forced him to refund the sums which he had taken from his victims. He couldn't spell the simplest words, but as a vaudeville sketch he would have been a knockout!"

Many ingenious schemes are worked to side-step the Employment Agents Act through calling the employment agency an information bureau, a service company or an advertising agency. But it has been demonstrated that these are very effectively covered by the Pennsylvania law. Two young men, for example, tried this game in a very smooth way. They called themselves an advertising company and insisted that they were selling advertising service only. Their plan was to advertise for the names of young men in technical lines of work who were ambitious to secure real jobs. To these they offered their advertising service, consisting of one hundred duplicated letters setting forth the applicant's qualifications. For these letters, addressed to one hundred prospective employers, the candidate for a real job paid fifteen dollars, took them away and mailed them himself. However, if the victim actually secured a position as the result of this direct advertising he agreed to make a further payment of fifteen dollars on taking the job, and still another fifteen dollars a month later.

When these young men were arrested a lawyer appeared for them and declared that he would fight the case for them. But after he had examined the law and the evidence he was honest enough to admit that their offense came under the law and to advise a plea of guilty. This was entered and they were given a fine of one hundred dollars each.

The Bucket-Shop Lure

The simplest and cheapest subterfuge in this line of evasion is the information bureau which advertises to supply valuable information regarding positions. Raids have netted hundreds of letters responding to these appeals. The victims were sent sucker lists of names of employers with whom a position might be obtained. It has been effectively demonstrated that these offenders come under the Pennsylvania law and can be put out of business.

The law is very specific on the point that a licensed employment agent is not permitted to operate his agency in conjunction with any other business or occupation. In short, the bait of finding employment cannot be used to draw men into any place of business. The wisdom of this provision has been repeatedly justified. In one instance the employment-agency bait was used to draw men into a stock-selling scheme. This place was promptly closed. As a bucket-shop lure the employment-agency graft is regarded as a winner—until the law is applied! Another wise provision is the requirement that every employment agent must be a resident and must be a personal and active participant in the operation of the agency. Delegated authority and absentee ownership are taboo under the Pennsylvania statute and the rules regulating its enforcement. Pennsylvania demands that the man who gets the money from job hunters shall be on the ground where the state can lay hands on him at any moment.

That it is a mistake to permit any employment agent operating for profit to receive a registration fee from applicants seems to be well established by experience in Pennsylvania. An investigation made when the present law went into effect disclosed the fact that the income of established agents from registration fees alone ran from ten to forty dollars a day and that a registrant rarely secured a job. In short, the registration game was the easiest and surest way of relieving workers of their last-ditch emergency funds. To permit this in any state is to fail in a very obvious protection to those who toil for a livelihood.

Ex-service men have long been favorite game for employment swindlers. Advertisements following demobilization—particularly during the deflation period—were so written as to appeal especially to veterans of the World War.

This game had easy sledding in those states having no state regulation of employment agents or in those where either the law or its enforcement was lax. Even in Pennsylvania and the other states where good protection to job hunters is afforded many of these sharpers played a quick game and eluded capture.

In Philadelphia daily papers an advertisement cunningly calculated to interest unemployed service men appeared, calling upon those wanting jobs to respond. Scores of veterans rose to this bait. They were then induced, by correspondence, to pay two dollars as a registration fee. In the request for the two dollars the swindler gave two references—on the theory that this would inspire confidence and that his victims would make no use of the references. He was 99 per cent right in this theory—but the other 1 per cent was his undoing. One cautious victim, failing to secure a job, looked up the first reference and found that the referee had been dead for twenty-seven years.

This moved him to call at the chief inspector's office and report his discovery.

Find the Woman

As this game had been operated entirely by mail and by means of a lock box the employment agent was not easy to locate—particularly as he had evidently concluded that his post-office box was by this time a good place to keep away from. He had gathered his main harvest, anyhow, and could afford to sacrifice the strippings. Besides, he was busy marketing the list of potential salesmen which he had collected, to firms in other states which were in the market for canvassers. For each copy of the list sold he received five dollars.

The inspector decided to look up the other reference given by the young man, half expecting that it would prove to be a cemetery. Instead it was a young woman who said she had met the man at a dance, having been introduced by his wife.

"I think," volunteered the young woman, "that she's living with her folks just now. Yes; I know their address."

Find the woman and you'll get the man, is the first lesson in the detective primer, so the house was shadowed and the man was caught. The address which he had left at the post office was a vacant lot. Powerful friends came to the front for the young man and he escaped with a one-hundred-dollar fine.

If it had not been for the Pennsylvania law making the operating of a private employment agency a punishable offense, it is altogether likely that he would have gone scot-free. Conviction for using the mails to defraud would have been difficult, for the reason that he did furnish lists of possible employers and that manufacturing and selling firms bought and paid for his list of victims on the possibility that some of them would accept employment on the conditions which they offered. Dependence upon general criminal statutes and Federal laws for the conviction of employment-agent sharpers is little better than a remote hope. The hook which lands these swindlers is the state law which makes it illegal to operate an employment agency without a state license and without strict compliance with the rules and regulations governing the acts of licensed agents.

Legislators who really wish to do something substantial for the workers will find food for thought in the Pennsylvania statute known as Act No. 397 of 1915 and amended by Act No. 193 of 1923.

Incidentally, the license fees brought in by this act amount to more than sixteen thousand dollars a year. The record of Pennsylvania's enforcement of this law shows that fakes and swindlers can be driven out of the employment-agent business and that licensed agents can be made to operate along useful and constructive lines.

804

Why this Velie has More Power

Everyone concedes the great advantage of the valve-in-head motor.

But everyone recognizes that the average valve-in-head motor is noisy.

One startling feature of the Velie-built valve-in-head motor is its soft, quiet running.

For this entire overhead valve mechanism is automatically and constantly oiled—even the valve stems are lubricated at every working part—gets the power plus.

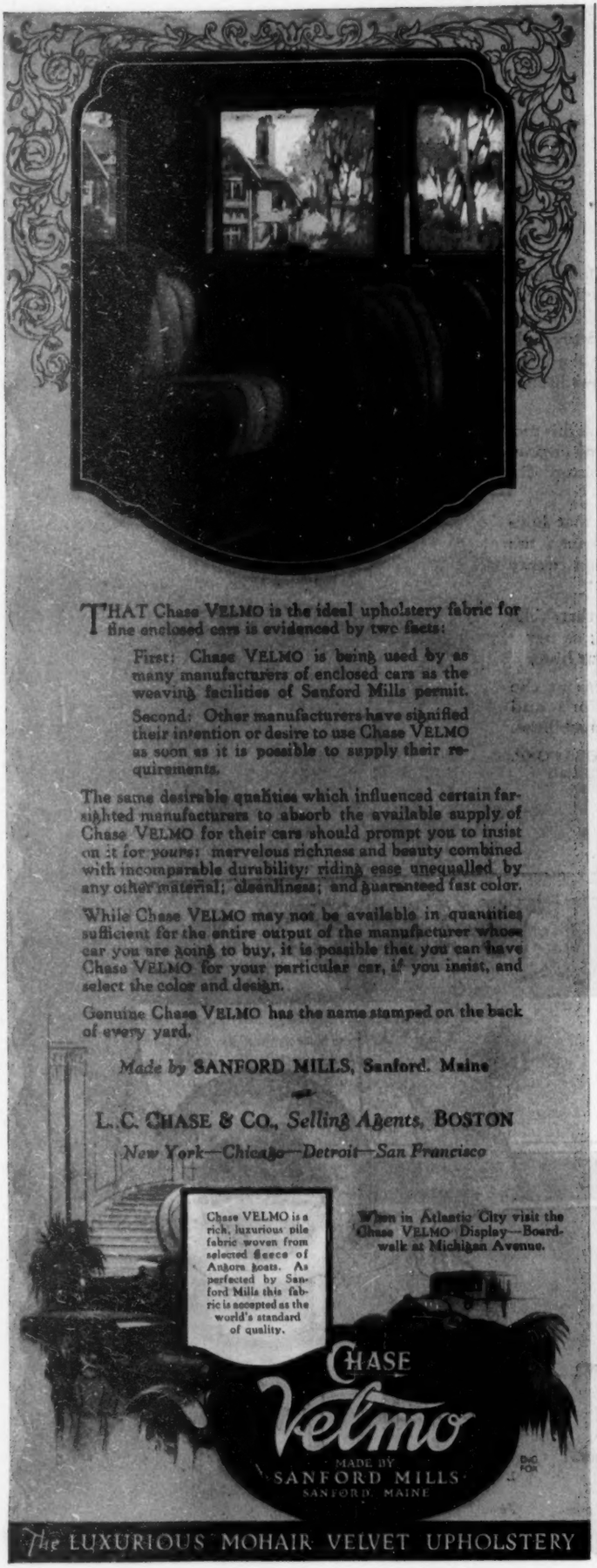
This means power conserved—the most power at least possible appears to be "frictionless" in the smoothest engine.

In conjunction with

VELIE



VELIE



THE FUR SUPPLY

(Continued from Page 5)

other such general movements, but that will not increase the supply. Various foreign squirrels have also been popularized. Rabbit skins—curled, clipped, dyed and otherwise altered—are now sold annually to the extent of many millions of dollars under a dozen high-sounding titles. Black lynx was put on the market. There is no black lynx, and these pelts are simply those of bobcats and lynxes dyed black. Even these have been imitated.

We are now facing a rapid decrease of even these commoner varieties of fur bearers, the muskrat furnishing perhaps the best illustration. A few years ago every strip of marsh or overflow land was covered with the huge mounds of rushes that served for residences of the muskrat legions. Now these rat houses are gone from most of the marshes. About fifteen years back two of my friends made a catch of 1300 muskrats in one small area of overflowed land. Last winter I put out a few traps there and that particular section of my trap line yielded but five muskrat pelts. This condition is also relatively true of even the more isolated regions. Several seasons back a law was passed prohibiting the trapping of muskrats in Alberta, Canada, to save them from extermination in that province.

Thus it is quite evident that there will soon be a shortage of these commoner varieties—those that have been popularized and so have tended to keep alive the illusion of a sustained fur supply. A lessening of any one article or class of articles has seldom resulted in a lessening demand; more often in the reverse of that, since luxuries have ever seemed more desirable than necessities, rare chattels more to be coveted than those of ordinary abundance. Therefore, it is safe to presume that the future trend of the fur market—the prices considered relatively with general price levels in all other lines for the same period—will be upward. Any probable depression and period of stagnation that may meanwhile intervene will not for long retard that upward tendency if the same proportionate rate of consumption prevails for the next few decades.

Fur Under Fence

The question, then, is where we may look for our future supply. Proper protection for fur bearers and shorter trapping seasons may tend to maintain the annual catch at somewhere near present proportions, but we cannot expect any material increase, particularly in view of the fact that most fur animals—mink, civet, weasel, marten, fisher, fox, coyote, lynx, bobcat, wolverine, wolf and others—are largely predatory and very destructive in their operations among both waterfowl and upland game, and are therefore considered fair targets for year-round extermination rather than as subjects for protection. For a great many years men penetrated new areas that had not been trapped, but there is little virgin territory remaining. Trap lines are spread to the most remote regions of the Arctic, so we cannot look for an increase of fur from the opening of virgin areas as formerly. It narrows down to the fact that if our fur supply is to be increased, or even maintained at present levels, the fur bearers must be raised in captivity.

There is widespread skepticism regarding the feasibility of producing fur under fence. This, however, is to be expected, since throughout the history of mankind the main bulk of population has ever prophesied certain failure for every departure from ancient methods in every line of endeavor. When a number of men commenced experimenting with various fur animals with a view to raising them in captivity there was the usual wave of skepticism. Some raw-fur dealers incorporated in their advertising circulars the information that fur bearers could not be raised in captivity. Then some of the experimenters stated that it could be done. They were actually rearing various kinds of fur animals under fence in proof of their contentions, whether or not the ventures had proven commercially successful. The prophetic notices in the advertising circulars then announced that fur raised under fence was of no value, as it lacked the depth and quality of wild-caught fur; and so on.

The few successful experiments meant much. The croaking prophecies of the skeptical meant nothing. Up on the shores of Labrador, far beyond the influence of printed assertions that it could not be done, Johann Beetz was endeavoring to raise the silver fox in captivity. A man named Jaynor and another named Oulton were likewise engaged on Prince Edward Island. After a period of years these last-named two sent twenty-five silver-fox pelts to the London markets, and that consignment brought the largest average price a pelt of any consignment of silver-fox skins in the history of the world's fur markets, before or since.

Skepticism gave way to hysteria, and silver-fox ranches were started by promoters, many of whom did not know a fox from a spaniel. The new industry was touted as the original get-rich-quick scheme and hundreds of companies were organized. Silver foxes sold for as high as $40,000 a pair. Many of these promotions resulted in failure, but there were many legitimate ventures that achieved notable success. The business attained such proportions that by 1916 there was $31,000,000 invested in fox farms. The history of the sudden popularity of silver-fox farming has been too well heralded to call for elaboration here except to illustrate the point that practically any animal can be reared in captivity, all prophetic skepticism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Fur Ranches of the Future

Man has ever succeeded in domesticating any creature that suited his purpose and in producing it in quantities to fill the demand. Not only that but he has bred for finer meat qualities in certain animals and fowls, for milk-producing qualities in certain strains of goats and cows, and for egg-laying breeds of poultry, for size and stamina in his work stock, for speed and endurance in his mounts, for beauty in his pets and for a hundred various qualities in his dogs. Therefore, whenever the move is justified by the demand, he can and will raise his fur under fence; and not only raise it but will increase its quality by selective breeding.

The price commanded by the pelts of certain species will constitute the chief factor in determining the magnitude of the experiments toward domesticating those varieties, as, though there may be some experimenting by individuals inspired by purely altruistic motives, there must necessarily be a prospect of commercial success in the venture before any considerable number of individuals will engage in the attempt to rear any given species of fur bearer. If the pelt of the silver fox had been worth ten dollars on the market instead of ranging up to $2500 in price, it is very probable that instead of the thousands of silver-fox ranches that are scattered throughout the United States and Canada there would not be one in existence today. When the pelts of muskrats were bringing a dime there was little inducement to raise them in captivity, but if they had remained at five dollars apiece there would have been hundreds of muskrat farms scattered through the country by now.

During the high fur prices of a few years back I corresponded with men engaged in raising silver, cross and red foxes, Arctic blue foxes, mink, fishers, martens and skunks. I read of others who were experimenting with raccoons, opossums and muskrats. Many of these ventures terminated with declining fur prices. Many more will terminate with the further decline that seems imminent, but there will be other similar ventures springing up with the first pronounced increase in fur values. And that new school of experimenters will reap the advantage of all the experience that fell to the lot of the pioneers.

The United States Department of Agriculture is keeping an eye on the various methods of fur farming, and issues an occasional bulletin on the subject. Men now engaged in various phases of the business are in a position to give the benefit of their own experience to those who purchase breeding stock from their ranches, while the pioneers had no precedent upon which to base their work. The man who engages in any branch of fur farming today may avail himself of all the knowledge gathered by his predecessors in the business and so may avoid their costly errors.

(Continued on Page 78)

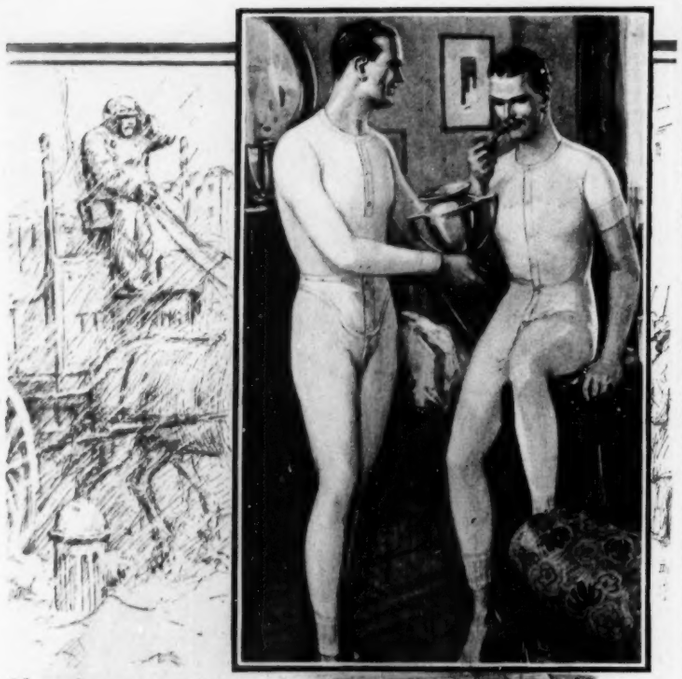
Let the Fuller Man be your Santa Claus~



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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC



If you're a teamster, you need heavy underwear



But Lawrence is just right for office men

IF your winter underwear is too heavy, you'll get overheated indoors. If too light, you'll not have sufficient protection when you go out. Either is an invitation to colds. Physicians recommend *medium weight knitted* undergarments that reach to the ankle.

You'll find this happy medium in Lawrence Underwear—long or short sleeves, ankle or sock length. The absorbent fabric of fine knitted cotton keeps the body dry and maintains an even temperature. The air cells are an insulation against cold.

Lawrence is the favorite underwear of tens of thousands of business and professional men. It has that comfortable elasticity which is one of the advantages of knit underwear. Finely tailored, it won't break in the crotch or shed its buttons. *Correctly sized* and no matter what your physique, there is a garment to fit you exactly.

Ask for Lawrence—and look for the Lawrence label.

Flat-knit Union Suits, Vests and Bloomers for Women — perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish.



Union Suits — $1.75 and $2. Shirts and Drawers — $1 to $1.25. Two qualities — Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality. Red Label, same durability and finish, slightly different yarn.

All Lawrence garments are knitted — *different* from the woven or muslin type. If your dealer hasn't the particular style you wish, please send us his name.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass.
Established 1831
E. M. Townsend & Co., *Selling Agents*, New York City

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

(Continued from Page 76)

There is nothing mysterious about raising fur. Neither is it particularly difficult. One must bear in mind that every species of fur bearer is endowed with different characteristics which must be taken into account in efforts toward domestication. A farmer does not pursue the same method for breeding chickens that he uses in raising mules. Therefore a fur farmer should not expect that the system that will answer for raising foxes will serve as well for muskrats. During the first steps toward the domestication of an animal it is necessary to cater to its natural habits in a wild state. Later, perhaps, those tendencies may be altered to accord with domesticated conditions, but that is a matter of generations. A few examples of methods that have been employed in successful fur farming will serve to illustrate the difference in the traits of various species and the necessity for different means of handling them.

The fox mates for life in a wild state and the dog fox is a devoted mate and father, helping to supply the family with food. Many fox breeders therefore permit the paired foxes to range in the same pen throughout the year. I have owned dog foxes that were so solicitous for the welfare of mate and pups that they would eat but little food themselves while the pups were young, burying every surplus scrap after the needs of the family had been satisfied. Increased rations failed to alter the situation. The solicitous fathers, evidently fearing a famine, would eat only enough to keep life in their bodies, and then cache the surplus. This same devotion operates against mating more than one vixen with the same male. This experiment, though tried repeatedly, has resulted in failure except in a very few instances. It is therefore necessary to build an individual pen for every pair of foxes. The usual dimensions of these pens are fifty by fifty feet. The natural brush and cover should be left in sections of the pen. The fox is an extremely nervous and suspicious creature, and in many of the ranches it has been the custom to permit no one but the keeper to enter the premises, and he wears the same type of clothing at all times.

Kind Words for the Skunk

The skunk, on the contrary, is not at all shy or nervous, and the presence of strangers in the breeding lot does not disturb the occupants. Skunks do not live in pairs in a wild state, the female raising her kits without help. The males are allowed to range with the females only during the mating season on the ranches. One buck is ranged in the same pen with several females during this period, but a number of both sexes cannot be given indiscriminate range of the same pen, as murderous fights between the rival males would result. After the mating period, however, the males can be ranged in the same pen if it be sufficiently large, and thus the necessity for separate yards and the extra care of individual feeding through the summer months is eliminated. Each mother must be confined in an individual breeding pen. The reasons for this segregation during the first few months of the kits' existence are several. Many skunk mothers develop a mania for adoption and will forcibly abduct the offspring of others, frequently acquiring such a large assortment of youngsters that they cannot properly care for them. I once owned a female skunk that broke into two adjoining pens and adopted most of the young in the two other litters. Before I had discovered the fact she had collected fourteen youngsters and was attempting to mother the lot of them, against the protests of the two other parents. An occasional individual resorts to cannibalism and dines upon her own young or the kits of others, though this tendency is not so pronounced among skunks as among hogs.

The first attempts at fur farming consisted of fencing areas and liberating therein a number of animals of the desired variety. Very naturally the result was failure, for the various tendencies of the foxes, mink, skunks and others were not taken into account. No carnivorous animal can be raised in a limited area under this plan of indiscriminate ranging of both sexes. Each variety requires a different sort of handling and equipment.

Muskrats, being both vegetarian and gregarious by nature, may be raised without individual care. A strip of marshland, fenced off to prevent escape and stocked with a few pairs of muskrats, would fill all requirements. There would be some fights and slashing among males during the breeding season the same as there are in a wild state, but such losses would be negligible. Muskrats are very prolific and such an area would soon be stocked to capacity. A fifty-acre strip of marshland well covered with rushes would support a sufficient number to permit the taking of at least 300 pelts annually. At the present price of rat pelts this would not be particularly remunerative, but when the price mounts once more to three dollars or more per skin, rat farming will be a paying business.

Within the last dozen years many men have overcome all obstacles and made a commercial success of raising silver, cross and blue foxes, skunks and others in captivity.

One man was successful in raising martens under fence; another with whom I corresponded had gone through the initial period of grief in determining the sort of equipment and handling necessary to breed fishers, and was actually raising those animals. There are a number of mink farms where those animals are raised annually, while other men are breeding raccoons and opossums in captivity. All these experiments have been proved feasible so far as demonstrating the possibility of production of the various species under fence goes, but commercial success has not always followed.

Finances of Fur Ranching

The most discouraging period of pioneering is now past and certain methods have been worked out for the raising of each species. Widespread development in the ranching of any given variety of fur bearer will come only when its pelt commands a price sufficient to render the production under fence a commercial possibility. In a general way this will come with the growing scarcity of an animal in a wild state and the consequent increase in the value of its pelt upon the fur markets.

There is undoubtedly some certain minimum price for the pelt of each variety that must be attained before that variety can be raised to commercial advantage. Just what those price levels are cannot be accurately determined at present. The sort and initial expense of equipment, the amount of individual care required for each variety, the cost of feeding and other maintenance and a host of other items will be determining factors. Several successful skunk breeders placed the minimum price per animal at four dollars a pelt and informed me that they could devote all their time to skunk raising and reap a good profit at any figure over five dollars an animal. The man who was raising fishers placed a price of sixty dollars a pelt upon them. The equipment and individual care required for ranching mink make it doubtful if those animals can be successfully produced for less than twenty dollars apiece. I am satisfied that with an initial outlay of $10,000 for land and equipment I could catch my own breeding stock and net a return of $3000 a year for my time in raising muskrats if the price of their pelts were to remain at two dollars apiece.

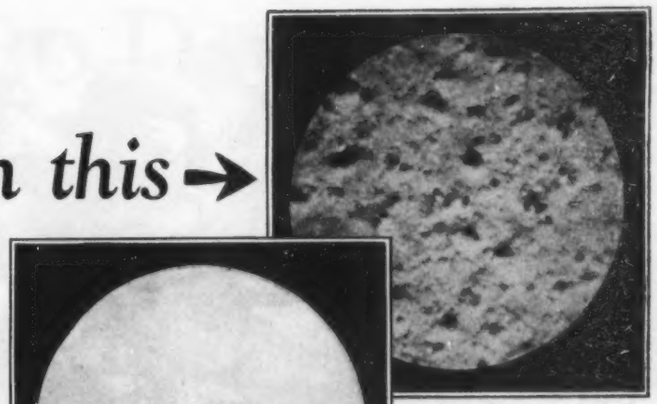
There are tens of thousands of trappers in the United States and Canada. It is to these men, who are naturally interested in the fur bearers and with a knowledge of their habits, that we may look for our fur farmers of the future. Hundreds of trappers are even now experimenting with various fur animals under fence.

Fur farming will never be a get-rich-quick business. Rather it will require considerable patience and perseverance for a rather small return in its initial stages. Many ventures will result in discouragement and failure, the same as result in all lines of endeavor. Its development will be gradual at first, but eventually there will be many bits of waste ground—marshland, rocky hillsides, slashings and other areas that are nonproductive at present—utilized as fur farms by trappers who can no longer find sufficient wild fur to make a living by following the trap line.

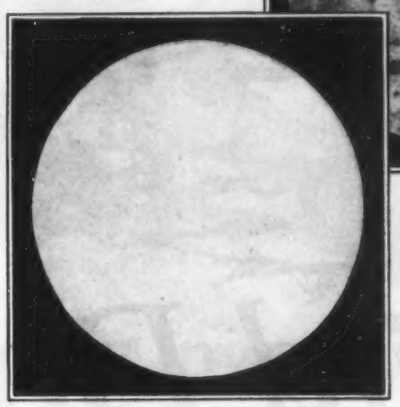
All who doubt this must admit the alternative. Within the next few decades man must produce at least a part of his fur through domestication—as he now produces his meat, his milk, his eggs and his honey—must produce a part of his fur supply or content himself with far less genuine fur and a vast quantity of cheap imitations. It will either narrow down to raising the rarer furs under fence or the discontinuance of their use by all save the rich.

Will you paint with this →

. . . or with this →



ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT



BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope by an entirely disinterested scientific laboratory. Each was magnified to the same degree. They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

Find out *now* what the painter's brush really leaves on walls and woodwork

A ROUGH, porous surface that actually catches dirt—or an even, lustrous finish as smooth as tile itself—

Every home owner, every factory and building manager should know beforehand which of the two he is choosing for walls and woodwork.

The photographs above reveal just why Barreled Sunlight resists the dirt which ordinary flat finish paints collect.

The surface of Barreled Sunlight is so smooth that even the finest particles of dirt cannot sink in—so smooth that you can wash it as easily as white tile!

No wonder this paint is being used so universally today!

It offers home-owners a way to keep white woodwork fresh and clean. It means bathroom and kitchen walls that can always be washed white and spotless.

In business and industrial interiors—in public buildings of every type—Barreled Sunlight means more light, cleaner surfaces, less repainting. It costs no more than ordinary interior whites.

Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats. (A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over any previously painted surface.)

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, it is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired, it can be readily tinted just the color you want. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.



ORDINARY ENAMEL



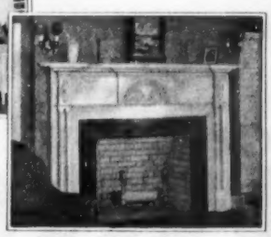
BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The upper part of the black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight.

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE



FACTORY
Home of "Life Savers"—showing use of Barreled Sunlight

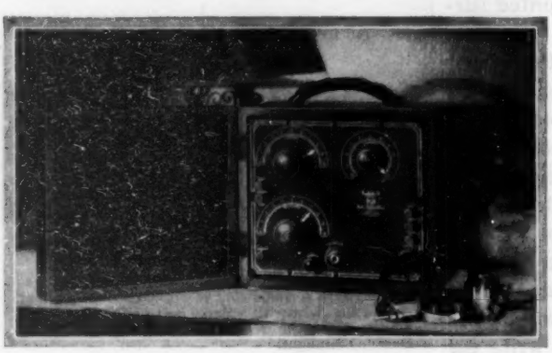


Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Barreled Sunlight used throughout



Third Down — Two Yards to Gain!

Get the Returns with a Radiola



Radiola II.—*One of the most popular of Radiolas, because it's portable. At home, its fine walnut finish makes it mighty attractive. With all its batteries inside, its handle and its convenient size, it can be carried everywhere, on trips and visits. With even an improvised antenna, it will pick up good big distances—clearly. And over short distances, it will operate a loudspeaker.* **Complete $97.50**

Wild shouts from the crowd—"Hold that line! Hold that line!" Every play—every cheer from the rooting section. Clear and loud and *real.* With a Radiola.

It must be a Radiola. Look for the mark. When the "bunch" comes round to get the scores—you know your set will work. When the club holds open meeting, and the club room's filled—you can count upon it—always. When the big news is coming over—or an opera—a Broadway play—important stock reports—the set with the Radiola name and the RCA mark is always at the peak of performance.

Whether it's a one-tube Radiola, or the stately four-tube Radiola Grand, the name with the backing of the greatest research laboratories in the world stands for quality in every point of make, finish and performance.

Send for the free booklet—that describes every Radiola

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This symbol of quality is your protection.

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Radiola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

the feelings of the strikers may be hurt is responsible for most strikes.

For two or three years now there has been talk of the cleverness and unusual literary quality of a certain publication. Due to the fact that our people are not literary, no copies were offered for sale at the post-office news stand and nobody subscribed for the publication. Finally Hamp Ebright, who, if we have one, is our leading literary light, sent for a sample copy. He found it was filled with the sort of stories they used to tell at the livery stable before that venerable institution burned down and was replaced by the red brick garage. Much of the new thought is livery-stable thought. A good deal of the new art is livery-stable art. Not a little of the new literature is livery-stable literature.

There is, one gathers from the newspapers, much public concern because of the tremendous takings of those who follow the prize ring as a means of livelihood. Some have gone so far as to say the fighters are commercial. The implication of distance is advised. For the moment, "commercial" is the most opprobrious epithet in the phraseology of polite rebuke. It has pretty nearly replaced the once popular epithets "reactionary" and "standpatter." To intimate that a man is commercial is to brand him with a sneer. In the case of the prize fighter, however, there are mitigating circumstances, and it is well to understand them. Fighters of the first rank work almost wholly on a percentage basis. They get a fair share of the amount they draw at the gate—never more than 50 per cent and not infrequently as little as 12 per cent of the gross. The question, therefore, is: Should the prize fighters give it back, and, if so, to whom?

As human drama, prize fighting ranks well below other popular sports and pastimes. It gets fictitious importance from the fact that a good reporter can write a thrilling story about a prize fight. The fight itself never is so good as the stories the newspapers print about it.

The most considerable private fortune in this country was accumulated, in great measure, through the manufacture and sale of cheap pleasure carriages to those who wish to travel quickly from here to there. The manufacturer of the aforesaid pleasure carriage is considered a great public benefactor. He has a great personal following and his virtues are regarded with enthusiasm. So great a popular figure has he become that the newspapers and periodicals are now saying he was good to his mother. Broadly speaking, the second most considerable private fortune in this country was accumulated through the sale of the motivating impulse of the pleasure carriage to which reference has been made. Surprising as it may appear, the owner of the second most considerable private fortune is not generally considered a great public benefactor. At one time he was believed to be a menace to our free institutions. Public opinion has softened somewhat, but he still is in such disrepute in the popular mind that no public reference to his affection for his mother has ever been made.

Formerly it divided the distinction with the railroads, but considered as a steady, reliable outrage, the Standard Oil group probably appeals to more people than any other from which the country suffers. The railroads have lost caste. They now are regarded as only one of a number of minor outrages. There are those who speak almost respectfully of the railroads. But Standard Oil group continues to be, probably will always be, a great national offense. There is nothing surprising or unwarranted in the public attitude toward it.

Standard Oil supplies high-grade products as cheaply as anybody can do it, distributes them internationally and places them within easy reach of the humblest consumer. Not only that, it makes a great deal of money doing it.

As has been noted, here and elsewhere, the railroads are doing better. In certain of the forward-looking circles they have regained something of their lost caste and are again regarded as one of the major outrages.

The momentary preponderance of forward-looking sentiment means that something is to be done about the rails. Probably they will be turned over to a committee consisting of a switchman, a section foreman and a freight handler. That, at any rate, is what many of the forward-lookers have in mind. —*Jay E. House.*

Exaggerated But—

BLACK: Progress on your bungalow in the country seems to be very slow.

WHITE: Yes; it takes the men an hour and a half to get there by trolley, three-quarters of an hour to get their tools unpacked, an hour and a half to eat their dinner, three-quarters of an hour to pack up their tools, and an hour and a half to get back home. I pay two dollars an hour for the whole, and they usually have to stop at least half an hour every day to tell me about the poor workingman, and of the strike that's coming off next week for more pay and shorter hours!

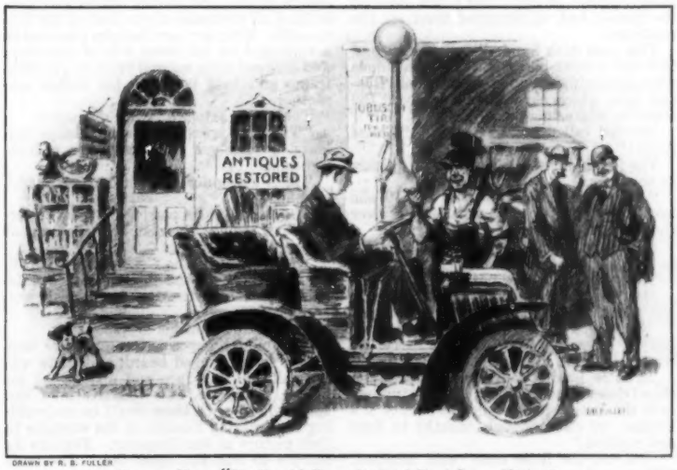
—*William Sanford.*

The Effect of Age

IF I WERE young and limber
And keen to do and dare,
And had a voice whose timbre
Could thrill the listening air,
Perhaps I'd mount the rostrum
And shake the patient hills
Explaining I'd a nostrum
To cure all social ills.

But being old and stiffish
And liking to reflect
In terms so but-and-ifish
They keep my passions checked,
I hark, when youth goes after
All evil with a cause,
And I supply the [laughter]
To balance the [applause].

—*Gorton Carruth.*



DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

Garage Man—"Ye Should Have Stopped Next Door, Mister"

30 Day *money refund* Trial



On Any Car

There are many different types of Vacuum tank and gasoline feed systems. But you can get a Gas-Co-Lator for any of them. In ordering be sure to specify *make* and *model of vacuum tank* or gravity or pressure feed system.

New Invention Ends Most Motor Troubles

Put it on at our risk and see!

Lubrication aside—there is one main cause for practically all motor troubles and *repairs*. Engineers agree in this.

Knocking, pitted valves, carbon, loss of compression, missing, scored cylinders—9 times in 10—come from improper carburation. As an authority puts it, "Improper carburation does more damage to internal combustion engines than any other one thing.

"Improper carburation is generally caused by water or dirt in gasoline. You can't get gasoline without some foreign matter in it. Fillings from fuel tank, water, seeping dust, rubber and fibre that slough off the gasoline filling hose, all these get into your gas. And every bit of gasoline your car uses must pass through the tiny needle valve of your carburetor. Water—a speck of dirt gets in—your motor sputters—pops or stalls. You readjust the carburetor! And the damage is done. The mixture is too lean for power—or too rich for proper combustion. And if you don't readjust it, that tiny speck of dirt or drop of water will keep it out of adjustment.

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"If your fuel is *really clean* you should never need to touch your carburetor from the day you buy your car." Not even seasonal adjustments are necessary. This may sound revolutionary. But remember, you prove it at our risk, before you pay.

That is why the makers of Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System (now in use on over 4,000,000 motor cars) have brought out a chamois skin, *upward* filter, called the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator—to meet the motorist's needs.

It is a genuine trouble preventer. Try it at our risk for 30 days and see!

You can install it yourself in 5 minutes. From then on, all your gasoline flows *upward* through selected chamois skin, which purifies your gasoline just before it enters your carburetor. With the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator, your gasoline flows into a transparent heavy glass bowl as shown above. Then it filters *upward*. Not only dirt—but water too is kept out—so fine is this filter. You will be astonished at the dirt that collects in the glass trap. A 10-day accumulation will surprise you. Will be ample explanation *in itself* of most of your motor troubles.

Send No Money

Let us put the Gas-Co-Lator on at our risk. You use it for 30 days. If it meets our claims—you keep it. If not, we will gladly take it back and refund your money. The price is $5.00, complete.

Most dealers carry our Gas-Co-Lator in stock. But if you cannot secure it conveniently—just use the coupon. You can pay the postman purchase price on receipt. Or, if easier, send the money with your order. We prepay postage. Simple directions attached. Anyone can put it on in a few minutes.

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Name .....

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Make of Car ..... Model .....

Make and Model of Vacuum Tank .....

THE STRANGER IN THE VILLAGE

(Continued from Page 17)

this girl told Sacha. He wore a sheepskin coat and military boots, broken at the toes, and he walked like a soldier, with a straight back, but very slowly, as though exhausted after a long march over the snow fields.

The girl was startled by the sight of him because it was a long time since any stranger had come to Lubimovka, and instead of men coming to the village many had gone away after the summer, when blackened crops stood in the burning sun, which that year as well as last had utterly destroyed all hopes of harvest. They had gone away with their wives and children in boats down the Volga, hoping to reach districts where some food was left for winter months. Others had fought to get places on railway trains going towards Moscow, where there was always food, according to the old proverb that "All things roll down to Moscow." But dreadful stories had come back of those refugee trains and those boatloads of people escaping from famine. It was months before the trains reached Moscow, and many died on the way. On the boats typhus broke out and the people who fled from famine found death in fever. It was better perhaps to stay in Lubimovka and wait for death at home.

But it was strange that an unknown man should come to the village, walking like this in the snow, which fell in thick flakes on his sheepskin coat and his ragged fur cap. That peasant girl, Maria, who was the daughter of the blacksmith, Boris Markovitch, had a stupid idea, which she told Sacha, that it was Death himself coming to Lubimovka. She was afraid and yet glad when the man turned his head towards the window from which she was staring out and looked at her with his sad kind eyes. "It is Death calling to me," she thought, and crossed herself. But he passed on and she still lived.

It was a hundred yards farther on that the black smudges of his footsteps in the snow came to an end, and it was the peasant Michael who was the next to see this stranger.

Michael had gone out into his yard to see his little cow, which was dying for lack of fodder. He had kept it alive by feeding it on cabbage stalks which he had hidden in his cellar under a pile of sacks. His neighbors were angry with him because he kept it alive. They said, "Michael feeds his cow while our children die. He will burn in the next world because he cares more for his little cow than for our beautiful innocents who are withering like flowers. He has sold himself to the devil."

Michael was afraid of that. Perhaps this love he had for his little cow was unholy and deviliah. Perhaps God would punish him because he had given its milk to his own children and not a drop to his neighbors for their starving babes. But how could he share such a little milk with the whole village? He could at least keep his own family alive while the little cow was fed. Better that they should live than that all should die; and as for himself, he did not let a drop pass his lips, but munched only small morsels of bread made of leaves and straw and a few husks. Now there would be no more milk for his wife and the little ones. He had come to the end of his secret hoard of cabbage stalks. It was three days since the little cow had been fed. Its eyes were glazing. He could not bear its pitiful gaze, so full of reproach that he had not the heart to kill it.

It was when he came out of its shed, cursing himself because he had not the strength to kill it—it had licked his hand with a hot tongue—that he saw the stranger outside his house in the falling snow, and the long trail of black footsteps behind him. The stranger stood looking up the street, and his lips moved as though he were speaking, but suddenly he lurched sideways like a drunken man and fell in a heap, face downwards, in the snow.



Suddenly, as Though Something Had Broken in His Spirit, He Stumbled Forward and Went Down on One Knee Before the Stranger

Michael stared at him stupidly. Then a kind of anger crept into his brain. What business had this man to die outside his house? Why not stay and die decently in his own home without troubling his neighbors? It was probably that foolish brute, Boris, the blacksmith, who had boasted so often of his great strength until typhus made him as weak as a maiden. The silly boaster! Michael was as strong as he was now, and still alive, though no blacksmith with arms like twisted wire.

Michael strode towards him sullenly, and then saw that it was not his old enemy, the blacksmith, but some stranger. He could see that by the shape and color of the man's hands. They were not hands that belonged to men of Lubimovka. They were queer-looking hands for any man, not gnarled and blunt by honest work in fields and sheds, with ax and spade and pick, but like the hands of some fine lady, or like those of Sonia, the schoolmistress.

Michael turned over the man's body as he lay crumpled up in the snow and peered into his face. He seemed to have seen that bearded face before, those deep-set eyes, now closed, that straight nose. It was familiar to him in some vague way, like the memory of a face seen in a dream, or some picture. This man was dressed as a peasant. His sheepskin coat was torn. His soldier's boots were broken at the toes like the boots of all those men who had come back from the war. But this was no peasant's face. Even Michael, who was a stupid man, could see that. Lying there unconscious, gray as though the hand of Death had touched it, it had a strange noble look that was startling.

"He is like a saint," thought Michael. "He is even a little like the good Christ."

He had a sense of fear. There was something uncommon in the look of this senseless man who had come to a village from which other men fled and where everyone waited for death. How had he come? There were no more boats on the Volga, because of floating ice. There were no sledges from Tetiushi or any other place, because the horses had all dropped dead on the roadsides.

This man with hands like a woman and face like a saint had come in a miraculous way, suddenly, just as one heard in old Russian tales which old women told about the stove on winter nights.

Michael called out to his wife, "Anna! Anna!"

The fear in his voice brought her quickly to the door.

"Have you killed the little cow?" she asked, and then saw her man leaning over the body in the snow.

She crossed herself, and then leaned back, faint against the doorpost.

"May his soul know peace!" she said.

Michael was angry with her because he was afraid.

"Can't you see his soul is still inside his body?" he growled. "Help me carry the wretch indoors. Snow makes a bad bed."

"You're mad," said Anna, drawing a shawl closer about her face. "If it's typhus, he'll die better in the snow. And if it's hunger, we have enough mouths to feed and no food."

"I'll kill the little cow," said Michael. "There will be meat to eat for a month or two. God will curse us if we leave this fool to die at our threshold. Take hold of his legs or I'll beat you."

Anna came from her doorway and peered at the senseless man, and touched his forehead.

"It's not the typhus," she said. "He's as cold as the snow beneath him."

"Look at his hands," said Michael.

Anna looked at the hands lying limp on the snow, and then at the face above the sheepskin coat.

"He is like a saint in a picture book," she said, and put both hands on her bosom.

The man and woman took hold of the senseless body. In the old days Michael and his wife could have lifted him as easily as a sack of potatoes, but hunger had weakened them. They dragged the stranger across their threshold and then stood in their room breathing heavily. Their little girl Katinka climbed down from the bed above the stove and stood with bare feet on the boards, clasping her mother's hand. The baby was whimpering in its sleep in a cradle near the stove.

It was the little girl who first made the astounding revelation which afterwards was believed by all the people of Lubimovka except Vladimir, the soviet agent, and Braunberg, the Jew, and Sara, his daughter.

"He is like the Little Father," she said, and looked up at a mark on the wall opposite the icon. It was a mark made by a picture frame which had hung there for years, as in all Russian cottages before the revolution, where a portrait of the Czar, cut from some newspaper or magazine, or reproduced in color by German printers, had always hung opposite the holy icon. It was strange that this child should have remembered, for it was more than a year since the picture had been taken down by orders of the local soviet, which had prohibited all portraits of the last of the Romanoffs. With her bare feet she pattered to a cupboard on the other side of the stove and dragged out a colored print in a wooden frame and held it up to her father and mother.

They were astounded and dismayed.

"The child is an idiot," said Michael sullenly. "Hunger has made her a little imbecile."

"It is a wonder we don't all go mad," said his wife.

They stood there, staring first at the portrait and then at the man stretched out at their feet.

The portrait of the Czar showed him in his uniform, with the star of Saint Stanislaus at his breast. His beard was well trimmed.

He smiled out of his deep-set eyes.

This man lying senseless on their bare boards had a ragged beard, and there was no smile on his face and no star at his breast. And yet, now that Katinka had spoken her words, there could be no avoiding the amazing likeness of the stranger to that picture of the Emperor. Feature by feature it was the same face. The wide

(Continued on Page 86)



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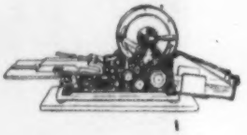
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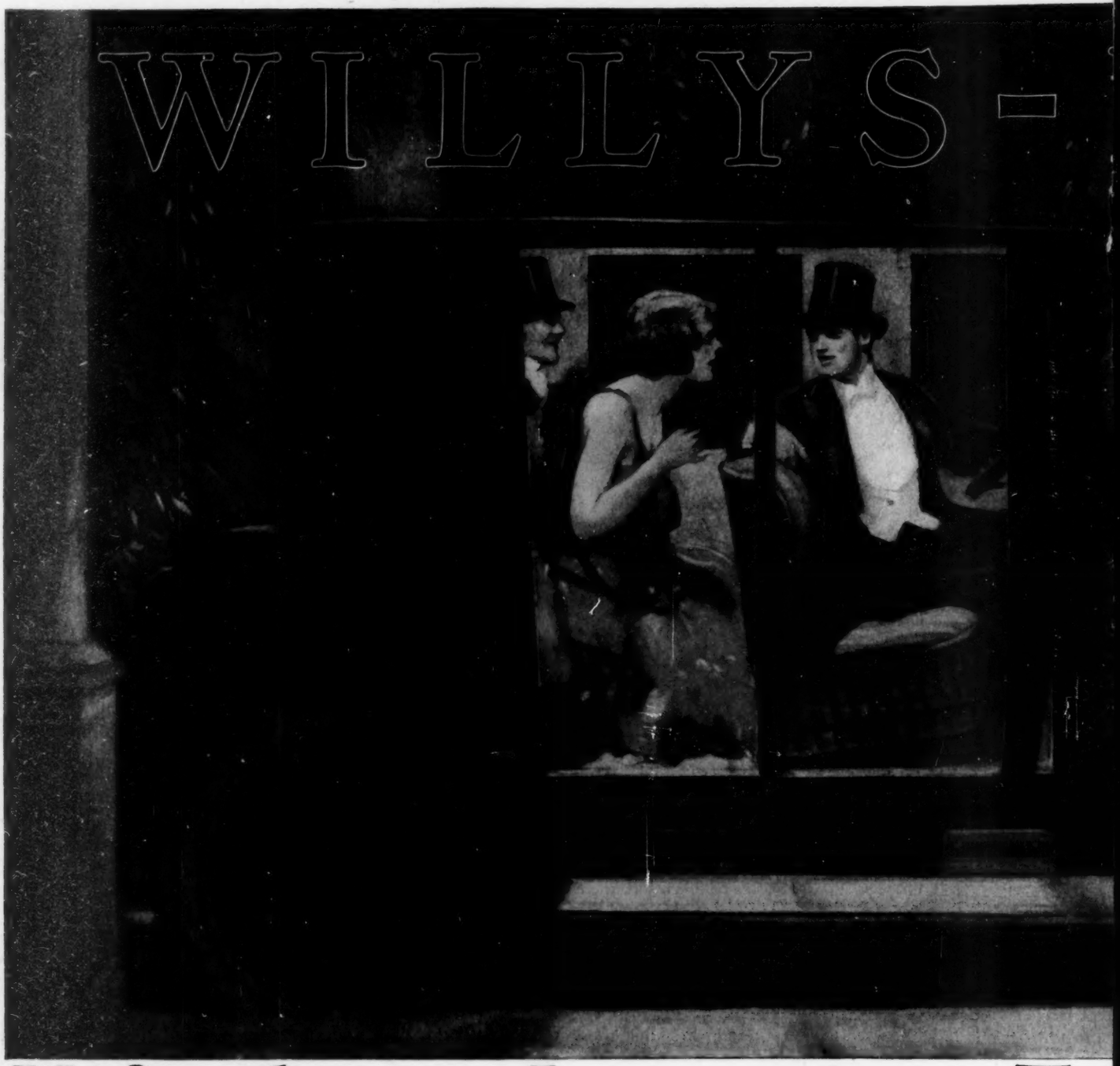


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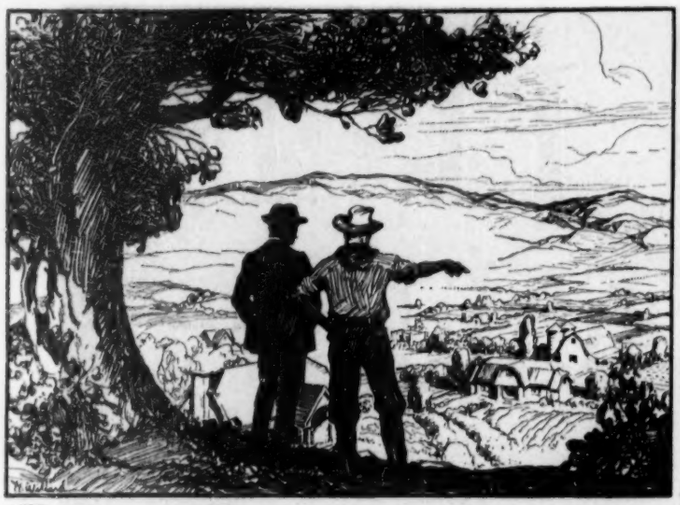
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Name _____

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(Continued from Page 82)

nostrils were the same, the low broad forehead, the deep-set eye sockets.

The two peasants, husband and wife, stood silent, with their hands clasped and their mouths gaping.

It was the husband who spoke first.

"There are many Russians like the dead Czar," he said, but his voice trembled uncertainly.

Ann , his wife, suddenly went down on her knees beside the stranger's senseless body and thrust her hand beneath his sheepskin coat, as though about to choke him. Her poor clawlike hands, skinny with hunger, trembled feverishly. There was a thin silver chain around the man's neck. She tugged at it and with a jerk pulled something out from below a ragged vest. It was a jewel in the shape of a star, which lay now above the shaggy sheepskin. In that cottage of Lubimovka there was no light except the dusk of an October afternoon with the white snow outside, but where the jewel lay it seemed to these peasants as though a real star had fallen from the sky and was twinkling in their poor bare room.

Katinka clasped her thin little hands and gave a cry of joy, as always she did when her father brought in a little milk from the cow.

"Truly," she said, "it is the Little Father!"

Michael went down on his knees beside his wife and stared at the star so closely that his straw-colored beard almost touched it. He raised a trembling hand and tried to take hold of the jewel, but some fear withheld him, and he shrank back with a queer, strangled cry.

Anna swayed to and fro like a woman crooning to the dead.

"Christ Jesus!" she cried. "It is a miracle of God."

At that moment the man who had been senseless opened his eyes and stirred with a little groan.

As though trying to hide some dangerous and deadly secret, Anna put her clawlike hands at his throat again and thrust the star out of sight below his ragged vest.

The man flung an arm over his head and cried out in a faint agonizing voice, "O Death!"

Michael and his wife stayed there stiffly, on their knees, staring at him in a dazed, frightened way. It was little Katinka who seemed to have most sense. She brought a jug of water from a shelf and wetting her little thin hand, moistened the man's forehead and put some drops on his lips and beard. Presently he turned his head slightly and smiled at her.

"Am I dead at last?" he asked very faintly. "Are you one of my little daughters?"

"You are my Little Father," said Katinka.

"Why, yes," said the man, "I am the Little Father of all my dear people."

He spoke only in a whisper, but his words were heard clearly by Michael and his wife, kneeling on either side of him.

"Gospodin," said Michael, meaning "sir" or "lord," "who are you, in God's name?"

The stranger heard the words and looked puzzled. For quite a long time he did not answer. Then he struggled up a little so that he leaned on one elbow, and stared round the dim room and into the faces of the peasant and his wife. Presently he spoke in a stronger voice, though still very gently.

"I am Nicholas Alexandrovitch, a wandering beggar. I think I am dying, so that I shall not trouble you long. What is the name of this village?"

It was Katinka who answered. The child's father and mother seemed speechless and stricken by fear.

"It is Lubimovka. We are all dying. Soon there will be no food for anyone. Then we shall die quickly."

"My poor people!" said the man with a pitiful groan. "My poor Russia! My poor little ones!"

Tears came into his eyes and rolled slowly down his haggard cheeks until they touched his beard.

"If we are very careful," said Katinka, "we have enough bread to keep us alive for three or four weeks. And father is going to kill the little cow so that we shall have meat until the winter. After that, of course, we shall have to die."

She spoke simply, with the gravity of a child to a grown-up friend who understands. Then she went to the cupboard again and brought out the piece of bread which had been put aside for her evening meal. It was the bread made of straw and leaves and husks which I saw in that village in the year of famine.

"Eat, Little Father," she said to the stranger.

He shook his head and smiled.

"I have come here to die, not to eat your bread, my little one."

"If you do not eat it I shall cry," said Katinka.

He shook his head again and said, "No, no; I am not hungry."

But when Katinka burst into tears he took a small portion of her bread and ate it and said, "If men were as kind as little children this world would be like heaven."

"Gospodin," said Michael, moistening his lips and speaking hoarsely, "all that we have, which is little, we shall be glad to share with you."

"I thank you, tavarish," answered the man, using that word which means "comrade" and replaces all other titles in Russia, by order of the Bolsheviks.

That was the beginning of this legend or myth about the coming of the Czar to Lubimovka. It was that evening after dark, when the man who called himself Nicholas Alexandrovitch was sleeping on the floor beside the stove, stirring sometimes in his dreams, that Michael took his lantern and walked through the falling snow to the house where young Sacha, the poet, lived with his mother and his crippled sister, Lydia. Before the revolution this family had been rich, with a house in Moscow; but Sacha's father, who was an officer of the old army, had been killed in the war, and the house in Moscow and all their wealth had been taken by the Bolsheviks, and now Sacha and his mother and his crippled sister were as poor as all the others in Lubimovka. But Sacha was a great reader of books, and wrote poetry, and, although no more than nineteen years of age, played a man's part in the village and was the only one who was not afraid of Vladimir, the soviet agent, or of Braunberg, the Jew. He was the secretary of the village council, and had been put in prison for a time for resisting the requisition of grain and potatoes by the Red Army after the failure of the harvest. There was not a peasant in Lubimovka who did not regard this young man with hero worship because he had defied the Red soldiers for their sake. It was partly for that reason that Michael went round to his house to tell him of the stranger who had come. But it was also because Sacha had once lived in Moscow. Assuredly he must have seen the Czar, the Little Father, as he was called then. He would be able to say whether this man who wore a flaming star under his vest was or was not the Emperor of all the Russias. Michael had hardly a doubt about it, but Sacha would know.

The young man was reading aloud by the dim light of a wax candle when Michael stood inside the door with his fur cap in his hand and a thin mantle of snow on his leather tunic. Lydia, the crippled sister, lay on a couch by the stove, and Michael could see her shining eyes in a white face, though the candlelight hardly reached her. Sacha's mother sat with bowed head and her hands in her lap on the other side of the room—a black figure.

Sacha was reading something from a big book. It was something about passing from death to life where there would be no hunger, but eternal joy and beauty. Then he raised his head as Michael opened the door and the cold wind made his candle gutter.

"I wish to speak with you, Sacha," said Michael.

Sacha pushed back a lock of hair that had fallen over his forehead, and shielded the candle with his hands.

"What is it, Michael? Is it bad news you bring through the snow?"

"It is strange news," said Michael. "It is hard to believe one's own eyes."

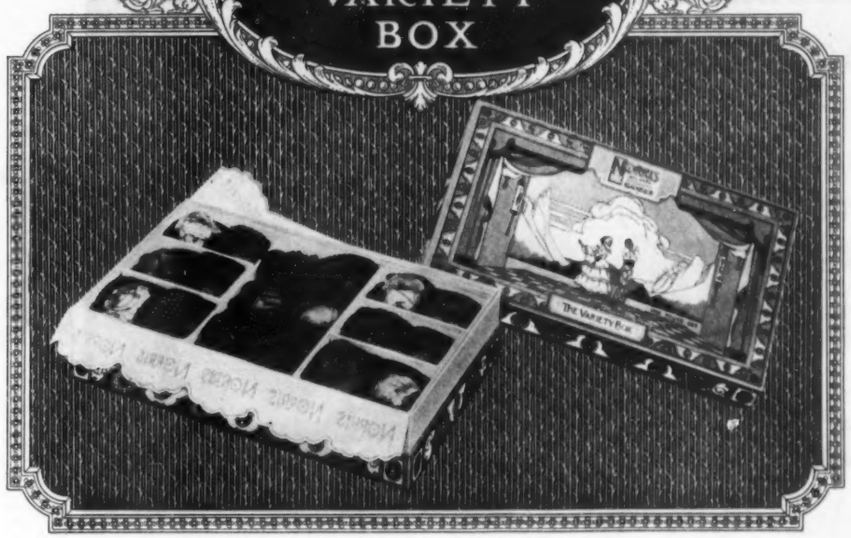
"What have you seen?" asked Sacha.

Michael was slow in answering. He was a shy man, and perhaps these people would laugh at him if he told them something which was hard to believe. Perhaps also it would not be safe to tell anyone but Sacha. Women could not keep a secret. And this was a secret which might lead to trouble. They might all be shot by the soviet government if it leaked out.

"Pardon me," said Michael, "but I wish to tell you alone, Sacha. If you will step outside the door ——"

(Continued on Page 89)

NORRIS VARIETY BOX



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Another Typical Piece from the Variety Box:

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MODEL 530
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(Continued from Page 86)

"No, no," said Sacha, "it is better in this warm room. You need not be afraid of my mother and sister."

"I am afraid of what I have to tell you," said Michael.

It was some time before he could bring himself to tell these people. Sacha thought his cow had died. And little Lydia, the crippled girl, prayed that typhus had not stricken his household. There was no sound in the room except a kind of gasp when at last he told his tale:

"A stranger has come to the village. He fell with weakness at my door. It was my little girl who saw his likeness, and my wife who found a jeweled star beneath his vest. He is no common man. I verily believe, as God hears me, that it is the man whom we used to call our Little Father. The Czar of Russia, whom all men believe to be dead."

The people in the room did not laugh at him. He was glad of that. But they stared at him silently. He could see their eyes upon him beyond the radiance of the candlelight.

It was Sacha who spoke first:

"Have you gone mad, Michael Michaelovitch?"

Michael answered with humility:

"It is possible that I have gone a little mad, Sacha. In this time of hunger and death it is hard to keep one's wits. But I believe that the Czar Nicholas is now sleeping on the floor below my stove, and that my wife Anna is on her knees beside him, and that my little daughter Katinka was led by God to see his likeness."

They would not believe him. And yet they did not laugh at him. It seemed to Michael that they were a little frightened, as people who listen to a tale of ghosts, not believing, but afraid when the wind howls outside and when the door blows open. Sacha's face had gone very white, and his crippled sister sat up on her couch with burning eyes.

"Do not tell this tale to others in the village," said Sacha. "Vladimir will report it to Moscow. You will be shot if they hear it there, Michael."

It was on the next morning that Sacha went round to Michael's house. The stranger was sitting by the stove with Katinka on his lap. He was telling her a story of old Russian history, and she had her arm about his neck and her thin little face against his bearded cheek. Michael stood watching them from the doorway of the inner room, and Anna his wife was scrubbing the floor and muttering prayers as she worked.

Sacha stood on the threshold and called out to Michael while his eyes rested on the stranger's face: "Have you killed the little cow, Michael?"

"I shall kill it directly," said Michael.

The stranger looked at Sacha and smiled, and said, "Good morning, comrade. You see I have found a friend in Lubimovka."

"From what part do you come?" asked Sacha.

"I have been wandering," answered the man. "In spite of the famine people have given me a share of their bread. After all, the charity of man is greater than cruelty. That is the hope of the world—our only hope."

"Here," said Sacha, "we wait for certain death. There is no hope this side of the grave."

"I shall be glad to die here," answered the stranger; "perhaps I have reached the end of my journey."

"I am young," said Sacha; "I do not wish to die."

He spoke harshly, and all the time his eyes were fixed on the stranger's face.

"It is hard for youth," said the stranger very gently. "The old men of the world have betrayed them. It was the wickedness of the old men that made the war and led to the agony and evil that followed in the wake of war. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. How sad and pitiful is that! I am one of the old men whose ignorance and folly must be paid for by the sacrifice of youth. And yet Katinka here forgives me. Perhaps God will forgive, knowing my weakness and how I was betrayed."

Sacha stood there with a grave face and one lock of hair falling over his forehead. Suddenly, as though something had broken in his spirit, he turned his head away and wept, and then stumbled forward and went down on one knee before the stranger, and took his hand and said, "My lord, my lord!"

The man who called himself Nicholas Alexandrovitch was startled, and perhaps frightened, by this homage of the boy. He put little Katinka off his lap and stood up, leaning against the tall stove because of his weakness, and touched Sacha's head with his right hand.

"Do not call me that!" he said. "I am your comrade. I am a poor beggar living on the charity of starving folk. I am the lowest of the low in this empire of misery and hunger and death. I am less lucky than those who have died more quickly. I am the scapegoat laden with the sins of Russia."

It must be remembered that this boy, Sacha, was weakened by hunger, like all men in the villages of the Volga valley; and before then, had lived through the terror of the revolution and had seen Russia brought to ruin and anarchy, and all its old civilization overthrown. I think that is one explanation why not only Sacha but other people in Lubimovka found it easy to believe that the bearded stranger who had come among them was the man who had been their Czar. They were in an emotional, overwrought state. The womenfolk, and even many of the men, had been praying for some miracle to happen by God's grace to save them from starvation. There were some who believed that war, famine and pestilence which had come upon the world were a presage of the second coming of Christ. Mingled with the Christian faith and most wonderful resignation of these peasants, all sorts of fanaticisms, crednlities, superstitions cropped up in those villages in the famine belt and beyond. The presence, therefore, of a man bearing a remarkable likeness—no doubt—to the Czar Nicholas, and speaking in terms of mysticism and allegory, and certainly of the old noble rank, whoever he was, did not need more than a suggestion—which the child Katinka had supplied—to convince these people that he was truly the former ruler of Russia, who had come among them in the guise of a beggar. That is my theory, though I confess Sacha ridicules it and swears that he recognized beyond all doubt the Czar himself, whom he had seen as a child in the palace of the Kremlin.

"How beyond all doubt?" I asked him.

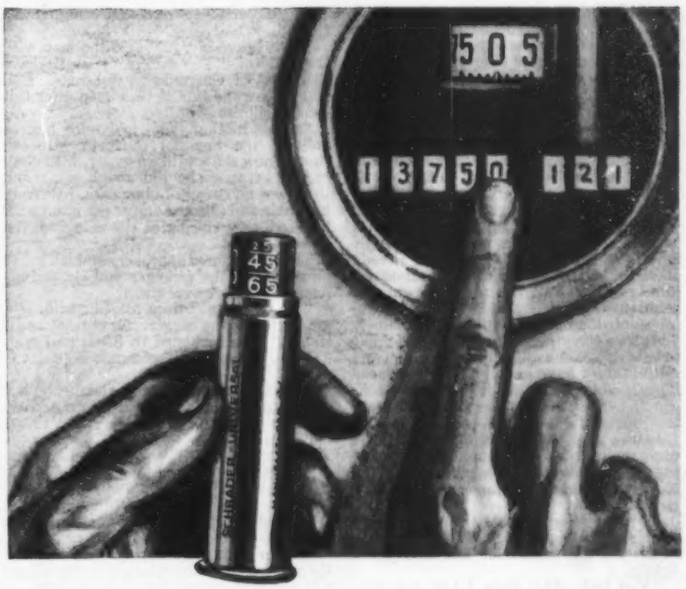
And he said, "Because below his left ear there was a little mole which I had remarked when my father took me to the palace and held me up for the Czar to bless."

After that first meeting Sacha went round often to Michael's house, in order to gaze at the stranger with reverent eyes and listen to his tales to Katinka—he knew all the legends of Russian history—and his simple talk to the child's parents. He had a habit of sighing deeply in the midst of his tales about the old saints and heroes, and sometimes fell into a kind of trancelike silence, when the tears dropped slowly from his eyes and fell in his beard. At those times no one dared to interrupt his thoughts, and presently he would seem to wake with a start and smile at Katinka and say "Where was I in that tale?"

Always at mealtimes he would eat only the tiniest morsel of that poor bread which they made out of apple leaves and straw, and even when the little cow was killed at last he would eat none of its meat, but only dipped his bread in the gravy. It was wonderful that he could keep alive on so little food, and although the weakness of his body was visible, he still had strength enough to walk a little, unlike other men in the village—the blacksmith among them—who lay on their beds above the stove hardly able to lift a hand because of their long hunger.

Sacha's visits to Michael's house became a mystery to Sonia, the schoolmistress, and it was her dear jealousy which caused this boy to break the secrecy which he had imposed upon his own lips as well as upon his mother and sister. How could he keep this secret from her when they had none other in the world?

It was six months before the famine that they had discovered their love and found it gave them not only joy, so that all the misery of Russia under Bolshevik rule did not touch them any more, but also courage to face all else that might happen, and even death itself. All Sacha's poetry was written for Sonia. All the knowledge she had from the books she read after her drudgery in the little schoolhouse was poured into the letters she wrote him every day, though they were never posted, but slipped into his pocket between their embraces. Together they discussed all the problems of life and death and eternity, and because of the time



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in which they lived, the philosophy of this boy and girl was touched with the grim knowledge of man's cruelty and the failure of all men's dreams of liberty and progress. Yet with the faith and hope of youth they believed in the future of Russia after this time of agony, in its regeneration and greatness.

"We shan't live to see it, my dear," said Sacha many times, but was comforted when Sonia touched his hand and said, "Not in the body, but in the spirit, my comrade."

When the famine began Sacha tightened his belt and hoarded up some of his own rations so that Sonia might not starve. But then he found that she was already starving herself by saving her rations for him. Only by entreaties and quarrels could they agree to eat enough to keep themselves alive as long as any food remained. This love story in the heart of the famine seemed to me one of the most touching and pitiful tales I have heard, and it was Sacha himself who told me, with that lack of self-consciousness and that simplicity which are the source of charm in Russian character.

It was after the fourth night that Sonia came round to Sacha's house. They met in the street, there, with a slight snow falling on them so that their fur caps were whitened.

He saw by her face that the girl had been weeping, and his heart felt a stab of guiltiness. Yet she smiled at him and spoke lightly.

"You look older since I last saw you, Sacha. Is it four nights or four years since we met?"

He stared down at his feet in the snow, afraid to meet her candid eyes. Yet after that moment of thought he knew that he must tell her the secret that had kept him away from her or be unloyal to their love.

"Sonia," he said, "it is dangerous to know what I am going to tell you. It is the most perilous secret in Russia today, though its secrets are full of terror for those who keep them."

"Do not tell me that you have lost your love for me," she answered. "I could bear any secret but that."

He put his arm round her shoulder.

"Not that. That is impossible. But what I have to tell you is hardly less incredible. So unbelievable that even now I dare not tell you lest you should think me mad."

"What you tell me I believe," she said simply and gravely.

He told her then.

"A stranger has come to this village. He is a man whom all of us believed to be dead. A man betrayed by all his friends and hated by all the world. He would be killed like a rat if they found him now, though he is innocent of all evil, I am certain."

"Is it Christ that has risen again?" asked Sonia, with a strange look at Sacha.

He was profoundly startled by those words. He, too, had wondered if Christ would come to Lubimovka before the ending of the world.

"Not that," he said. "But the stranger who has come was the ruler of all our people, and loved them, though he was powerless to help them. In Michael's house, lying on the boards, half dead with hunger, is he who was the Czar. I have seen him and talked with him. I have no doubt."

"And you are not mad?" asked Sonia.

"No, I am not mad."

"Then I believe," she said.

Sacha led her into his house and took off her shawl after the door was closed, and spoke to his mother and sister.

"I have told Sonia, and she believes."

"Then there is one more to be hanged when the soviet knows," said Lydia, his crippled sister, and her voice had a sharp fear in it.

While they were talking in the darkness, without even one candle, because there was no more fat or oil, there was a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" called Sacha sharply.

And from outside a quiet voice answered, "Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the beggar."

Sacha opened the door, and across the threshold came the bearded man who wore a hidden star under his ragged vest. He carried Michael's lantern, and swayed a little as he stood on the threshold.

"My dear friends," he said, "I come for the sake of my little comrade, Katinka. She is stricken with typhus and her mother asks for Sonia, the schoolmistress, who saved the child of Boris, the blacksmith."

Sonia moved across the room until she was touched with the rays of the lantern shining across the threshold.

"I am Sonia," she said. "I will go to the child."

"It is brave of you," said the man with the lantern. "The women of Russia have the spirit of Christ in their hearts. God will forgive the sins of their men after this time of punishment."

Sacha's mother, who had once been a lady of the imperial court in Moscow, though now she was like a gypsy, with dirty hands, because she did rough work and there was no soap in Lubimovka, rose from her chair and faltered across the room with her dark eyes staring at the man with the lantern.

Then she uttered a shrill cry and fell to her knees before the stranger and clasped his hands and wept over them.

"Do not kneel before me," he said. "I am Nicholas, the beggar. An outcast and a sinner." He beckoned to Sonia and said, "Come, for my little comrade Katinka is very ill."

He held the lantern while she put on her shawl again, and led her out into the snow.

Sacha bent over his mother and raised her from the floor.

"It is true, then?" he asked. And she said, "It is his face and voice."

It was through Anna, the wife of Michael, that the story was spread in Lubimovka. In her distraction because of Katinka's fever she talked wildly to her neighbors, and from cottage to cottage there passed the whisper that the stranger in the village was the man whom the world believed to be dead. Little groups of peasants gathered outside Michael's house, where Katinka lay tossing in her little bed by the stove, and they peered through the windows for a glimpse of the stranger who sat by the side of the child whom he called his little comrade.

They whispered together, and one old woman said, "Perhaps he has come to rescue us from famine. God will listen to his prayers."

Another said. "He has but to touch the child and she will be well."

Others said, "It is certainly the Little Father. But he will be taken and killed if we do not keep his secret."

It was a bad way of keeping a secret, this gathering outside Michael's house. Vladimir, the soviet agent, saw them there and questioned them.

One toothless old woman, who hated him, spat on the ground and said, "All you Bolshevik devils will soon be hanged, as you deserve. Our Czar is back again."

"What does the old fool say?" asked Vladimir with a black look.

He was not haggard and thin like the other men in Lubimovka. As the soviet agent he had first share of food sent down from Moscow at the beginning of the famine. It was believed that he had hoarded many sacks of potatoes which belonged to the commune. He was feared as well as hated because he was in the pay of the Cheka—the secret police—and could send people to their death if he had a grudge against them.

Now they tried to cover up the words of the old woman Kakoshka.

"She has lost her wits with her last tooth!"

"She is the mother of imbeciles!"

But another woman in the crowd shouted at Vladimir, "It is true, what she says. Our Little Father has come to Lubimovka. Lenine had better look out for himself and all his murderers."

Vladimir scowled round on the peasants.

"You people have all gone daft. If you weren't all starving to death I would have you sent to the prisons in Moscow."

He strode away down the village, but he must have made it his business to find out more about the story, for that night he came to Michael's house with Braunberg, the Jew and the girl, Sara. They were the only communists in Lubimovka, where the peasants had no love for that philosophy.

Sonia was there, mixing some medicine for the child Katinka, whose thin little face was scarlet as she lay unconscious. Michael and his wife were sitting at their bare board, weeping with their heads on their arms, because their child was very near death. At the side of the stove the bearded stranger sat with his hands clasped on his knees and pity in his eyes as he watched Katinka.

Vladimir and his two companions came in noisily, without knocking at the door.

Michael raised his head and said, "What do you want, tavarish?"

"I want to see the stranger in your house," said Vladimir.

"I am here," said the man who called himself Nicholas Alexandrovitch.

Vladimir stared at him and spoke roughly.

"What's your name? Who are you?"

"I am Nicholas, a wandering beggar."

"Where do you come from?"

The bearded man smiled and raised his hand towards the west.

"I have been through many villages of Russia, always wandering in search of death. But I have not found it yet."

Vladimir laughed harshly.

"It's easy to find in Russia, to most men. Death! This village stinks with it."

"And this house," said Sara, the daughter of the Jew. "I do not like the smell of typhus. Let's get out of here, Vladimir. There is no harm in this man."

Vladimir stared at the stranger again.

"You had better get on with your wandering, old father," he said. "The sooner you're out of Lubimovka the better for you, or you'll find death sooner than you expect. There are crazy folk here who take you for the dead Czar. It is not good to be taken for a ghost. It leads to trouble."

"That is true," said the man. "I will go away. I do not wish to lead the people into trouble. They have had enough."

Vladimir spoke less harshly.

"Well, I will give you a day or two. It's not your fault, old man, that the people here are daft with hunger and misery. Not their fault, either, poor wretches."

Suddenly Sonia drew back from Katinka's bedside and gave a little cry. But a louder cry came from Anna, the mother of the child.

She sprang up from her chair by the table and raised both hands above her head, and then fell with a piercing cry by the side of Katinka's little bed.

Nicholas, the beggar, rose also from his chair and crossed himself. Then he put his hand on the shoulder of Michael and said, "It is well with the child. She is dead. God is merciful."

"Let us get out of here," said Sara, the Jewess.

Vladimir and Braunberg and the woman were quick to get away from this house into which death had come so suddenly.

That evening when Sacha came round to take Sonia back to her house he found only Nicholas, the beggar, in the front room. Little Katinka had been carried into the inner room, and Michael and Anna were praying with Sonia, the schoolmistress.

The stranger was pacing up and down, with his hands clasped behind his back. When he saw Sacha cross the threshold he smiled and put his fingers to his lips for silence.

"My little comrade has gone ahead of me," he said in a quiet voice. "So many of my comrades have gone before me! I feel lonely as I wander."

"My lord," said Sacha, "when is there going to be an end to all this misery? When are you coming back again, so that Russia may be saved?"

"It is not through me that Russia can be saved," said the man. "Russia must save herself, after much agony and punishment for sin. We are being punished. Our poor Russia is suffering for the sins of our fathers. But her soul lives in these peasant folk. It is by their faith and charity that Russia will be saved."

"One day you will come back," said Sacha, with a kind of sob.

The bearded man shook his head.

"My end is near at hand. The end of my journey is close upon me. I shall be glad to rest at last."

Sacha has not told me all that was spoken between them that night. There are some things that he keeps secret still, but it seems that the stranger spoke in a kind of vision of the future that would come to Russia, and of a splendid destiny. Then, later, he put his hand below his ragged vest and pulled out the jeweled star and slipped the silver chain over his head and gave the star to Sacha.

"This is all the wealth I have left in the world," he said. "I kept it as a holy relic, for it belonged to my ancestors and to one dear saint. But it is better to buy some food with it for these poor people here. If you can get as far as Moscow it is likely that you could sell it for some grain. There are people still who covet such glittering stones."

"But Moscow is a world away," said Sacha. "I could not get there or come back again."

"Then my star is worthless," said Nicholas, and his head drooped a little.

But he would not take it back again, and that night when Sacha went back with Sonia he carried the star in his breast pocket, and it seemed to burn above his heart.

There was heavy snow next day, and Sacha bent his head to the storm when early in the morning he trudged round to Michael's house. All through the night he had lain awake, thinking of the star which lay under his pillow and of the man who had given it into his keeping. He had determined to make the journey to Moscow for the sake of the people at Lubimovka. If he could sell the star he might bring back food enough to save many lives. But before going he wanted to see its owner again, so that he might take a message from him to people in Moscow who believed him to be dead. The boy was on fire with faith and hope, so that he did not feel the coldness of the snow as it fell in flakes upon his face. He had an absolute faith that this man in Michael's house was he who had been Czar of all the Russias, and Sacha was persuaded that it was a miracle which might lead Russia out of the depths and save her people.

On the threshold of Michael's house he saw the little coffin of Katinka being carried out on her father's shoulders. Behind, with her shawl over her face and shoulders, walked the poor wife, Anna, and some peasant women who were wailing with her. Last of all came Sonia, weeping.

Sacha went up to the girl whom he loved before any in the world, and touched her on the arm.

"Where is the stranger?" he asked.

"He has gone," said Sonia. "He went away just now, after kissing Katinka before her coffin was closed. See, there are his footsteps in the snow."

Sacha gave a queer cry.

"I must follow him! I must speak with him again."

"The snow will hide his footsteps," said Sonia. "You will never follow his track."

But Sacha left her and hurried over the snow, where, very clearly at first, were the footmarks in the snow of a man with a long stride. They led up the village street to the gate in the stockade on the northern side, and then beyond to the flat open country until they disappeared beneath the snow, which was falling thickly now. Sacha stumbled forward through the snow, which a light wind blew upon his breast and cap. He could hardly see a yard ahead, and he called out many times, "My lord! My lord!"

But no voice answered him. The stranger had disappeared into that white world of whirling flakes. Presently Sacha stood still and then retraced his steps, with his head bent.

Nicholas Alexandrovitch had gone on his journey again in search of death, and in Lubimovka he was not seen again.

Sacha kept the star, which was the only proof of a visit which otherwise might have seemed a dream. There was no need to go to Moscow to barter it for bread and potatoes, because the world had heard at last the cry of a starving people and help came from England and the United States, after many had died in Lubimovka and all the villages of the Volga valley. It was at that time, and with some American Relief officers, that I met Sacha and Sonia and heard their strange tale of the man with the star. It was Sonia, the schoolmistress, who was put in charge of the first soup kitchen, and it was good to see her joy when the children were fed.

"If only little Katinka could be here!" she murmured, and then said some words which I could not understand.

"It was the Little Father who brought us this good luck. God heard his prayers for the Russian people."

"Whom do you call the Little Father?" I asked, and it was then, from this girl, and from Sacha, who spoke good English, that I heard the story I have now written. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, utterly fantastic. Not for a moment do I believe that it was the Czar of all the Russias who came to Lubimovka as a wandering beggar. Doubtless it was some Russian gentleman of the old régime, perhaps with some distant touch of kinship with the Czar, which would account for his likeness.

But neither Sacha nor Sonia, nor any of the people of Lubimovka, will listen to any theory of that kind. It was the Czar himself, they say, and perhaps a hundred years hence this legend will still be believed in the Volga valley, where already the jeweled star is kept as a relic and a proof of what is unbelievable.

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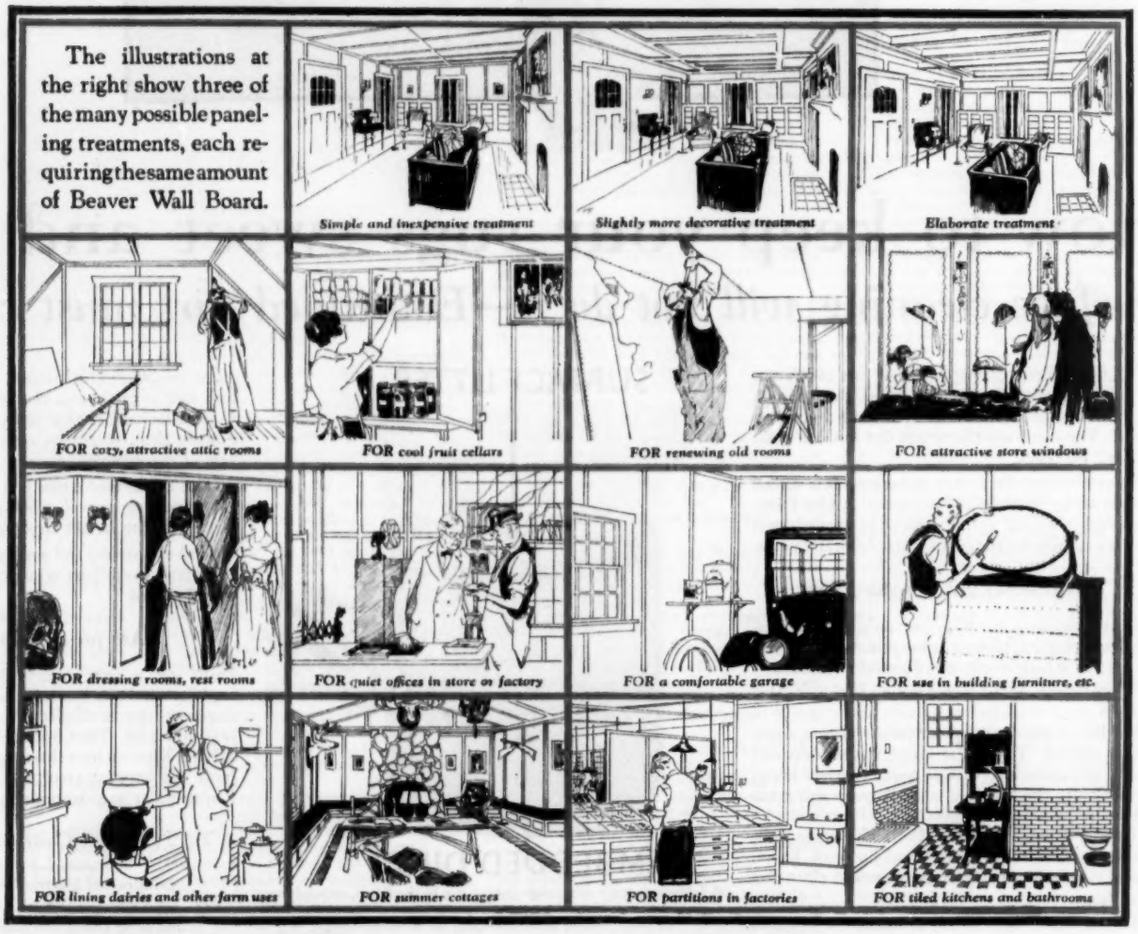
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Genuine Beaver Wall Board is filled with millions of microscopic "dead-air" pockets that give added insulation against heat, cold and sound.

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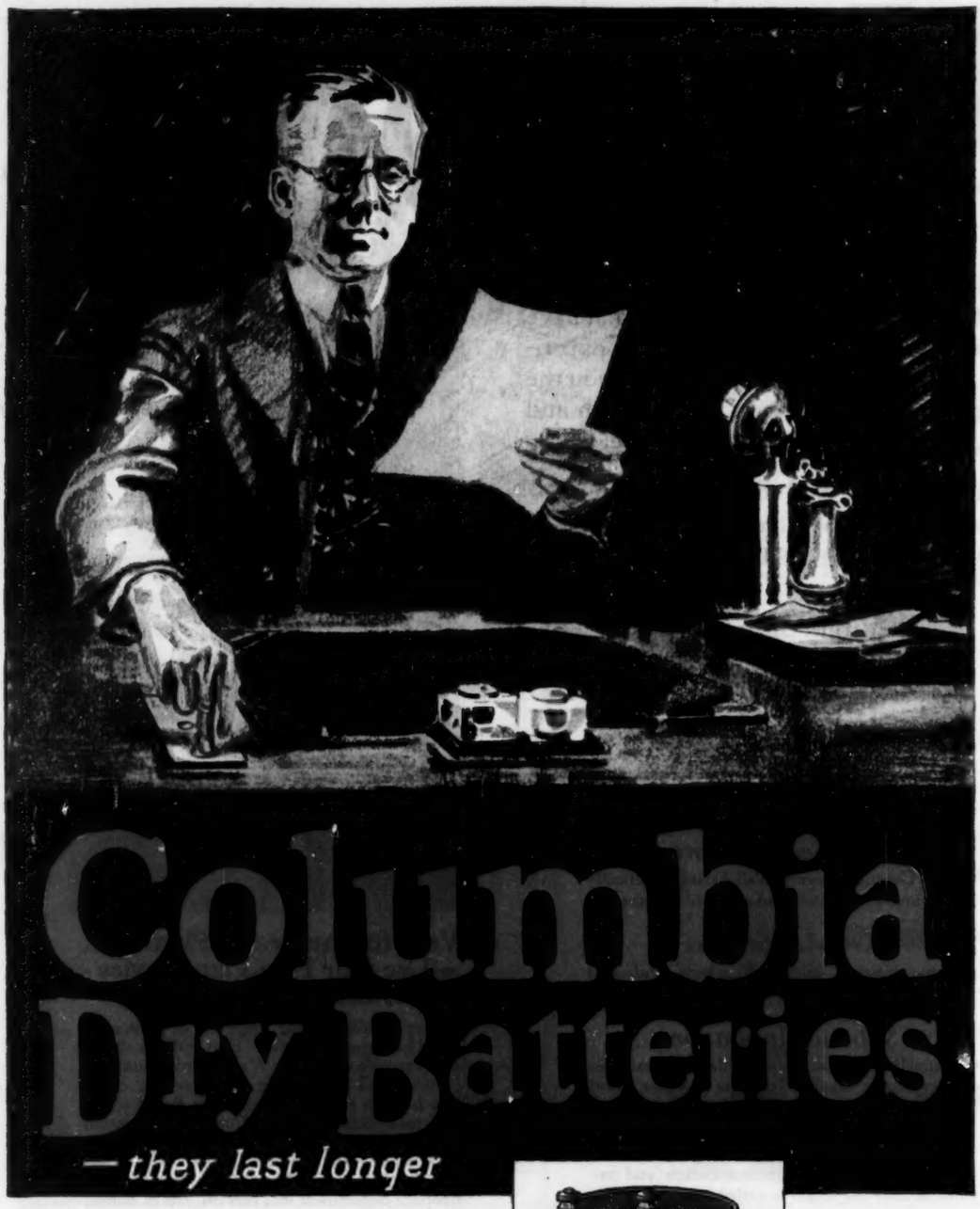
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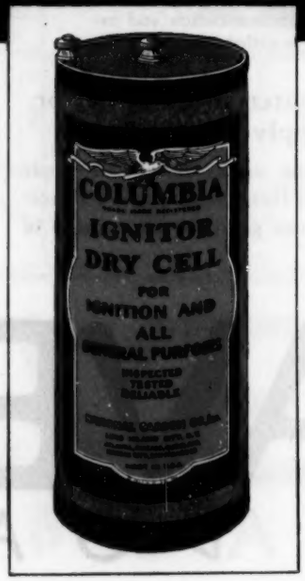
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SIXTY DAYS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Time never drags on our cruises," he read, "as the social life is enjoyable and informal to an extraordinary degree. There is a constant round of attractive features—namely, lectures, dances, concerts, progressive auction bridge with prizes, gymkhana games on deck ——"

"Oh, boy!" thought Bart, breathing deeply.

"Our cruise will be in Cairo and the Riviera at the very height of the season ——"

"The Riviera!" he breathed again.

"It is the dream of a lifetime to spend sixty golden days on a cruise to and in Mediterranean lands, so replete with the treasures of legend and mythology, of history and the life of great nations, amid the choicest creations of art and architecture, seeing radiant Nature in her rarest moods and reveling in the mystic witchery and the kaleidoscopic scenes of the magic Mediterranean."

"Some dream, all right," he thought.

Yes, sir, by that time, although he didn't know it, he had the fever. It hadn't broken out violently yet, but the germ was in his system.

"One of the features of the ship," he read, "is a ballroom of unusual size and beauty. Dancing on the open deck may also be enjoyed upon occasion."

"M'm," he thought. "I ought to learn to dance. That's the place to meet them, all right."

Which sounds confused, but you probably know what was on his mind.

Circumstances continued to conspire against him. The next week Arthur Simmons went to Philadelphia, and the nights hung heavily over Bart's lonely head. What more natural, then, than that he should begin to take dancing lessons at Professor Levey's Dancing Academy, ten lessons for five dollars and results absolutely guaranteed?

"Of course, I may not go, after all," he told himself; "but it isn't going to hurt me any to know how to dance."

He happened to drop in at the academy at a slack hour, and the professor himself took hold of him.

"Now, look here," said Bart, "I want to learn right—the way nice people dance, you understand. I don't want any of those steps that are talked about in the papers, if you know what I mean."

"You think I would teach it that monkey business here?" said the professor earnestly. "Oi-oi! I wouldn't allow the rough stuff to be used here at all! I only teach my pupils how to dance and act refined."

So he learned to dance and act refined, and after the professor had taught him the rudiments he was turned over to a bobbed-hair instructress for the finishing touches, and she touched another ten lessons out of him, and sighed a bit at the end of each dance and tried to vamp him. But Bart didn't bite on that. No late hours, no jazz parties for him. What had he to sell? Appearance, personality; and it was up to him to keep the show case clean and the tarnish off the goods.

With such things on his mind, his work at Morgan & Strong's didn't exactly improve. In the past Arthur Simmons had helped him more than he knew to keep his sales totals up to a passable standard; but with Art in Philadelphia—and the Mosque of Omar and street scenes in Cairo and such things almost constantly in his thoughts——

One day old Cressley called him upstairs and gave him a wigging. Bart listened respectfully enough, even when the wise and wizened old sales manager said "You seem to be losing whatever little gimp you ever had," but as soon as Bart left the office his lip curled and, metaphorically speaking, he snapped his thumb and finger under old Cressley's nose—a symbolic gesture by which youth expressed its inward feelings to its masters and all others in authority. In short, he only needed one slight additional push to start him on his great adventure; and that night, when he reached home, he found a letter from the steamship company awaiting him. The cruise membership was nearly filled. There were one or two desirable single staterooms still available and only the promptest action would save him.

"Well, what are you going to do?" he asked himself.

He looked at the booklet on his dresser—the girl on the cover waving her hand in wistful expectation—he looked at the secondhand Baedekers and guidebooks which he had bought—and although he had that feeling which sometimes comes to a swimmer on the end of the springboard, he knew right well that he was going to make the dive.

"I'll mail my deposit in the morning," he told himself at last, and wasn't far from shivering a little as he felt the springboard teetering. And looking again at the girl on the cover he more thoughtfully added, "Oh, there's sure to be plenty of nice girls on a cruise like that. I'm sure I'm getting started right at last."

IV

APPARENT miracles occasionally do happen. Rail splitters and canal boys grow up to be Presidents; the poorest of boys become the richest of men; and unknown horses win the Derby with hardly a soul who has made a bet upon them. And so in course of time Bart Crossland found himself on the deck of the Princess of Asia, with the sky line of New York melting away behind him and the Atlantic widening ahead.

And was he nervous? He was not. Or did he look out of place there? As a matter of fact, there was hardly a man on board who fitted into the picture one half so well. Tall, handsome, dressed in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket of a soothing brown check, and whimsically smiling at his own thoughts as he stood with his back to the rail and watched the scene around him, he might have been an understudy for a young modern Ulysses on his first voyage, looking either for Circe or a siren, and scorning to have himself tied to the mast.

"Not so many girls as I expected," he thought once, "but perhaps they're down in their staterooms, getting their trunks open. Nearly four o'clock. I guess I'd better get ready myself."

"Unattached young ladies and gentlemen will please meet the chaperon and her assistants in the Palm Court this afternoon at four o'clock."

This had been the printed notice on the bulletin board; and crossing the deck between two groups of determined promenaders, Bart made his way to the staircase and went to his own room. It was a compact little cabin on an alley which gave access to four doors, two on each side. The inner rooms were small, but the outer ones were suites of a noble size, and the one on the right hand, Number 17, was evidently occupied by someone of importance, for a bell boy with a wireless message had just rapped on the door; and when it opened, Bart caught a momentary glimpse of the end of a sofa which was fairly covered with flowers and baskets of fruit.

"Money there, all right," he thought as he closed his own door.

It had been his first idea to change to a blue suit—a new serge which he had bought for the cruise—but upon reflection he decided to go as he was. There was something informal in the knickerbockers—a spirit of youth and leisure—which seemed to fit the occasion better than anything of more somber color and cut.

"And anyhow, there's hardly time," he thought, carefully brushing his hair into a careless wave. "If I get there late, the girls may all be taken."

He needn't have worried. When he reached the Palm Court a few minutes later there were about a dozen girls of various sizes and ages, but only one man—a roguish-looking gentleman with a toupee who immediately hailed Bart as "Brother" and bade him "Come right in."

Bart entered with a distinct falling of the heart, and silently looked around him. Yes, they were all there—the ladies who travel alone and need a chaperon to introduce them to the gentlemen. Breaking out in a gentle perspiration, he took a seat next to a woman of middle age who had a large nose and spectacles that magnified her eyes into startling proportions.

"You traveling alone?" she demanded.

"Ye-es," said Bart reluctantly.

"So am I!" she declared with an air of triumph, as though to say, "Isn't this lucky that we've found each other so soon?"

Instinctively Bart looked at the other side of him, and found himself gazing into the eyes of a capable-looking woman with henna hair.

"Scared?" she said, smiling.

"Slightly nervous," he confessed.

"That's all right," she said, patting his shoulder. "Mamma'll take care of you." Lowering her voice to the whisper of confidences, she continued, "You know, they call me Mount Vesuvius back home—because of this red top of mine—but I want to tell you that they all get out of mamma's way when she begins to throw up steam!"

"Good night! Good night!" despaired Bart with a rising and falling inflection when he had made his escape after being introduced to them all; and slightly paraphrasing the poet, you could almost imagine him saying, "Is this what I must die for? Is this what thousands sigh for?" But when he went down to dinner, still somewhat shaken, it wasn't long before he was feeling better. Youth and beauty, he found, were bound for warm waters, as well as age and experience.

"Probably aren't traveling alone," thought Bart with a sigh of relief. And then he made a shrewder guess. "Probably wouldn't need a chaperon to introduce them, even if they were," he told himself.

There was a girl at the next table, for instance, evidently with her grandmother, who smiled at him the second time their eyes met—and, indeed, you wouldn't have blamed her if you could have seen how well he looked in his Tuxedo, by far the handsomest and most engaging young man in the room. She was dressed in white satin, with a bandeau of pearls around her hair; and although she was made up in rather exotic fashion with lip stick and violet-tinted powder, Bart had seen too many nice girls like that to feel alarmed.

"Real pearls too," he thought, "or I miss my guess. And the old lady's got a couple of rings that must have set somebody back ten thousand dollars, easy. Square cut diamonds; you don't see many as big as those. I wonder what their name is."

He didn't have to wonder long. It happened that they left the dining room together, and at the doorway he paused and bowed for them to go first. Grandma simply inclined her head as she passed, but granddaughter smiled again and said, "Thank you."

"Isn't the sea smooth?" she added over her shoulder.

Bart made one of those original remarks: "Like glass," he said.

"There ought to be a good dance tonight," she said. "I see it's on the program. Are you going?"

"I expect to."

"All right, I'll look for you."

He learned her name during their first dance—Alice Seegrist.

"Perhaps you know dad," she carelessly added—"Willis Seegrist. He's in the copper business."

"I don't know him," said Bart, almost trembling at the success of his plan; "but of course I've heard of him."

He had something else to think about then, and that was the way in which his partner was dancing.

"Must be fashionable, I guess," he thought; "but Professor Levey wouldn't stand for it."

Later they went out on deck. It was too cold to stroll, so she slipped her hand beneath his arm and they went a romping good walk, she urging him forward all the time until they were almost running.

"My, you're strong!" she said at last, coming to a sudden stop. "I'm out of breath. Hold me or I'll fall."

Which was largely hyperbole, of course; but before they parted for the night they were quite good friends.

"Oh, bother that!" she told him when he said "Good night, Miss Seegrist." "Call me Alice," she continued. "Sounds more friendly and a lot more human—don't you think so?"

Again a thrill went over Bart at the success of his plan.

"I'm starting right, all right," thought he.

V

IT WORKED, indeed, better than he had hoped. The next morning, when he sought the steamer chair which the deck steward had assigned him, he found that he was next to a stately girl who was reading a French book. At Bart's appearance she looked up very bored, but she didn't keep it up long. The wind blew her rug open

(Continued on Page 97)



The majority

of motorists prefer to buy their gasoline from the Fry Visible Pump.

—first, because of its accuracy feature

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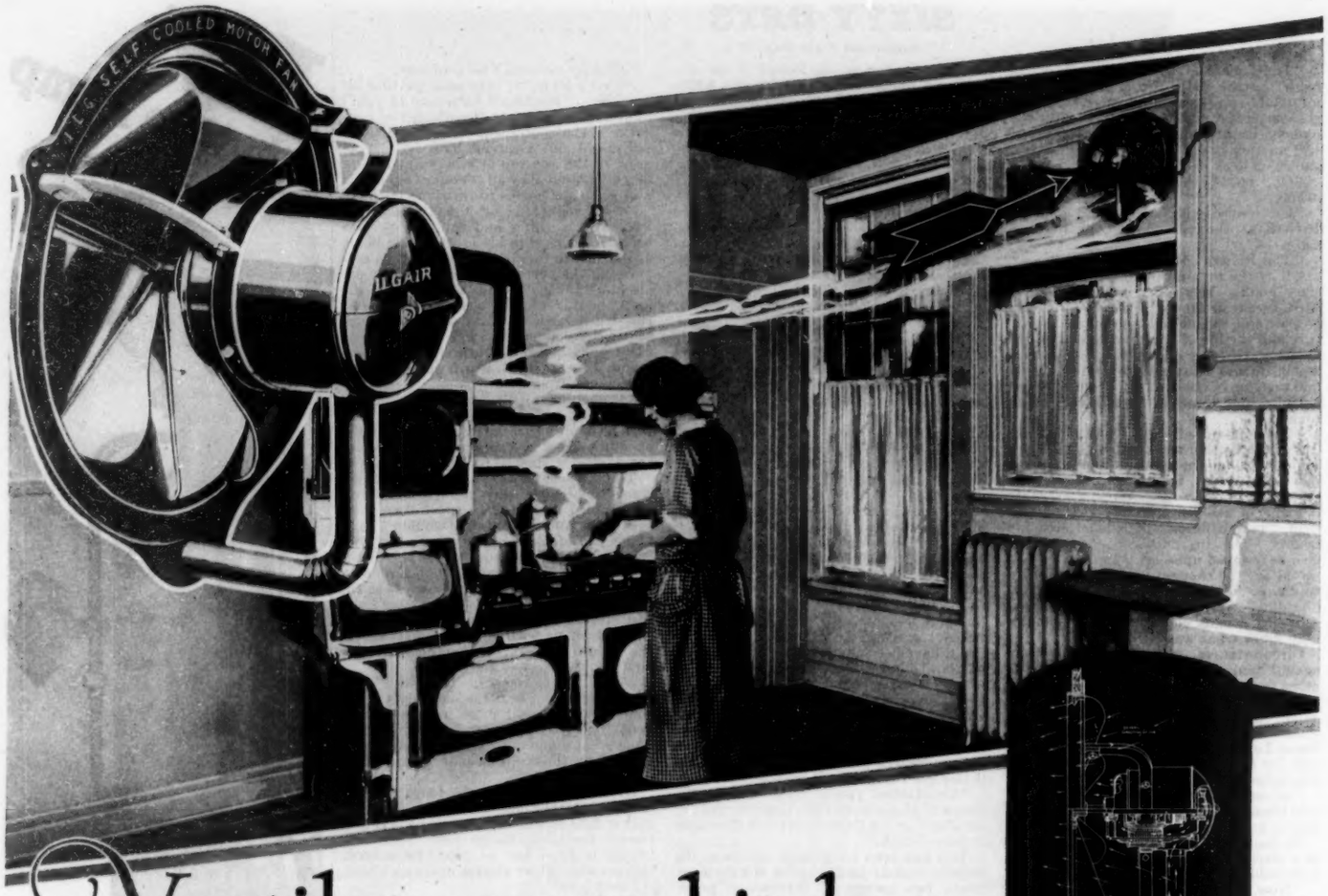
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With an ILGAIR in your kitchen you can cook corned beef and cabbage, fish, fried cakes or onions —anything you like without the slightest suggestion of cookery passing the kitchen door. Your guests won't even suspect there's a dinner on the stove. And you will never have to worry about the evils of grease, smoke, smudge or steam.

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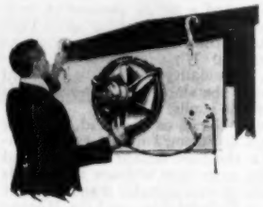
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(Continued from Page 95)

and a corner of it nearly flipped Bart's cap off. She pulled it back and it did it again.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but my rug seems determined to make your acquaintance. One might even think you had met before."

Bart recognized the accent, with the cool self-possession behind it. Morgan & Strong's didn't get much of that trade; most of it went to the famous Fifth Avenue houses; but more than once he had waited upon distinguished daughters of New York's Social Register, and nearly always they had spoken that way. So now, with just the least note of respect in his voice, he laughed at her joke.

"I think that's wonderful," she said, turning her face toward him and burrowing her ear in the fur collar of her coat.

"What is?"

"To laugh. I didn't know it was done any more."

Now Bart and Arthur Simmons, as you may remember, had been patrons of vaudeville, and as such they had accumulated a variety of lines which they sometimes used to point a moral or adorn a tale. One of these now arose to Bartholomew's memory.

"My!" said he. "You're awfully blazzy, aren't you?"

"Thank you," she said with a grateful look, and returned to her book.

He wondered if he had offended her—if he had made one of those unpardonable breaks which the etiquette advertisements speak about—and his ears began to warm. As a matter of fact, though, she acted that way partly to see what he would do and partly because she liked to make effects like those. But Bart sat tight, gazing out to sea as though he were alone on the ship and quite well satisfied with his own company; so when she came to the end of the chapter she closed the book and turned her face to him again.

"You aren't bored?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said, answering better than he knew.

"You make me feel fearfully old," she told him.

He noticed then for the first time the delicate ivory of her complexion, unrelieved by color except at her mouth and her eyes. Her lips had been touched by carmine, and her eyes were large and dark and sad, as though at times they looked back over a past which had had more than its share of the tragic in it.

"Perhaps her fellow died or something," he thought, and gave her a glance in which sympathy and shyness were mixed beyond the noblest power of art.

"Tell me," she said, her ear burrowed again in the fur collar of her coat, "why did you come?"

"Why did any of us come?" he quickly countered.

"I wonder!" she said.

"Why did you come, for instance?"

"I wonder!" she said again, in a voice so low that he hardly heard her. She shut her eyes then for as long as it might take you to count five, and he noticed the sweep of her lashes against her cheek.

"Yes, sir, I'll bet her fellow died or something," he told himself, and pity moved within him.

She began to chat then, fashionable chatter, beautifully done, in which the names of the mighty flashed carelessly by. The last time she was in Egypt, with her married sister, they were the guests of the khedive's wife and had dinner in the harem. In India they had stayed at the viceregal lodge, and she was one of the few living girls who had hunted tigers on an elephant—not boastfully told, but casually, as though it were really of no importance. Indeed, the whole proceeding had rather bored her. In Shanghai she had been lost for two days, and almost gave the impression that she was sorry that she had ever been found. In England she was going to stay at Wethington Castle.

"They say there's a haunted chamber there," she said, closing her eyes again, "and it's the ambition of my life to sleep in it and see what happens."

"I wonder if she's pulling my leg," he asked himself.

But just then the captain came along—one of those fine old Scotchmen with rosy faces and salty eyebrows, magnificent in his gold braid and blue broadcloth.

"God bless my life!" he said, stepping in front of her chair. "Miss Storer!"

"Please don't tell how many times I've crossed with you," she languidly pleaded, after their greetings were over.

"Since you were a foot high," he laughed, "and only seems like yesterday. And your sister, Lady Wethington—she keeps well, I hope?"

It was the "Lady Wethington" that did it. Bart could still remember the wedding of the beautiful Geraldine Storer to Viscount Wethington in St. Thomas' Church.

"Good Lord!" he thought, a feeling like awe coming over him. "One of the Storer girls! And here I've been talking to her for the last half hour as though I'd known her all my life!"

Not only that, but he talked to her nearly all the afternoon too. It may be that it was his enthusiasm for the trip which interested her—that and the things which the fairies had wished upon him in his cradle. She, who had seen so much that now she longed for an experience with a ghost, was nearly thrilled out; but possibly she thought she could get another one out of the young man by her side.

That night it was rough and Miss Storer wasn't at dinner. But Alice Seegrist was, and pulled a face at Bart when they left the dining room together.

"I thought you were glued fast to that Storer girl," she said. "How did you break away?"

There was a tinge of envy as well as jealousy in her voice, and instinctively he knew that his great adventure had taken a very good turn.

"Never mind," he said. "We can have the evening together, if you like."

"I don't know," she retorted, her lips quite tight as she talked, her chin screwed up. "I've a good mind to punish you and make you dance with someone else."

But she didn't; and what's more, he knew she wouldn't. They danced until the rolling of the ship became so bad that it suddenly piled the orchestra into a corner of their coop, and then he helped her as well as he could to her stateroom.

The companionway in front of her door was deserted, and a lurch of the ship threw her backward into his arms. She looked up at him, expectant, but he didn't fall.

"Hurt you?" he asked.

"No!" she snapped. "Good night!"

"Funny," he said as the door banged behind her; but finding himself suddenly thrown against the opposite partition, he added, "Funnier yet if the ship went over. Guess I'd better see if my trunk's all right."

He had reached his alleyway when the door of Number 17 flew open—the room of the flowers and the wireless—and a frightened-looking girl ran out.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she gasped when she caught sight of him. "Will you come and help me, please?"

He followed her into the stateroom and found an old lady, apparently dazed, lying half in and half out of her berth—cast, grim and terrible—her head in a corner, her neck bent, her white-stockinged legs helplessly swinging over the edge of the bed as the ship rolled.

"I tried to lift her up," whispered the girl, "but I couldn't. Do you think she's dead?"

No; she wasn't dead. He lifted her up and straightened her out, and almost automatically she opened her eyes and started on the girl.

"You did it on purpose, you careless little fool!" she began. "And you wouldn't have cared if I had broken my neck! Don't you answer back to me! Don't you dare to ——"

It was evident, even to Bart's unpracticed eye, that the old lady was wound up, and he was glad when the girl first gave him an appealing glance and then quickly glanced toward the door.

It was a long time before he went to sleep that night, what with the rolling of the ship and the events of the day. And yet, strangely enough, his last conscious reflection wasn't of Miss Storer, nor yet of Alice Seegrist, but of a frightened girl, with her hair half down, giving him an appealing look which seemed to say "Please go."

"No, sir," he thought, drowsy, nearly nodding off, "I wouldn't want to be that girl across the aisle."

VI

HE DIDN'T see her again until they had reached Madeira. Bart had had a busy day; but, queer to say, it had left him empty. He had been in a group with both the girls, had gone up the railway with them to the top of the mountain, lunched with them among the clouds, slid down to sea level again in a wicker toboggan over a marvelous cobbled road; but



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You can buy ScotTissue Towels, 150 in a dust-proof carton for 40c (in Canada and parts of the Rocky Mountain zone 50c)—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

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through it all Alice Seegrist had been sulky because of Vera Storer; and Miss Storer, who had been there twice before, was frankly bored to death.

So Bart's stories and legends, carefully learned from the Baedekers and guide-books, had fallen flat; and as they returned to the pier he wasn't sorry to find himself separated from the two girls. They were among the last ones in a small tender which shuttled between the steamer and the dock; and when he saw them on their way back to the ship, ostentatiously taking no notice of each other, he drew a deep breath of relief, and it was then, turning around, that he saw the girl from Number 17.

"Hello," he said, seeing that she was looking at him.

"Hello," she shyly answered.

"Waiting for the tender?"

"No; I've only just come off the ship. Mrs. Scrymser hasn't been feeling very well today, but she wanted me to come and buy some needlework for her."

He guessed that Mrs. Scrymser was the old lady in Number 17.

"I wonder where would be the best place to get it. Do you know?" she asked.

He looked at his watch. There was still four hours before the boat sailed.

On the side of the pier was a line of waiting cars and another of bullock-drawn sleds.

"You come with me," he said. "The sleds would probably be more fun, but we'll get around faster in a car."

They hadn't gone far when her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were warm with color.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "There's a man with tablecloths!"

"Yes, that's all right," he said; "but I'm going to take you where they're made—in one of those little cottages way up the mountain."

"M'm!" she said. "Won't that be nice!" Just like that.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed a moment later, her hand excitedly laid upon his arm. "Look at those flowers—and back home there's nothing but ice and snow. O-o-o-h! Look!"

They went past incredible masses of bougainvillea and flame flowers, cottages covered with roses, terraces of laurels and rhododendrons, fields of sugar cane, hedges of cactus, lines of palm trees. At the corners of the road, magnificent vistas of land and sea turned in stately panorama for a few breathless moments, and then they were facing the cloud-topped beauty of Santa Lucca again, their car steadily rising as it tacked, right and left, up the slope.

"You wouldn't think there were such beautiful places in the world!" she whispered once.

He began telling her some of his carefully stored knowledge. His stories went big, and the girl listened with eyes rounded like a child's.

"Oh, I think that's great!" she told him once; and another time, looking at the camera slung over his shoulder, she eagerly asked, "Did you take many pictures?"

"Not yet," he said. "But when we get out, I'll take some—and I'll take you, too, if you like."

"I'd love it!" said she.

They stopped at last at a cottage where a woman was sewing outside; and with the help of the chauffeur they bargained for a tablecloth and a dozen napkins. The cloth was seventeen dollars; the napkins, four dollars for the dozen.

"They'd cost that much each in New York," the girl whispered to him, the rapture of the bargain still upon her.

"I'll take your picture now, if you like," he said.

He took her in the doorway of the cottage, then under an arbor of bougainvillea; and in both places, if you had been there, you might have thought that she seemed to be a proper part of the picture.

"Now I'll write your name and date on the back," he said, poising his stylus.

"Mary Summerton," she told him. "M'm—I hope they'll be good."

On their way back they stopped to take the picture of an old woman washing clothes in a brook; and Mary gave her a ten-cent piece, which almost moved its recipient to prayer.

"I'm like that girl of Barrie's," said Mary, climbing back in the car. "I always like to give people something when I'm happy; don't you?"

"I'll give something to the next one," he told her.

They laughed at that, but when they drew nearer to the dock she grew more thoughtful.

"I wish I'd got a receipt for those things," she said.

"Why?"



"I Tried to Lift Her Up," Whispered the Girl, "But I Couldn't. Do You Think She's Dead?"

"Oh, I don't know. But don't you know how some people are awfully suspicious?"

He guessed again that this was the old lady—the Old Doo-Daw, as he was beginning to call her in his mind.

"Who is she?" he asked. "Your aunt or something?"

"N-no," Mary hesitated. "I—I'm just traveling with her."

"Sounds like some sort of a maid," he thought.

"Dresses like one too," he added, noticing for the first time the simple cut of her dress, the absence of adornments.

"M'm—I've had a happy day," she said when they reached the pier.

He smiled at her and she gave him one of those long looks with which girls can express so many things, and he knew that she was thanking him from way down deep.

Late that night, when the lights of Madeira had twinkled out in the distance and the Princess of Asia was riding the waves again, Bart was about to turn into his stateroom when he heard the Old Doo-Daw raising Cain in Number 17—strident, grim and terrible—and a flash of anger made his mouth bitter. It was an unusual sensation for him; and not knowing what else to do with it, he turned it against himself.

"You darned fool, that isn't what you came for," he said as he opened his own door; and nearly an hour later, "Forget it!" he fiercely told himself. "And go to sleep!"

VII

THAT, however, was only a passing mood. With every day that became a yesterday, Bart found himself taking a keener delight in the things around him—the clean sea, the clear winds, new sights and scenes, new peoples and customs and ways.

"It must be nice to be rich," he told himself once. "It must be nice to travel and see things."

From that it was only a step to comparing his present surroundings to those of the poor clerks in New York who toiled on a daily treadmill—to the drab routine which had been his own for so many years.

"If I thought I was in for a life like that," he told himself with a touch of passion, "I believe I'd drown myself!"

But that didn't worry him much. With every day that became a yesterday he knew that Alice Seegrist thought of him more—thought of him so much, indeed, that at times when they were alone he had to hold her back, fairly embarrassed by her. For that matter, as he sometimes uneasily noticed, she couldn't leave any of the men alone. She danced with others, even with Old Toupee, as she danced with him, in the way that Professor Levey wouldn't have stood for. Once he had seen the deck steward almost caress her as he wrapped her rug around her. He tried to find excuses for her.

"She wants to make me jealous," he told himself once; but, that not ringing true, he made another of his shrewd guesses—those guesses which only come to the very wise and the very simple. "Perhaps she wants too much," he thought; "wants more than is; and being rich, she means to get it."

At times he thought he liked Miss Storer the better—the magnificence of her poise, her clothes, in which she had the knack of looking like every Portrait of a Lady which he had ever seen at the Metropolitan Museum. It may be that he had thought of this because she told him that one of her cousins had married an artist—a man with nothing, whose pictures were even poor.

"I adore her for it," Miss Storer had said. "She has more than enough for both of them—and he is so deliciously amenable, poor dear! Really, they worship each other. Frightfully boring to others, of course." She had yawned a little as she said it—quite thrilled out; and yet if you could have watched them together it might have occurred to you that she was mildly, almost benevolently curious to see if Bart could presently move her. At least he often found himself thinking of her.

"I wonder where she is now," he asked himself one afternoon as he stood in the bow of the ship, watching the enlarging sky line of Cadiz. "Probably having her hair dressed." He tried to imagine some of them without their make-ups. "They wouldn't look any too gay," he wisely nodded.

He was still looking out over the bow when the cruise director came and stood beside him—a grizzled old philosopher who had long since learned those places on a ship where ladies cease from troubling and directors are at rest.

"A wonderful city," he said to Bart. "Poor but proud, beautiful but shabby—the glory that was Spain."

Bart liked that, and they talked together in friendly fashion—the young man and the old—until a swing of the ship brought them into view of the distant crowds waiting on the quay to see them land.

"Just think of it," said the director. "These same people saw the Carthaginians come and go, saw the Romans come and go, saw the Moors come and go, saw the arrival of the treasure ships from the fabulous New World."

Bart thought he had him there. "Well, yes," he said; "but hardly the same people, you know. These things happened a good many years ago."

For a moment the old man's hand rested on the young one's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "if there's one true word that was ever spoken about the mystery of life, it's this—that we live again in our children."

He went away with that—back to the ladies with their everlasting troubles—and left Bart dreaming.

"Children!" he thought. "I wonder what sort of children Alice Seegrist would have, or Miss Storer."

He tried to vision them and didn't think much of what he saw.

"Or else they'd have none," he reflected.

Then one of those queer thoughts came to him.

"If we live again in our children," he asked himself, "what happens when we have none?"

He looked at the sea, and he looked at the clouds, and he looked at the picturesque figures on the docks; but none of them answered him.

"A funny business," he concluded at last; and, with a gesture of uncertainty, he followed the common destiny of mankind—he, too, went back to the ladies.

VIII

THAT night there was a lecture in the dining room on Granada and the Alhambra—a rather short and dry affair, as it happened—and on his way upstairs Bart found himself by the side of Mary Summerton.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I told Mrs. Scrymser I'd be back at ten."

"Half an hour yet. What do you say if we go outside?"

"All right," she said. "Anywhere you say."

He took her up front—quite an adventure in itself at night, requiring going down a stairway and along the steerage deck and

(Continued on Page 103)

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



REVERIE

The mellow glow of the Humphrey Radiantfire invites relaxation and reverie. It is the best of companions on a quiet evening when the lights are turned low. For in that living mass of fire there is the stuff of dreams—the tender memories that come and go like shadow creatures on a screen.

The Radiantfire burns natural or artificial gas without a suggestion of odor. It is available in a complete line of period models and portables. It will save several tons of coal each year and provide the cleanest, healthiest form of heat at a minute's notice. Why not see the line today?

The Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your gas company or dealer. Please ask for it by name. There are many gas heating devices but only one genuine Humphrey product. You, of course, are not interested in imitations

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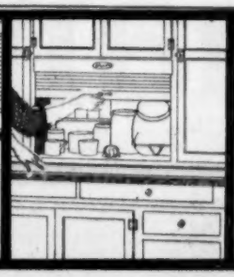
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"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

BREAKFAST The SELLERS Way



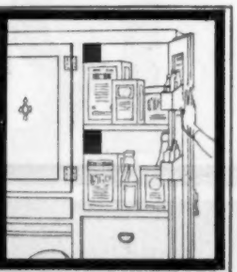
A study in time-saving, showing how the Sellers, with its many conveniences, helps even in the simple, brief task of preparing breakfast.



When you are in a hurry, plenty of working room is all-important. So the Sellers has a convenient Extension Table Top that slides forward to give you additional space.



Coffee? Right at your fingers' ends, behind the Roll Curtain Front, which slides up to avoid disturbing anything on the table. Sugar, salt, baking powder are in the same compartment.



Will you have oatmeal? When you open the lower door to get the double boiler, the Automatic Base Shelf Extender brings the lower shelf forward within easy reach without stooping.



Perhaps you prefer one of the uncooked cereals. You find them no farther away than behind the cupboard doors, where on roomy shelves go all your package foods.



What shall it be this morning—pancakes, waffles, muffins? Again the Base Shelf Extender comes into use, to save you stooping and reaching under the extended table top.



Flour is in the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. (It pulls down level with the table top for filling and returns into place again at a light touch.)



If you want just a little flour, your cup slips directly under the sieve of the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. To give room to fill a large bowl, the bin pulls forward.



Mixing spoon, egg beater or cake turner are easily reached. The extending Table Drawer Section brings cutlery drawers forward with table top. The Dust-Proof Base Top protects lower shelves.



Toast, of course, saves time. So does the convenient aluminized metal-lined Bread Drawer, which is right at your fingers' ends. The Ant Proof Casters protect the whole cabinet from ants.



Grapefruit or orange juice? The knife is easily obtained, thanks again to the Extending Table Drawer Section. Acid fruit juice, as you know, will not discolor the beautiful Porceliron Table Top.



Ham or bacon? While they are crisping or the eggs frying, the table can be quickly set. All the breakfast dishes are on the cupboard shelves of the Sellers—the most convenient place imaginable.



In countless ways, time and steps are saved. Even the breakfast silver is in a Plush-Lined Silverware Drawer just above the Roll Curtain. Priceless moments are saved by such helpful features.



With the many time-saving conveniences the Sellers offers, breakfast is no trouble at all. So it is with every kitchen task. All are made simpler, quicker and easier by the Sellers.



Go to your dealer's. He will gladly show you the beautiful Sellers, with its countless conveniences and untold helpfulness. Or write us for booklet and the nearest dealer's name.

SELL KITCHEN

THE BEST SERVANT IN YOUR HOUSE

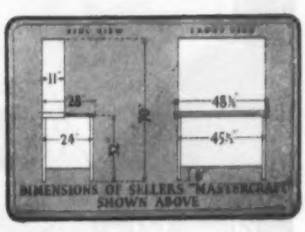


If you are building or remodeling, have your architect include a Sellers in your kitchen plan. It costs only about half as much as a built-in cabinet, and offers conveniences that no built-in cabinet can ever have. Write for our booklet, "Your Kitchen as It Should Be," *showing six Modern Efficiency Kitchens by the well-known Chicago architects, Schmidt, Garden & Martin*

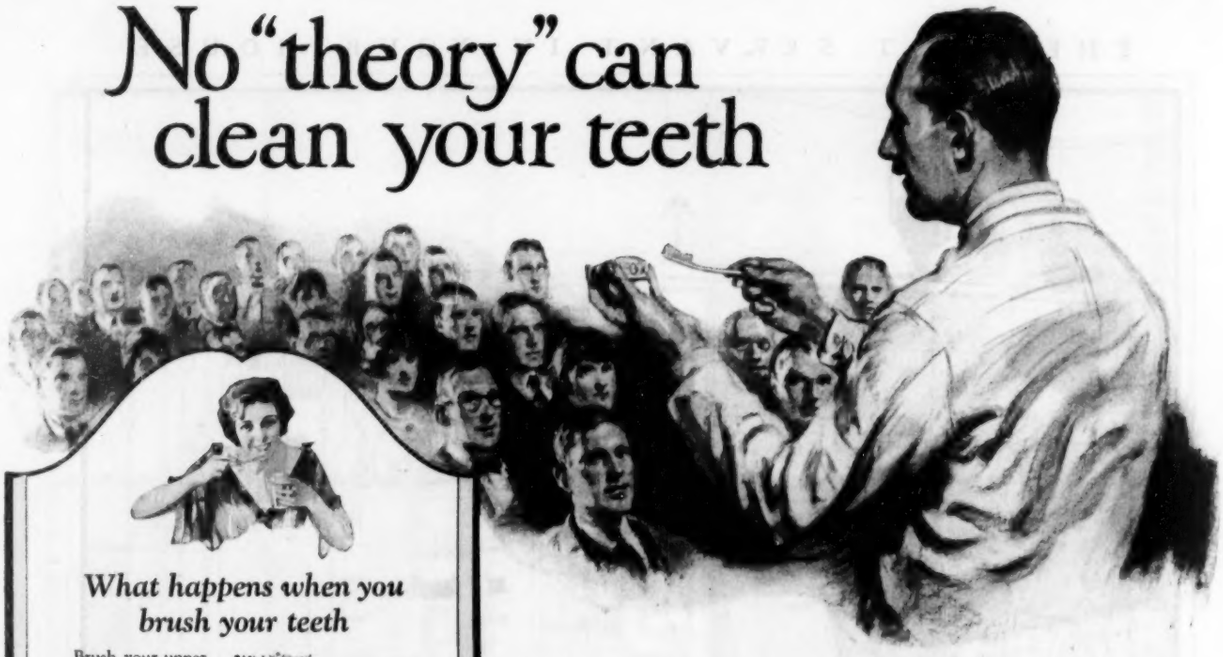
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E R S

CABINETS

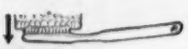


No "theory" can clean your teeth

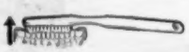


What happens when you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward.



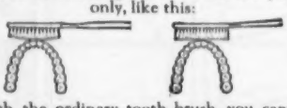
Brush your lower teeth upward.



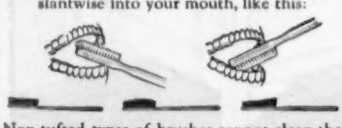
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this:



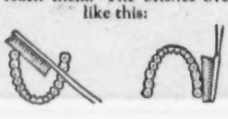
Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:



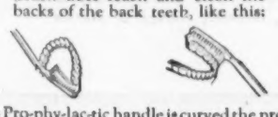
With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:



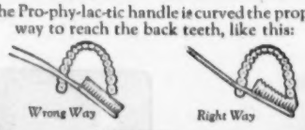
Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:



The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:



Wrong Way Right Way

AFTER all, there is no substitute for common sense.

When a good housekeeper scrubs in corners, cracks of floors, or sharp angles like raised door sills, she up-ends her scrubbing brush and scrubs with the comparatively narrow point. Otherwise she can't get into these narrow cracks and angles. In the same spirit of common sense you know you can't get into crevices between your teeth or the corners behind your back teeth, with a flat brush. That's why you have a large end tuft, like a separate brush, on your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. This large end tuft is merely the common-sense way of getting into places that are hard to get at.

The worst way you can clean your teeth is to use the mesio-distal stroke, which is merely a hard way of saying the cross-wise stroke. Ordinary brushes will do this worst stroke easily. The common-sense shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush makes it almost impossible to brush your teeth the worst way with it. The best way to clean your teeth is the Pro-phy-lac-tic way. It is almost impossible to clean your teeth in any way but the correct way when you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, if you will merely remember to brush away from your gums.

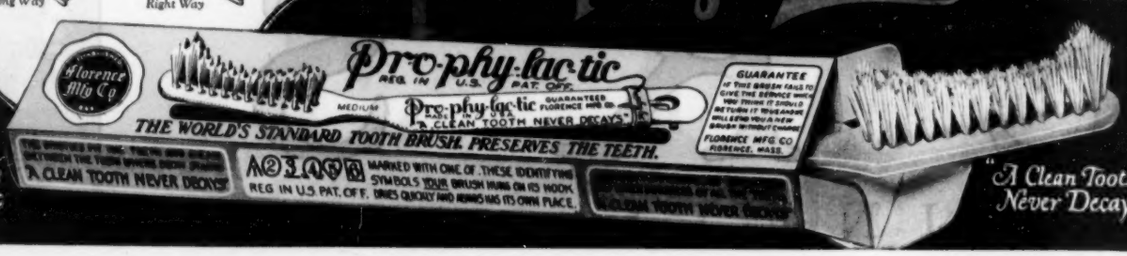
You can do any stunts or tricks with the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush that you can with any other brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets your teeth really clean, in the correct way. Remember, a clean tooth never decays. Be sure the name Pro-phy-lac-tic is on the handle of your tooth brush.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.*

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



Always Sold in the Yellow Box

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

(Continued from Page 98)

up another stairway, then around an octopus of hoisting engines, past the capstan and so into the bow. From where they stood the rest of the ship seemed remote, the captain's bridge far away, the music of the orchestra sounding as from a distance. But they didn't bother with the ship, turning their backs upon it and looking out over the deep. There was a clean breeze blowing, and an armada of woolly clouds sailing past the lighthouse of the moon. They stood thus in silence for a time and drank it in.

"Does it get you?" he gently asked at last, turning and catching her rapt expression.

"Yes," she said in a breathless undertone.

"I thought it would."

"If you could only take a picture of this!" she said.

"There are some things," he told her, not knowing that he spoke oracularly, "which only the eye can see."

Perhaps the exaltation in her glance was one of those things.

"She—she knows," he told himself, and whether or not you know what he meant, it seemed to satisfy him. They talked then for a time—or at least he talked and she listened—about the Moors, and Isabella and the treasure ships that braved the Spanish Main.

"And all right here," she whispered, as though afraid of waking slumbering shades.

By that time he was looking at her more than he was looking at the sea; and every so often the moon came out from between two clouds, and then he didn't look at the sea at all. As she stood there, erect against the breeze, her hair blowing, her lips parted, her features brave and eager against the background of night, Bart sensed something heroic in her—as though she, too, had been one of those who had cheered the adventurers off—as though she, too, had been one of those who had welcomed the conquerors home.

Her next remark was a curiosity.

"You know," she said, "I never get tired of looking at those pictures you took. I wish I had a camera."

"Why don't you get one?" he asked. "They sell them at the bookstall."

She answered him with silence, as though she hadn't heard him; and drawing from his own ripe experiences along those lines, he wondered if she said nothing because she couldn't afford one.

"Probably never had much," he thought, "and spent what little she had on clothes."

He started this reflection with a shade of condescension, but toward the end it struck him that his own finances were not much better; and unless he made some other arrangements for the future he would certainly be out of a job when he got back home. Old Cressley had left no doubt in his mind about that.

It was a deeper, far deeper thought which came to him next. He had caught glimpses of it in Madeira, skirted the edges of it as he had watched the sailors on the Princess, and had listened to the stewards' experiences of shipwrecks and storms.

"Yes, sir," he nodded to himself, "it's the poor people of the world who are the real adventurers; it's the poor people who are the brave ones. They're the ones who get the most out of life. They're the ones who know what it is to live."

Unconsciously he drew a deep breath.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

This is usually the most banal of questions, but not always. Stumbling now and then for his words, Bart tried to tell her.

"I love that," she whispered; "but don't you think ——"

Whatever it was that he might have thought, she was interrupted by the warning of the ship's bells.

"Ten o'clock," she said in a little panic. "I must go."

As he guided her over the anchor chains, he held her hand; but when he would have kept it she quickly pulled it away.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know. I'm afraid," she said. "Let's hurry."

As they started down to the steerage deck he noticed that she was shivering a little.

IX

HE HARDLY saw her again until their last night in Cairo. The Old Doo-Daw, it seems, was in one of her most trying moods—grim, bad-tempered and altogether dreadful—so Bart spent most of his days running around with Miss Storer and most of his evenings dancing with Alice Seegrist. With both he knew he was gaining ground. Miss Storer was already planning that when they reached England he should be invited to her sister's house; and Alice Seegrist wouldn't dance with anyone else when he was on the floor. She had bought him a gold cigarette case with his monogram on it, and not altogether pleased he had climbed out of her debt by buying her a crystal necklace and eardrops, which he couldn't afford.

On this last night at Cairo, however, he was temporarily free. Both the girls were packing for their departure at seven o'clock in the morning, and Bart was strolling around the lobby of the hotel—the moving focus of more than one pair of feminine eyes—when he caught sight of Mary coming out of the elevator. She saw him at the same moment and shyly went to meet him.

"Drug store again?" he asked.

"No," she said; and though her face looked somewhat tired, she found a little laugh inside her somewhere and brought it to the surface. "The doctor gave her a sleeping pill, and she's snoring very nicely."

This, of course, was confidential, as between two friends, and he so received it.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"Anywhere!"

"Like to see the city?"

"Yes; I've hardly been anywhere yet—except to the drug store across the street."

"Ride or walk?" he asked.

"Oh, let's walk," she said. "Somehow it always seems to last longer."

They started safely enough, but when they passed the Ezbekiyeh Gardens she caught sight of the Muski, and nothing would do but that they should go down into the native quarter. If they had kept on straight, this would have been all right; but Mary was hungry for strange sights. First the sight of a wailing procession pulled them down a side street, and then the sound of a native band zigzagged them in another direction.

"I think we ought to get back," said Bart, beginning to grow uneasy at the narrowing width of the alleys and the sullen faces of some of the natives in the open-air cafés.

"No; not yet—please," she coaxed him, her hand upon his arm. "You know this is all simply wonderful to me."

"That's all right too," he said; "but under their skins they aren't very fond of Europeans. They're up to all sorts of plots and funny business, and you never can tell what they'll do next."

"Well," she said, "if you really think we ought to ——"

It was soon after this that he discovered how thoroughly they were lost. They were making their way along a deserted side street when he heard footsteps striding behind them and turned to see a tall native in a purple coat that reached from his neck to his heels. On his head was the inevitable fez and in his hand the inevitable heavy walking stick of the professional guide.

"Guide?" said Bart, frowning a little at the other's height and the size of his stick.

"Oah, yes. Very good guide. Name of Moses."

"All right, Moses. We want to get back to the hotel." And he told him which it was.

"No, no, no," said the other, with an earnest, almost angry insistence. "You leesten to Moses. Too early yet to go back to hotel. I show you the night life of Cairo. This way, if you please."

"Nothing doing," said Bart. "Back to the hotel or we'll get another guide."

They started walking, Mary in the middle, Moses still insisting on the night life and Bart stalking along in silence, wishing to heaven that he had a walking stick too.

"Very, very fine, the night life of Cairo," insisted Moses. "This leetle lady will enjoy it. Very fine costume, very fine dance, she will thank me when she see it, and call Moses her friend. Eh, leetle lady?"

Perhaps by accident he happened to put his hand upon her shoulder; but when Mary squeaked, Bart didn't stop to inquire whether or not it was accidental. Automatically his hands seemed to clench into fists, automatically his arms seemed to turn into the legs of an army mule. Moses went down, his stick flying, and Bart went down on top of him—another Arion on the dolphin; another Osiris riding the sacred bull. And what was Mary doing through it all? Was she standing, shuddering, near the wall, wringing her hands and looking fearfully over her shoulders? She was not. When Moses' cane flew out of his grasp, Mary ran after it, and brought it back and placed it in Bart's hand.

(Continued on Page 105)

VICTOR

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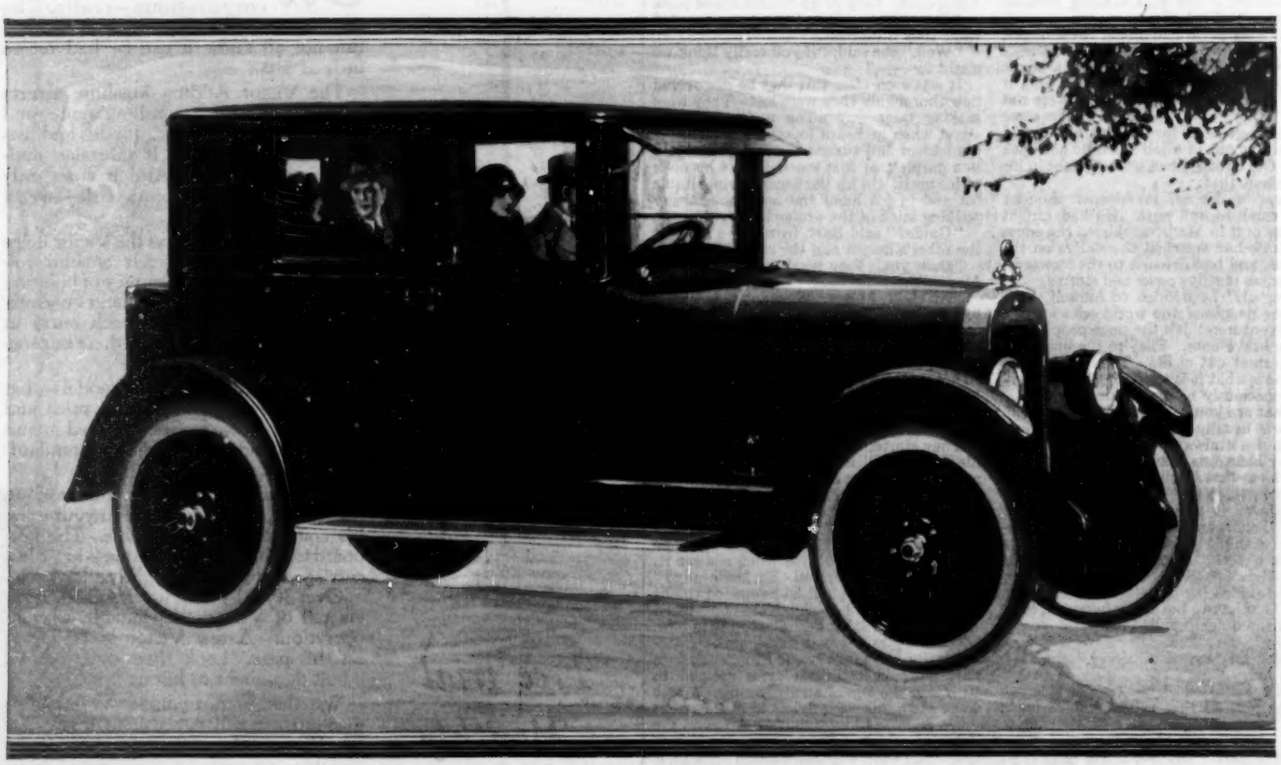
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These new bodies are *roomier*. Doors are *wider*. Windows *larger*. Seats have been made more comfortable with extra deep cushions—plenty of leg-room. There is a *new radiator design* and the hood is higher and longer. Steering is easier. Important improvements have been made in the riding quality. These beautiful new Dorts are *bigger* and *more luxurious* in every respect. Built around the same dependable chassis and the same powerful six-cylinder motor, that operates in a bath of oil, they provide a definitely greater measure of *value* than anything the motor world has known. *See them today!*

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN



This Five-Passenger, Three-Door Coupe has two doors on right side and one on left. Seats set to permit every driving convenience. Rear trunk provides great storage space. Equipment includes stop light, side lights, sun visor, cowl ventilator, motometer, tire carrier on side, curtains, full crown fenders, windshield cleaner, cord tires and disc wheels. Finished in beautiful lake blue with black running gear. Polished nickel radiator and nickel trimmings.

The prices will give you an entirely new idea of automobile value

(Continued from Page 103)

"Good!" said Bart. "Now I've got something!"

And after that, probably recognizing that the Fates were against him, Moses was willing to agree to anything, insisting no longer upon the night life of Cairo, but more than anxious to guide them to the nearest carriage stand.

And did they ride to the hotel in silence—Mr. Bartholomew Crossland and Miss Mary Summerton? They did not! She chattered away, staccato, crescendo, like an excited young blue jay, almost delightedly reviewing every word that had been said, every blow that had been struck. Yes; Mary had evidently found something pleasing to the memory which was nearly going to last her as long as she lived.

But perhaps Bartholomew was the richer sight. He sat in the carriage like a young Napoleon, gazing up and down the streets of Cairo as though he owned them; and once when a longing expression passed over him, you would never have guessed what he was thinking to himself.

He was thinking to himself, "I wish old Cressley had been there to see it. He'd know now whether I have any gimp or not!"

x

ON THE boat next night Bart still carried his mood of mastery. And, indeed, why shouldn't he? There he was, as presentable a young man as you would have found on the Mediterranean that evening—a young man, moreover, who had been beset by trouble in a strange city, and had faced it, and fought it out to a clear-cut victory. Is it any wonder that he felt a new power within him—felt himself equal to putting on the gloves with Old Man Trouble whenever the latter might challenge him again, and knocking him cold for the count?

"I've been too easy all my life," he told himself, looking up and down the deck as though he expected to see something, yet wasn't quite sure what it was. "But from now on, every time I get a chance I'm going to make things hum!"

Perhaps Alice Seegrist was the first to recognize the new man in him.

"What do you think?" she said. "They're getting up a masquerade, and I'm to be on the committee." She gave him a look—one of those looks which the gentlemen know so well—and continued in a lower voice, "They always pick on old maids for things like that."

"Then why did they pick on you?"

She gave him another look—this one more hungry than coy.

"Because I'm an old maid, I suppose," she murmured, and turned her head away so that he could whisper the answer in her ear.

"Rats!" he told her. "You couldn't be an old maid if you tried!"

It was as good as a show—the sudden sharp glance she gave him; and having something of a penchant for rows and reconciliations, she decided to be offended.

"You are very polite," she said, and went inside, taking sharp little steps, her nose up high.

Bart didn't follow. Henceforward his was to be the victor's part, not the suppliant's.

"She'll be waiting," he thought; and gradually souring at the prospect, he made up his mind to keep away from the ballroom that night. So he went to the lounge instead—still looking around him from time to time as though he were expecting something but wasn't quite sure what it was—and hadn't been there long when, among the others, Vera Storer sauntered in, pale, tall and magnificent. She stopped in front of him and he arose, practically every eye in the lounge upon them, yet everyone pretending not to look.

"You'll make the lounge too popular," she said, coolly bantering. "Tomorrow night there won't be any seats."

"I do my best to please," he replied. "Of course I should have bought a Spanish costume in Cadiz. I realize that now."

She changed her position slightly—drawling, one might say, with her hips, and coming to rest in another finished pose.

"You're not dancing tonight?" she said, her eyebrows going up a little.

"Not in the ballroom."

At that she gave him a smile of commendation. Perhaps she, too, recognized the new man in him.

"Do you know that you're improving wonderfully lately?" she asked.

His patronage of vaudeville came to his aid.

"You can give me a piece of sugar, if you like."

"Here?"

"I'll get my coat," he said. "It's chilly outside."

And yet, as he started down to his room, this prospect didn't please him any too well, either. He was in for an evening of conversational chess—enlivened by occasional flights into the psychoanalytical—with a girl, undeniably clever, who presently hoped to get a thrill from a ghost. He might please her for a time. But what about those who had pleased her in the past? And what about those who might please her in the future?

"She's a cool one, all right," he thought. "She'd always do pretty well as she liked."

He was still turning it over in his mind, and admiring it less every time he looked at it, when he was given something else to think about.

He had reached the corridor which led to his stateroom when he saw the slowly moving figure of a girl walking among the trunks in the other direction.

"It's Mary," he thought, his heart suddenly jumping; but his second discovery moved him more deeply yet. "She's crying," he thought, and a fine young prickle moved over his scalp and nearly made him run to catch up with her.

"Hello!" he said as he reached her side; and then as though he had only just noticed the handkerchief dabbing at her eyes, he added in a different key, "What's the matter? What's bothering you?"

At first she acted as though she wouldn't tell him, but he wouldn't stand for that; and besides, away down deep she probably wanted to tell him more than she wanted to do anything else on earth. She had been bounced—that, in a word, was the trouble with Mary—bounced and locked out of the Old Doo-Daw's stateroom; and having something less than nine dollars in her pocketbook, she didn't know what she was going to do.

"You poor kid!" breathed Bartholomew from the bottom of his heart; and when they tried to smile at each other—the two poorest ones on the boat—he knew very well what he had been looking for all that day.

It must have been a powerful smile, after all, for it seemed to comfort her beyond all expectations.

"Now don't you worry any more," he said in his newly found masterful manner. "I'm going to look after you. Your passage must be paid for back to New York, and I'll go and see the director and get you another stateroom."

She sat on a trunk until he returned—industriously powdering her nose part of the time, if the full truth is told—and it would have done you good if you could have seen the look in her eyes when she saw him coming back.

"It's all right," he said. "I guess she's read the riot act to the director more than once, hasn't she? I thought so from what he said. Well, anyhow, he says he has an empty room up on B Deck—a dandy—and he'll have it ready for you, and your things moved in, in less than an hour. How's that?"

For some reason they started looking at each other in quite a solemn manner; and were still at it when the assistant purser came along; and, possibly recognizing the symptoms, he coughed in a significant sort of way.

"Let's go on deck," said Bart.

He lent her a coat to keep her warm and a few minutes later they were in the bow, leaning over the rail together and looking out at the night, the clean breeze blowing in their faces, the stars above. Then for a change Bart turned and looked at the girl by his side, and slowly but surely it came to him how well she matched the cleanness of the breeze, how unmistakably she was one with the mystery of the stars.

"You know what I was trying to tell you the other night," he said, his voice troubling him a little, "about poor people having the real adventures and getting the most out of life? Well, that's how it's going to be with us, you know. I've got nothing but you."

"Do you mind?" she whispered.

Did he mind? He tried to put his answer all in one kiss, and before he was halfway through he knew that she didn't mind, either. . . . Poor? Yes, he might be poor; but that needn't last forever, and with Mary to fight for —— Poor? Yes, he might be poor; but he knew that he was starting right at last.



This Week

marks the Twentieth Anniversary of the Truscon Steel Company. As a compliment to business executives Truscon has summarized the experience it has gained during these two decades in the field of standardized and simplified building, and is presenting it to them in convenient form. These four brochures tell Truscon's story completely. Complimentary copies sent on request.

Simplified Building Explained

Brochures of Useful Information for the Busy Executive

Interesting problems such as those in the accompanying letter are solved daily by the expert service of the Truscon nation-wide organization. Answers to many of these questions as well as other useful information have been brought together in these four brochures.

Have You Problems Like These?

To The Truscon Steel Company:

The writer, who is General Manager of the.....Company, is interested in the laying out and erection of a factory covering about 100,000 sq. ft. of floor space. These buildings should not be over 80 ft. wide, and some will be only 40 ft. wide. Included are machine shops, press departments, screw machine departments, steel storage, hardening, etc.

Will you please advise whether it will be cheaper to cover this floor space all on the ground or in a building three or four stories high with the necessity of elevators, etc., assuming that the ground cost but a nominal amount?

Advise also how your buildings are heated, and give some data on the size and character of the heating plant required, as well as the cost of heat compared to concrete and steel buildings.

Are there any restrictions as to electrical installations or power lines in all-steel buildings, as compared to other types of buildings?

Do you erect as well as furnish all the structural work, and is this included in the prices quoted?

Where can I see some of your buildings used for manufacturing purposes in this immediate vicinity?

Will you kindly give me this and other information, as well as estimates of cost?

These brochures and Truscon Service should be of great value to every business executive who is interested in procuring an attractive, substantial and fireproof building but dreads the uncertainty as to cost and completion date, and the time, trouble and the arduous details incident to building.

All of these typical construction difficulties are eliminated through Truscon Standard Buildings. You know to a penny what your building will cost you, and the exact day when it will be ready for occupancy. There is not a single detail which you need worry about. And in addition, Truscon Standard Buildings cost less than other permanent building construction.

Whether or not you need a building at the present time you should have these four brochures in your files for purposes of quick reference. They are indispensable to your business library. Send for them today. Your request involves no obligation whatever.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY

Home Offices and Plants at Youngstown, Ohio

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—U.S.A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see 'phone books of principal cities. Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Export Div: New York.

Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for .....

Type..... Length..... Width..... Height .....

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1—Remove cap cleanly by pulling tab. Each cap its own "opener."

2—Lift tab and pour without spilling.

3—Lift tab and insert straw for drinking.

No Spilt Milk:

You'll never spill milk or cream when you open a bottle of milk, if your milk dealer delivers each bottle capped with a Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap—3 *times more useful.*

Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps are 3 *times more useful* and *more healthful,* because they assure a *safe, clean* way of removing the cap; a *safe, clean* way of pouring milk over the tab without spilling, and a more healthful way of drinking milk through a straw direct from the *original, sterilized bottle.*

Ask your milk dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps. School Officials, Restaurant Proprietors and Housewives send for complete information and samples to show your dealer.

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Operating the largest plant in the world making Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps, Ordinary Common Sense Caps, and Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers.



3 Times more useful



OUT FOR HIMSELF

(Continued from Page 13)

"You mean Jake Firmin, him that owns the building?" asked the hackman.

That sounded good. When I knew Firmin he didn't own anything. If he owned a building now he had certainly raised himself from a keg to a barrel. I had taken a hack because I was not much of a hand to walk in those days, and one can see a place like Tumble River from the back seat of a hack as well as from the sidewalk. I said I meant Jake. I had always called him Jake in the old days, but naturally a man will want to see what's what before he is in a rush to resume an old acquaintance. You know how it is when you see some fellow who was well fixed when you knew him, and you rush up to him with a cheer, and he is tickled to death to see you, and he is down and out, and he starts to make a touch, and he gets you before you can stop falling over him. But let that go.

"Here's the Firmin Building, boss," said the hackman.

Jake had a very nice deadfall. It was as big as a hall, and over it was written Tumble River Department Store. The building was new, two stories high, stucco with an imitation tile roof. There were two other stores in it—a delicatessen and a real-estate office. I gave the hackman a dollar, and walked into friend Jake's general store.

A bell rang over the door, and Jake came scurrying out of the depths of the place like a spider who is attending to business. When he had scurried he was not done looking like a spider either. I should never have known Jake. He had not been as big a man as I, but he had been distinctly promising; he had been a salesman, and had cultivated bonhomie until he had got to be quite a bonhomme. A man cannot feel cheerful and happy as a matter of business for fifteen years, and not swell out his wrinkles. Jake was still smiling, but you could see every muscle in his face.

"Well, well," he exclaimed disappointedly, "if it isn't old Fred Dobson! Say, Fred, I'm glad to see you. And how is ——"

He was smiling. But now he pulled his hand back out of the air before I could take it, and scurried off to wait on a Polish woman who had come in through the other door and who was in two minds about staying.

"Just a minute, Fred," he said. "Just a minute."

And he went on just-a-minuteing me for three-quarters of an hour by my watch, never missing a trick, until a salesman came back from lunch. I walked after him, but I could as easily have caught a butterfly. When I got to the drug counter he was off selling paper napkins; and when I thought I had him cornered there he ducked beneath the counter and came up sixty feet away to hand a woman a patent broiler, making the long fetch like one of these hell divers.

"Now, Fred, old-timer," he said when he had killed every prospect in sight, "I have half an hour to myself. What do you say about a bite? I suppose you don't eat a heavy lunch in the middle of the day, do you? I generally catch a glass of sour milk and a couple of crackers. That's a lunch that you can do a day's work on in the afternoon. Will you have a bite?"

"Thanks, Jake," I said, "but a bite is not much use to me. I generally take several, and then some; but I will come along and watch you. Where do you gorge yourself?"

"Here in the delicatessen. She's a tenant of mine, and I believe in patronizing her. You're not with me? All right, stand right there and make yourself comfortable. Sour milk and crackers for one, Mrs. Dill."

"Say, Jake," I said, fearing I couldn't catch him again. "I'm thinking of leaving the Burley and going out for myself."

"Great idea," he said. "I'm sorry I didn't do it fifteen years ago. Great idea. But, say, Fred"—catching my reflection in the mirror behind the counter at which we stood—"if you're going out for yourself you'll have to go it alone. You'll have to drop the alderman." And he thrust his arm out sideways and prodded my vest with a hard fist.

"I was thinking of taking exercise. Nice little business you got there, Jake."

"Not so worse. It throws off ten or twelve thousand net. I was offered twenty-two thousand dollars for this building last week. Yes, sir. Cold cash. I turned it down. And, say, Fred, I picked up this business for nothing. Walked right into it. I looked the place over, and decided a general store would go, and—bing!—here I am. I wouldn't sell out business and building for less than fifty thousand dollars right now. There's lots of little towns like this where a fellow can fit in."

"Must be very confining, though—keeping a store. What do you do for exercise, Jake? Golf? Tennis?"

"To tell you the truth, I never get any exercise. I'm too tired at the end of the day. Why, say, Fred, I put a pedometer on my leg last summer, and do you know what I walked that day? Thirty-seven miles! Yes, sir. It's a big store, Fred. No, I never take any exercise. Too blamed tired when half past ten comes. But I get along pretty well without it. Feel that leg. Feel it! Appetite's great too."

"It ought to be, seeing that you don't eat," I said. "But what do you do for amusements?"

"After half past ten? Well, there isn't much night life in this town after half past ten. Sometimes I take a walk."

"A walk?"

"Yes, I walk home—I live a bit out of town—except on Saturday nights, when the farmers come in to buy. Then I don't get through until half past twelve. I guess I could walk home on Saturdays, too, and sleep late on Sundays, but I got a habit of getting up at six to come down and open the store. There's some transient trade in the early morning. I usually take the wife out for a spin in the car on Sundays. I stop off here at the store to look over the sales slips and get out my reorders, but that only takes a few hours, and then we have the day to ourselves."

"But you're well fixed now. You're almost rich."

"Oh, yes! I'm on Easy Street, Fred. My time is my own, I make my own hours, have no one to boss me around. Say, this is the life, Fred. Come on back to the store. That man of mine is a slouch, and I got to be on his neck every blessed minute. Have a pickle to top off with, Fred. No?"

He helped himself to a big warty pickle out of the tub, and bit a chunk off it with the relish of a schoolgirl. And this was the Jake who used to like nice things to eat. I could still see him sneering at the menu in a high-priced rathskeller and being deferentially assisted into his lunch by the head waiter: "The roast pheasant is very good today, sir. Pheasant? And Russian dressing with the salad, sir? And then the green-apple pie with Camembert? Right, sir."

"Like to try retailing, would you?" he mumbled. "I think you are very wise. And this is the sort of town to tackle it in. There's nothing in keeping a store in a big city. The competition is murderous, and the business has no prestige unless a fellow can go in big. But in a little town a storekeeper is as good as the local banker; very often he is the local banker. There's a nice social atmosphere about keeping a store in a small town that's missing in the big city; a fellow gets to know everybody, and he can cinch the trade of the place against any possible newcomer; his wife visits around with the best there is. I've been in the big city and I've been in the small town, and I'm telling you the small town is the one that's on the American plan. Say, Fred, how'd you like to keep a delicatessen store?"

"Get out!" I said.

"Let me talk to you. You see that place back there where we had lunch? Say, that place would be a gold mine if it was run right. I'm betting you would knock off ten thousand net the first year, and it would go to fifteen when you got going good. Why, in the three summer months you ought to clean up at least five, and maybe more. When the summer crowd is up here from New York City. The stunt is to keep good stuff and charge them the price; they expect to be trimmed in a summer resort. And they'll eat delicatessen truck too. Most of them eat delicatessen at half their meals during the other nine months in the city, but they kick like blazes on it and tell the wife to cut out her bridge. But in the summertime they are willing for the wife to take it easy, and she can hand them this factory-made chow six days in the week. See? Well, that is the summer. Now, in the winter, there is Lake Amagonquit only two miles away, and I can get you the counter privilege during the skating season; sandwiches and coffee, and this pie they fill with library paste. Mrs. Dobson can take care of the store while you work the lake, or vice versa."

"Mrs. Dobson won't be in on this," I said firmly. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, if she doesn't come in, that settles the question, because a delicatessen is a proposition for a man and his wife. It's one business that can't be run on the chain-store plan, because there's twenty-four hours' work in it each day; and a man and his wife, spelling each other and needing only a salary and a half, can underlive any chain system that's got to pay time and a half for the night work alone. You look into this thing before passing it up, Fred. Fifteen thousand per year is nice money. Look here, you can put up box lunches for the hands over in the brick yards; and you can put in a few tables and try out the restaurant end; and let me tell you those tables will be velvet because there will be nothing to do but slap the stuff before the customer and take his money. We haven't got a good restaurant in town; the chow down at the Prospect House is a crime. It's an opening, Fred, and it might lead to anything, depending on yourself. I know this is a good thing. Just say the word, and I'll keep my hand on it for you until you're ready to jump in."

"You can hold it, can you, Jake?" I asked doubtfully.

"Her lease is up next year. I don't want to be hard on her, but she's not up to the work, and I can't get the rent I'm entitled to unless the tenant is making the money. Her husband was a fine man. Strong as an ox and a hog for punishment."

"What did he die of?"

"Well, that's a question. It wasn't the work, because he wasn't doing anything at the time; he was just sitting there and thinking, and suddenly he threw up his hands and dropped dead. Simply let go. Yes, it was idleness that killed him. You know how it is with a man who has worked all his life and made his pile, and then thinks he will quit and sit down."

"I would not like to work all my life either," I said. "I would like to quit and sit down every so often. Maybe it was loss of sleep killed him."

"Sleep? Why, this fellow was the greatest man for sleeping I ever saw. I've looked in through his window and seen him standing there asleep on his feet. I'll say a man is fond of his sleep who can take it standing up, like a horse. Well, you think it over. You'll need seven thousand dollars; you've got that much, I suppose?"

"I imagine I can get it," I said confidently.

I went back to Kingston and presented the proposition to Mrs. Dobson; I didn't press it or urge it, but told her about it to show her that I had lots of openings. She shied at first, but warmed up later.

"We would eat, at any rate," she said. "And it might give you a new start; you would have to wake up and work."

"I do not need to be woke up, Martha," I said.

"Oh, I did not mean it in that way, Fred. I was just talking. Really, I can imagine you would make a wonderful restaurant man and delicatessen keeper. You look just like those pictures of Mine Host; they are always so jolly and fat. I can just see a picture of you slicing a ham. Only, I never do remember having seen a hotel keeper or restaurant keeper or such who looked like the pictures; they always look like wolves and run to skin and bone. You would certainly be a better advertisement for our place than any of the people I have seen. But you know, Fred dear, that I would be just as happy with you in a delicatessen as I would be if you were president of the Burley. I'm thinking only of you, Fred."

"Barkis," I said, "you're one good sport."

I went down to see Guthrie of the Kingston Trust Company about financing. I had always been on good terms with Guthrie. I spoke of the matter rather offhandedly, naming seven thousand dollars as the amount of the contemplated loan. I had not decided by any means to take up with Firmin's proposition; I was simply surveying it.

I must say that Guthrie did not respond in kind to my offhandedness. Very few bankers,

(Continued on Page 110)



Mr. Micawber! Could any creditor resist the unction—the supreme optimism—of this lordly figure?



David on Mr. Barkis's cart bids his mother farewell.



And now love! The profound enduring love that is mothered by suffering and fortitude.

David Copperfield –

Dickens's masterpiece come to life

NOW all of us can meet and know those immortal characters that people the pages of "David Copperfield." For the motion picture camera has faithfully and beautifully recorded this imperishable masterpiece.

Uriah Heep bows and scrapes with that sinister 'umble air; "Barkis is willin'"; and honest Peggotty is there—actually *alive!*

There are David and his pretty little mother; dear cantankerous Betsey Trotwood to the life; Dora, pathetically pretty, and too frail to sustain the great love she bore her precious David; gentle Agnes, the unforgettable incarnation of a helpmate with whom a man can face life strong and unafraid.

And yes, Mr. Micawber with his legion of children and myriad of creditors—lovable, shiftless, dear old Micawber ever believing that "something will turn up."

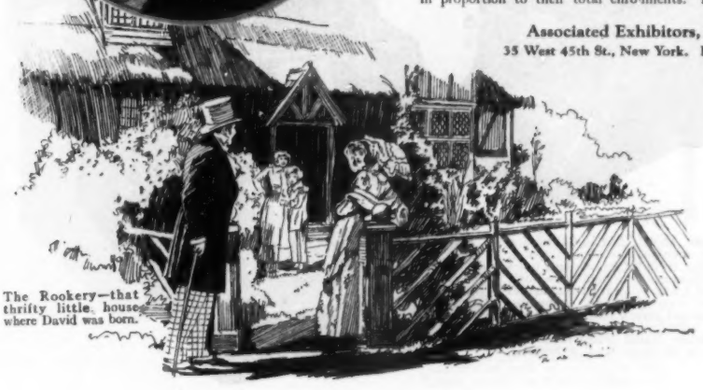
With what reality the story is unfolded. You'll clench your fist when you see Murdstone raising his cane over the trembling figure of little David (appealingly portrayed by Buddy Martin—a child actor of rare artistry). Your eyes will moisten when David's girl-wife, Dora, whispers with her dying breath, "I loved you so, Doady." And your memory will treasure that affecting scene when David hears the longed-for message from the lips of Agnes: "David, I have loved you all my life."

Ask or write your motion picture exhibitor to show "David Copperfield." It will be a revelation to all who in this hurried age have not had leisure to read and enjoy this monumental narrative. And those who know their "David Copperfield" will rejoice in this exquisite picture.



"—and Dora singing to the guitar the while, it seemed to me as if our courtship and marriage were a dream."





The Rookery—that thrifty little house where David was born.

$3000 in prizes—a unique opportunity

To interest pupils, teachers and parents in the better type of motion picture such as "David Copperfield," we will give $3000 in cash for the best essays of 500 words or less on the topics named below. Any boy or girl in any school—public or private—may compete.

To make the contest absolutely fair, prizes will be given to two groups: (1) Pupils 12 years of age or under on March 31st; (2) pupils 13 years and over on March 31st.

165 cash prizes will be awarded in each group—a first prize of $100—4 prizes of $25 each—160 prizes of $5 each. Thus a total of $2000 will be distributed among 330 contestants.

Additional school prizes totaling $1000 will be awarded to the schools—public or private—having the greatest number of prize-winning pupils in proportion to their total enrollments. First prize, $500—second, $300—third, $200. In case of a tie, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each school tied.

There are no complicated requirements or restrictions. Just send in an essay of 500 words or less. Contestants 12 years old and younger should write their essays on: "The Characters I Like Best in 'David Copperfield' and Why."

Contestants 13 years old and over should write on: "What Scenes and Characters I should like to see included in a 7-reel Motion Picture of 'David Copperfield.'"

Write in ink, on one side of paper—sign your name, tell how old you will be on March 31st, 1924—give name and address of school—and mail essay before midnight of March 31st, 1924, to Encore Pictures, 35 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts will be returned.

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., Arthur S. Kane, President
35 West 45th St., New York. Pathe Exchange, Inc., Physical Distributors



David's and Agnes's childhood—what gentle memories they awaken.

Mail the coupon. Then keep this page and work for a prize.

If you want to see the Motion Picture, "David Copperfield," fill out this coupon now.

Name_____

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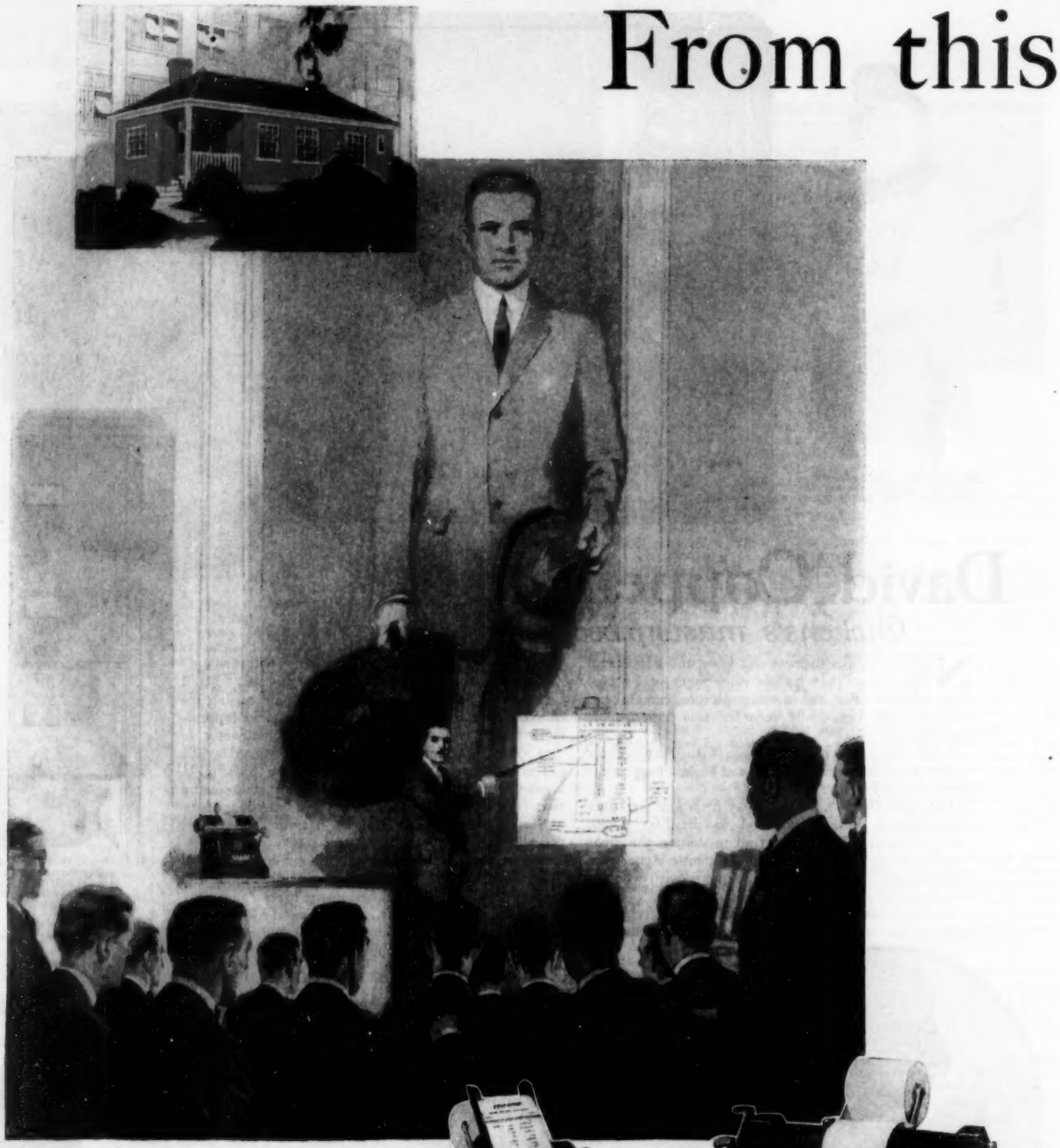
If pupil, give name of School_____

The Motion Picture Theatre I go to is

_____

Mail this coupon to Encore Pictures, 35 West 45th Street, New York

From this





The New Dalton Super Model Statement Machine gives the same unusual adding-calculating service as the Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine, and in addition thereto a simpler, faster statement service. Statements made on this machine are neat, legible, accurate, and can be gotten out in one-third to one-half the time required by ordinary methods.

The New Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, tabulates, crossfoots, totals sales slips, foots ledger columns, takes trial balances, adds two columns at once, multiplies whole numbers by fractions and fractions by fractions, figures costs, profits and wages, makes inventory extensions, prorates, figures discounts and percentages, extends and checks invoices, makes estimates, balances accounts—to all such work this Super Model brings speed and accuracy altogether new in the figure work of business.



To the Young Men of America

There is always room in the Dalton Sales Organization for ambitious young men who measure up to Dalton standards. For complete details of the Dalton sales opportunity, address the nearest sales office, or the Executive Office, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"little Red School House"

come men you'll want to meet

. . . about a school for salesmen whose graduates now encircle the globe

Just a "little red school house" nestling in the shadow of the great Dalton plants—yet its influence reaches to the ends of the earth.

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From this unique school for salesmen, conducted by Dalton as part of its service to the world of business, they journey to the far corners of the globe, spreading the Dalton message of simpler, faster figuring methods.

In this "little red school house" these Dalton salesmen are trained not only to sell but to serve—not only to know figuring equipment but to contribute helpful, constructive suggestions that save time and money for business men in the handling of all forms of figure work.

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② a simpler, faster bookkeeping machine

③ a simpler, faster statement machine

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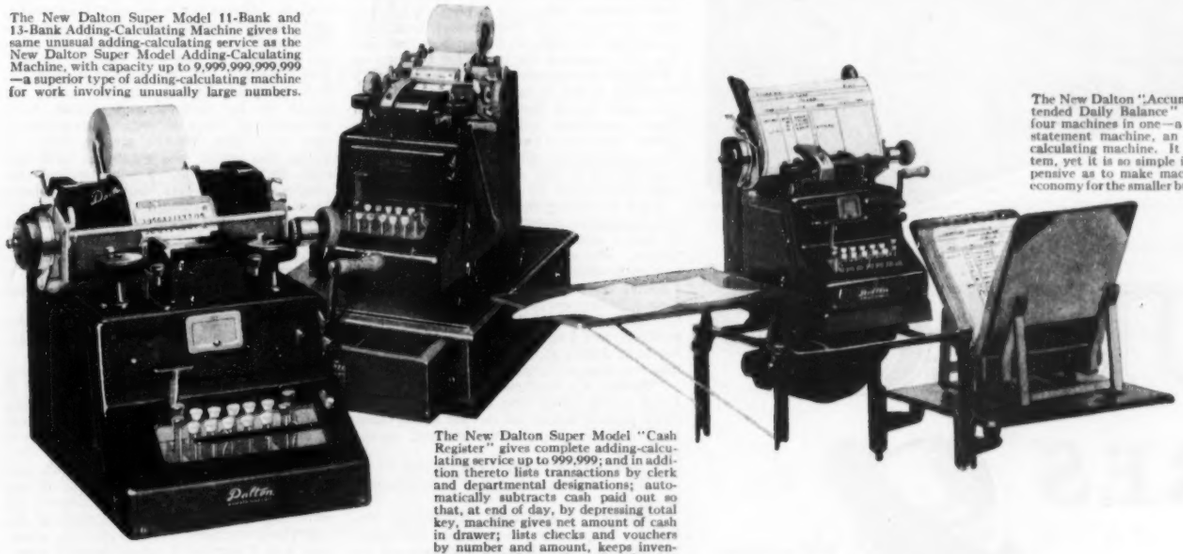
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DUNLOP
TIRES



Built on honor
to honor its Builders

(Continued from Page 108)

and none that I have ever met, have the large manner; they beome painfully picayune and precise and small-minded when one talks of borrowing their money. I have never met a banker yet who could lend money artistically—that is to say, lend it easily and with a generous and sweeping gesture. Their style is woefully crabbed. Guthrie's peering eyes had not flickered sympathetically when I spoke the word "delicatessen."

He filled my pause by saying "Yes, Mr. Dobson?" in a dry and neutral tone. Then he pressed his buzzer and asked for a statement of my account.

"One hundred and forty-two—fifty," he said, reading from the penciled slip. "What security do you offer me, Mr. Dobson?"

"My name and reputation," I began with dignity. I had not expected to be asked for security, like any fly-by-night.

"As district manager of the Burley," he said, catching me up. "Do you own that house you live in? I heard some time ago that you were thinking of buying it."

"I didn't buy it; I took a five-year lease on it instead. I got it at a low rent, and didn't have to put out any money. I make all repairs."

"Have you other real estate? Have you stocks or mortgages?"

"Mr. Guthrie," I said with some spirit, "I did not expect to be cross-examined in order to obtain a small accommodation like this. Modern business, Mr. Guthrie, is conducted on a basis of character. If you recall what Joseph N. Preuss, president of Nazareth Steel, said at the dinner of ——"

"I did not attend the dinner," he said. "And you could hardly ask me to conduct the affairs of this institution on the basis of what anyone said after dinner. I do not mean to offend you, Mr. Dobson. I should not lend you a dollar on any security if your character were doubtful. Character being granted, one must still require the safeguards indicated by sound business methods. I must justify this loan to a board of directors, Mr. Dobson. You will agree with me that your present balance does not justify such a big loan. And I am not entirely convinced that you will make a success of your new venture. Your experience has been in another field, and—well, Mr. Dobson, one ordinarily learns to swim before jumping into deep water. Isn't it so?"

Well, naturally, when it began to look as though I would not have to put up a battle to keep out of the delicatessen business the proposition looked a whole lot sweeter to me. That's human nature; price-cutting is a good business getter, but price-raising is a better. I remember how that worked out when we were starting the Kingston Country Club; we figured and figured, but we couldn't cut the first charge for membership under four hundred dollars; we went around panhandling for members, offering to carve their names on an imperishable bronze tablet, and all that sort of thing, and we couldn't raise a corporal's guard. Then Joe Kershaw, who had been through the same thing down in Westchester, took hold and raised the ante to fifteen hundred dollars and canceled the order for the bronze tablet and announced that the membership would be closed at one hundred; and, say, you ought to see them tumble in. Any of these promoters will tell you the same thing; Americans like to pay the price, and it's a mistake to offer them too much for their money in any commodity whose cost they can't figure by mental arithmetic.

I got to feeling that I must get into the delicatessen game in Tumble River or bust. It was a sweet thing; Jake had sent me figures. He said we wouldn't fight about the rent, which pleased me very much, as I didn't know what a right rent would be. I was feeling quite impatient after I left Guthrie; I talked with Mrs. Dobson that evening, and I did not try to conceal from her that Jake's store was a gold mine and was our chance to make a stake.

"Bother Mr. Guthrie," she said. "Fred, I got a wonderful idea today. I thought out a plan by which we can get seven thousand dollars of our own without asking anybody."

"Let's have it," I said suspiciously.

"Why, we'll save it out of your salary!" she cried.

"Barkis," I chuckled, "that idea certainly takes the aluminum ice-cream broiler. So you thought that out all by yourself, did you? And where do you suppose we can begin to save when it takes our last cent to live?"

"We'll live differently," she said. "You don't expect to spend eight thousand per year while we're running the delicatessen store?"

"Not while we can get our sour milk and crackers wholesale."

"And you don't expect to be Sir Supreme of the Good Devils in Tumble River?"

"There are no Good Devils in Tumble River. I'm not figuring on starting a lodge there, not for some time."

"And you're not going to sit up all night playing poker?"

"Now, listen, Martha," I said, "we've been over that part before. Twenty-five and fifty stud, among friends, is the very cheapest amusement a man can have. He can't get hurt much at any session, and he breaks even in the long run, doesn't he? Stud doesn't owe me five dollars. All this holler about the evil of gambling is bunk, because if a man plays just among friends he breaks even in the long run and gets his amusement for nothing. That's the common sense of it. You look around you and check up on the things in this house that represent my big nights; that sterling-silver card tray represents a big night at black jack, those Satsuma vases represent a birthday at stud. How in thunder does Nancy manage to break one of those darned things again every time she dusts the mantel? That full-rigged ship there represents ——"

"That is very true," she said. "But what I don't see around here is the things that represent the nights you lost. Those things are in the other men's houses. The trouble is, when you win you think it is found money, and you spend it for some dust catcher; and when you lose we are short on the week. But, dear, you won't have time to play cards when you are keeping the delicatessen store or even while you are dealing sandwiches at the lake. And if you keep a car it is going to be a market wagon—for some time, at any rate. And I won't be able to keep Nancy. I have been wanting to let her go for some time, because she is kicking over getting only sixty-five when the girl next door is getting seventy-five, and she is all thumbs anyway. So I am going to give Nancy notice, and you can sell your car, and you can resign from the Good Devils, and you can cut out poker and stay home and study a correspondence course in keeping a delicatessen store, and we will let the front bedroom, and cut out too rich foods, and ——"

"But this is sheer insanity!" I said, outraged.

"My dear," she said, "we will not only save the money to start, but we will be trying out the delicatessen business. We shall live just as we should have to live if you started out for yourself, but we shall also keep the eight thousand salary. So you will have all the fun of being in business for yourself, and none of the risk. I think it is a dandy idea. I was so sure you'd like it that I gave Nancy notice today, and put an ad in the Messenger for the bedroom."

Now, that idea was typical of Martha's notions. It was nonsense, and dead wrong, and I never heard of such a thing in all my life, but it was hard to put one's finger on the fallacy. If one goes out for oneself, why, he goes, and that's all there is to it; sink or swim, live or die, he makes the grade or he doesn't and comes back whipped. It takes nerve to make a plunge like that. But Martha always wants to dodge the issue; she wants to have her cake and eat it too. I pooh-poohed this precious plan of hers, but I might have known where I would finish. She advanced her final argument, an argument that I have never been able to upset, although it is one of the silliest and most irrelevant that was ever plumped into a debate between two supposedly logical people.

"It is because you don't love me any more, Fred," she said. And she threatened to cry.

"Hang it all, Martha," I said, throwing in the towel, "order the sour milk. Get in a barrel of crackers. Sell my evening clothes to the rag man, and buy me a gross of aprons. What is home without a tub of pickles and an assortment of *wurst!*"

I went through with it. That's one thing about me: when I've made up my mind on a course of action there's no switching me away from it. I suppose it's just plain ordinary will power, but, whatever it is, I'm grim, if you get what I mean.

Mrs. Dobson let the front bedroom to two lady teachers in the Kingston High

(Continued on Page 112)

The charm of silver is Everywhere



Japanese Garden at the fashionable Ritz-Carlton, New York; jades, carnelians and turquoise matrix from Yamanaka's, coffee service and spoons by Wallace

Wallace Orange Blossom (Solid)

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A chest of 26 pieces of the most necessary table flatware in this design put up in an attractive walnut case is $90. Chests of fine plate in the Dorothy Q design begin at $35. And the exquisite Dorothy Q three-piece coffee set shown on this page is only $47.

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THINK back to *your* engaged time! Whether it was yesterday—last year—twenty-five years ago—remember how everything became miraculously changed? The thrill of your evenings—with him! The joy of going to the theatre or sipping afternoon tea at some beautiful, fashionable hotel, when he was by your side.

And when you did things peculiar to those days just before marriage—selecting your furniture, for instance, or poring over the brilliant array of silver before finally selecting the pattern that would become *yours*—they made an indelible impression upon your mind.

Maybe, all are mixed up together now—the orange blossoms and the wonder, the gifts and joys and *Love!* But they remain indescribably dear. Always, you will remember the bewildering perfume of those halcyon days.

And when you take out that precious piece of orange blossom you saved, or lovingly look at your silver, you proudly face your gray-haired lover and say: "It lasted, old dear, didn't it? All of the beauties are with us still!"

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The new cutaway front style is a very acceptable departure from the pointed tip type that has held sway for almost a decade. The innovation is no doubt due to the return of the larger knots in cravats which is the very noticeable note of newness in the neckdress of the smartly turned out man of the day.

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CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 110)

School, getting for it twelve dollars per week; they took care of it, so that she not only took a nice income but cut down on the house work. I sold the car for four hundred dollars, and rented the garage to our next-door neighbor, who had no garage of his own and who had been keeping his boat down in the town. I was really surprised at how easily I broke off relations with the crowd over at the Merry Hell, once I had resigned the Sir Supremeship. I had been prepared for a heroic test of my will power, but, somehow or other, they never came near me. This didn't suit me so well, either, as I felt lonely at times. I collared Tod Burney on Main Street one evening.

"Listen, Tod," I said wistfully. "How about coming out to the house tonight for a talk? Things are different with me now, but I'm the same old Fred Dobson, and I feel the need of my friends more than ever. You see, Tod, I'm in need of money, and ——"

"Let's see," he said, thinking hard. "Tonight's Tuesday, isn't it? Tonight I got an appointment with a fellow that I owe seventy-five dollars to. How would next Tuesday week do? But, no, by gosh; that's the night the Building and Loan meets, and I've got to go down and beg off of paying the installment on my mortgage. I tell you what, Fred, I'll give you a ring."

After leaving him I saw Pete Babcock. Pete didn't see me, because he turned on his heel at that very moment, and hurried into Ramsey's drug store and around behind a post, and bent over a display of nursing bottles.

"Hello, Pete!" I shouted, coming after him. "How is everything, Pete?"

"Rotten," he said. "They couldn't be worse. Say, Fred, I'm strapped tighter than old King Tut in his box. Sorry, Fred. You know me. You could have anything I got, but they sent me to the cleaners at the lodge last night. No, I don't feel up to taking a walk. Much obliged, just the same."

George Pearsall owed me forty-seven dollars from a big stud game. I mentioned the matter in talking to him when I chanced to meet him at the dead end of a blind street. I told him I was cutting out cards and wouldn't be around to the game any more.

"Fred," he said heartily, giving me his hand, "put it there! You and I feel the same way about this. I've been thinking along the same lines, and my opinion is that a man who wins at a gambling game is no better than a thief. I'm just as glad that the game owes me money, as I wouldn't want to have it on my conscience."

"It's different here," I said. "I'm quitting purely as a matter of business, but I think a debt's a debt. Let me have that money, will you?"

"I certainly will, Fred," he said. "It's the principle I care about, and not the money. I'll pay you every cent of it. Don't forget to ask me for it the next time you see me, will you? Be sure and don't forget, Fred!"

I didn't forget, but I didn't get that forty-seven dollars; George was harder to see than a promoter on the day after; the best I could do was to see him going. I guess I would have been able to surround him if I had spent as much time as he did on thinking about our meeting, but I had so many other things to do. Martha thought up the things. When Martha turns over a new leaf it is a leaf in my book; she concentrates on me, and does not live her own life, which, when you come to think of it, is what a wife should do. A wife is her husband's manager; I do wish, though, that Martha would consult me, once in a way, before dating me up. I came home one evening to find all the furniture moved out of the living room, and the floor covered with newspapers.

"We are going to paint this lower floor, Fred," she said. "I've got the loveliest color scheme down at Dunzie's. The living-room walls will be done in a warm brownish-red, and a little darker for the woodwork. The ceiling will be a light gold, with just a taste of red in it; I always did want to have painted ceilings; they are ever so much nicer than this whitewash. The dining room will be two tints of ivory, and that strip of wood between the floor and the baseboard will be in mahogany; I was waiting to ask you if we should have the ceiling in a blue; blue and ivory is a very fine contrast, and they say flies won't light on blue. I don't know why, but flies are funny that way. The kitchen will be black and white, mostly white. I know it is going to look perfectly gorgeous, and it will be a great help if we decide to rent the house and move into rooms."

"But, Martha," I protested, "this is not saving money. That job is worth—is worth—is worth around one hundred and seventy-five dollars in two coats."

"Oh, not at all, Fred," she said gladly. "Not down at Dunzie's, where the paint comes from. You'll be surprised at how cheap it is. Dunzie says we'll need two gallons of paint at four dollars for each room. That's twenty-four dollars in all. And it will make such a wonderful difference!"

"Ah, but the labor, Martha. You'll find the total bill will be nearly two hundred, before you're done."

"But that's just it, Fred; we're going to do the work ourselves! Hurry up now and eat this omelet before it falls, and then you can put on the dandy overalls I got at Dunzie's for only a dollar and a half. They'll come in handy for you to work in the garden in the spring. We're going to have a garden next year, Fred. I was saving that as a surprise for you, but I didn't want you to think I'd waste a dollar and a half on overalls just for painting. Though we should paint the house outside, too, in the spring. They do say that green corn right out of your own garden is something delicious, and I know we can raise string beans and tomatoes and beets. And it will be such fun!"

I had often watched painters painting, and it had seemed to me that they got their money very easily; there is not much of a trick to slapping on paint; the secret seems to be in keeping on slapping. Before half past eleven that night I was sorry that I had not watched painters slapping oil paint on a ceiling. I should like to have known the trade secret whereby they could go on brushing after their shoulders had gone dead. But the worst part of it was the back of my neck; it felt full of splinters. I tried holding my head down, and feeling my way, but that did not work out; and I did not understand how they made the paint run up when its cantankerous nature is to run down; I was perpetually catching the drip from my elbow with a rag.

Unfortunately, I had talked a little too freely while I was stirring the powdered red into the prepared yellow; sitting there on the back steps, there did not seem to be anything to the miserable pursuit that a man who was naturally artistic and with an eye for colors could not master in two shakes. I told Mrs. Dobson that I had been a great hand at painting when I was a boy, and that paying big wages to painters was just nonsense. I would have mixed up the red for the walls, and the two ivories and the blue for the dining room, and finished the two rooms at one bite if it had not been that I wished to show her how pretty the yellow ceiling was going to look; so I decided to dash off the living-room ceiling first, while there was still some daylight.

I was still dashing paint on that confounded ceiling at half past eleven, and I had not covered half of it. And how I ached! But I could not say much about that to Mrs. Dobson; I was just as good as I ever was, if I did need a little drying out. She quit before I did; she said we had done enough for the time being when I missed my step on the combination ladder and kitchen chair.

I finished those three rooms, two coats, in sixty-seven evenings, or two hundred and forty-three hours; I was not out to make a record—not after the first night—but there is no point in a man's killing himself to make a record when he is only doing something for diversion. The relaxation interfered with my smoking much, as I could not handle a cigar with my hands wet and the smoke got in my eyes; I used to smoke five or six cigars in an evening, but not now. And I had to cut out eating a square meal for dinner; one cannot work on a square meal, and I took a chance of making it up at breakfast. I got back some of my own that way, and it was velvet, too, as I had never had an appetite for breakfast.

I did not make a slave of myself at the painting and stick at it seven nights in the week; we agreed that I needed a change of scene and to get out and see people. Mrs. Dobson and I went to a sociable at the Union Church, and I was surprised what nice people go to an affair like that. Somebody came up and asked me to recite—I was always a great hand at reciting—and I

gave them The Voyage of Chris Columb'—a dialect piece—and they fell off their seats. Well, I guess it is not often they get a chance to listen to a past Sir Supreme of the Good Devils. Guthrie was there, and a lot of representative people, and we sat around and batted out flies until almost seven o'clock. The only thing about rackets like that is that when a man is tired he is licked and he cannot take something to pick him up on his feet again; he can just shake hands and go home. But you'd be surprised. They had a pretty stiff gambling game running, too, between you and me—a roulette wheel for the benefit of the church; and if you played it ten dollars' worth you were almost sure to win a bag of homemade doughnuts; a regular gambling house would have a fat chance to do any business when it raked off a percentage like that. To be perfectly fair, Pastor Dinwiddie did not pretend to call it gambling; in fact, he said right out that it wasn't, but was only a way of giving money to the church, and, if you won, the church would give you the doughnuts. Well, speaking of pick-me-ups, there was Mrs. Bassett's chuck-cherry tonic, three years in the wood, and I did not like it because it still tasted a wee bit of chuck-cherries, but Sexton Termite—and who can blame an undertaker for wanting a tonic once in a way?—but, let that go. It was all for a worthy object.

I had a very nice time, and no explanations to make to Mrs. Dobson about what time I came home.

One thing about doing a lot of manual labor like that is that it makes a man very nervous. I couldn't seem to sleep of mornings, and I was forever getting up at half past seven and walking off to the office before half past eight. And then little things at the office began to get on my nerves. If a friend came in and started to sit around and think up a good story I'd start to fidget. Naturally, there was nothing much to do at the office but work, and I had to take it out of me that way; not that I was ever a clock watcher, and, of course, I wanted to put in my best licks for the next year and give no sly director an excuse to slip in a relative, but I just had to be doing something.

My Saturday mornings were no good any more; I couldn't seem to enjoy laying off in a chair and reading the paper and taking a bit of a snooze; I'd chuck the paper and start for the office. It didn't do me any good to take a trip out in the country. In the old days I could leave business behind me, but now I'd go fidgeting around wherever I stopped and find an Ideal register or a Cushman, and I'd sell the owner a Burley or know why. I mean after the first few days; the day after I started on the ceiling I was no good. They propped me up with cushions on a lounge in the office and sent for a doctor; I hurt all over. But he hurt me worse when he put his hands on me and talked about inflammatory rheumatism, so I had him taken away so I could die in peace. I got better that time, but I will not say that painting houses, and digging farms, and getting on the roof to drop a brick down the chimney ever really agreed with me; the way I lost flesh was a caution; in six months I looked as if my clothes had been given to me for charity. I still potter around the house, but nothing like that year when I was going in business for myself.

Well, sir, by early fall of the following year I was ready to make the jump. I didn't know how the Chicago office was feeling, and I didn't care; if they wanted my job they could have it. So I sat down and wrote Burley a letter, and I wrote to Firmin that I'd be up to see him the following Saturday.

I had got sarcastic letters from Burley in days when I had to take them and sing small, but things were different now, and I could be just as independent as he. This is what I wrote Chicago:

Gentlemen: My contract with the company expires October first next. I am willing to renew it for a term of three years, at a salary of twelve thousand per year, with option to take a percentage of the gross based on the business of the last fiscal year in this district. If these terms are agreeable kindly forward contract; otherwise I beg to inform you that I shall terminate my connection on October 1st prox., or as soon thereafter as you can replace me.

Very truly,

That letter made me chuckle. It was as independent as a hog on ice, and I could imagine how the old man would sputter. He could fire me by wire if he liked; I didn't care. I was feeling independent. I mailed the letter and went down to see Guthrie. He sent for my statement as before.

"Five thousand three hundred and sixty dollars," he read. "And how large a loan did you require, Mr. Dobson?"

"Another five, Mr. Guthrie. I'll have to put seven or eight into the business, and I don't want to figure too close. I dare say I could get the accommodation in Tumble River."

"We can take care of you, Mr. Dobson. I think it's a good loan. We're always glad to accommodate a man of your character, Mr. Dobson. I'm sure that you'll make a success of your new venture, but I want you to understand that I'm lending you this money on the security of your character. That's the basis on which this institution does business; we rely on the character of our borrowers. I seem to remember having heard a prominent steel man make a remark of the same tenor at some public function, in stating the rule which actuated the fabricated steel industry. Make out your note, and bring it in."

"In a day or two," I said, thanking him.

By the first of October we had sent the lady teachers packing, and had done considerable packing ourselves, and had all but arranged to sublet the house preparatory to moving to Tumble River. I had come to an agreement with Jake Firmin. And then I got my long envelope from Chicago. I opened it. It contained a contract for my signature, a contract calling for twelve thousand per year for three years, with an option to take a percentage of the gross, being that percentage which a sum of twelve thousand dollars bore to the gross business done in my territory during the fiscal year last past. I was in two minds about the thing.

"You know, Martha," I said, "I can't make up my mind as to whether I oughtn't to grab this offer of Jake's anyhow. The next time I get in a fix where I want to go out for myself, I may not have the opening."

"It is certainly very mean of the company to snap you up like that and bind you in honor to stay in their employ," she agreed. "I know you would make a wonderful success in Tumble River. Can't you get them to take the contract back, or simply refuse to sign it anyway?"

"I don't see how I can do that," I said thoughtfully. "Hang it all, Martha, I did offer to stay on with them if they gave me those terms, didn't I? There would be something dishonorable about throwing them down now. It's a question of honor, Martha; you forget that."

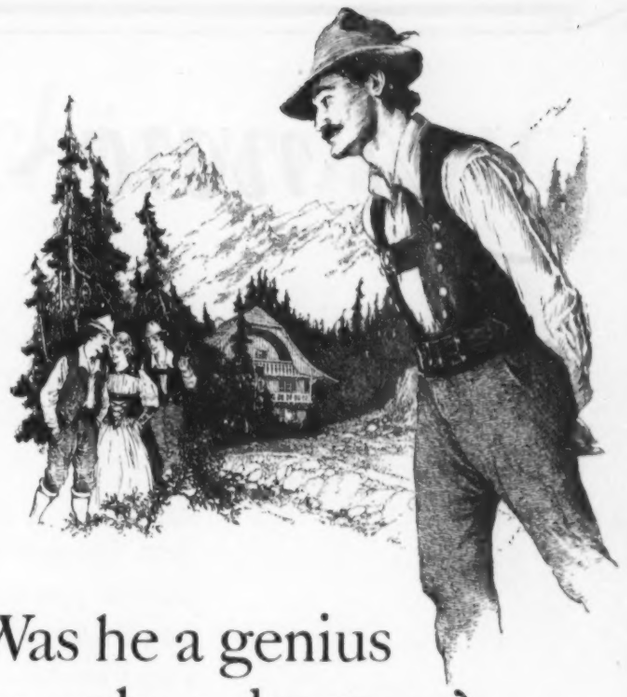
"I suppose so," she said dutifully. "Well, whatever you think best, Fred. And the delicatessen business is a very hard business, I imagine, judging by what we've been through the last year. I don't want you to consider me, Fred; but it was really very hard, working like that."

"I do think of you, and only you, Barkis," I said. "I won't have you working like that again if I never go out for myself. And it was your idea in the first place that we should try out how we liked the delicatessen business before we went out for ourselves."

"Oh, no, that was your idea, Fred. Anyway, it was your will power. I get ideas, but you've got the will power. And I don't believe that you ever really intended to go into the delicatessen business. What would such a fine-looking man as you, Fred, and with your brains, want to go into such a business for? You just said that so as to frighten me into helping you to work hard and get ahead in the Burley. Didn't you, now, Fred?"

"Well, Martha," I said, "to be perfectly candid with you, I did not really have any great hankering for the delicatessen business. I will admit that it was not quite my class. But naturally I could not tell you that and have you feeling down in the mouth when I intended to put in such a hard year's work and show those Chicago people a thing or two. I've got to think for you, honey, and consider you, and maybe cheat you a little bit for your own good. I must shield you from the hard facts of life, and make it all seem like a game."

"And you do, too, Fred," she whispered. "You're just the smartest and most wonderful man in the world." I forgot to say that she was sitting on my lap when this conversation occurred, and now she put her arms around my neck and—but, let that go. After a while I went into my study and signed up my new contract.



Was he a genius or only a dreamer?

There was no doubt about it in the little Swiss village of Vevey—Daniel Peter was queer. He spent long hours day and night in the kitchen puttering with pots and pans, his neighbors said. Occasionally he went to the market place and then he acted like a man entranced—searching for some hidden treasure.

But now after fifty years everybody in the little village thinks that he must have been a genius—for he made the village famous and created a new industry for Switzerland.

Daniel Peter originated milk chocolate—one of the most popular and nourishing food confections ever worked out. By searching out the choicest cocoa beans, he perfected a blend—the blend which has made *Peter's* the standard of quality for a half century. This blend is a *Peter's* secret process. Only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

Peter's is different—distinctive. It's *good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans throughout the world, only the six choicest go into Peter's.



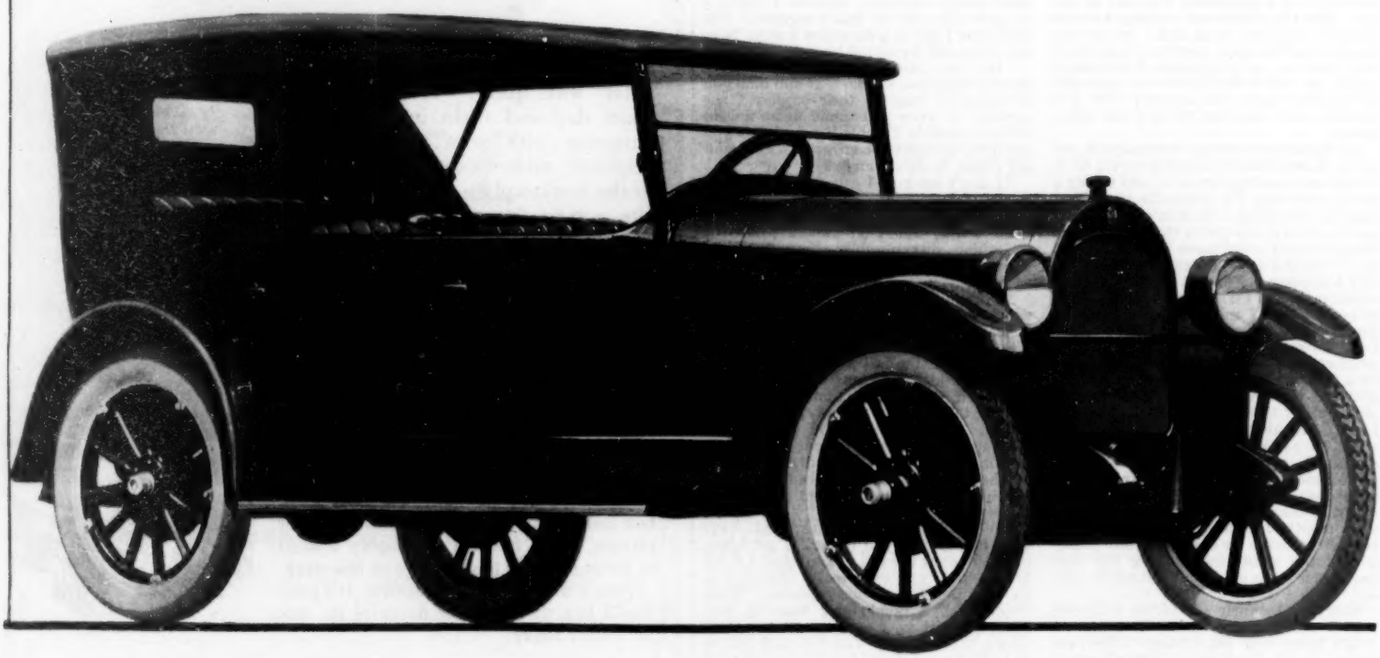
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A new ~ GENERAL a SIX at $750



Price is no longer a barrier to ownership of a six-cylinder automobile of quality. The new Oldsmobile Six opens the way. Read the following description:

The six-cylinder engine is powerful, smooth, flexible, and economical. It is of the high efficiency type, operating smoothly and quietly at all speeds. Pressure lubrication to all bearings. Develops over 42 h. p. by actual test. And this great power, combined with correct axle ratio, assures great pulling and hill climbing ability. Because of its excellent design, the correct balance of crankshaft and of all moving parts, the new Oldsmobile Six engine has no perceptible period of vibration.

Perfect cooling at all speeds is provided by a large capacity Harrison cellular radiator and by centrifugal pump circulation. The economy of the engine is remarkable. A gallon of gasoline will give from 20 to 25 miles, and a gallon of oil 800 to 1000 miles.

Delco electrical equipment, vacuum gasoline feed, light grey iron pistons, honed cylinder walls, large valves, and exhaust gas heated inlet manifold—are other important engine features.

Scientific chassis design; long, flexible, semi-elliptic underslung springs; deep seat cushions; and smoothness of engine operation, make this Oldsmobile Six the easiest riding car in the low price field.

Easy steering is achieved through scientific design of front axle and steering mechanism, and underslung springs, giving low center of gravity. The short turning radius,—18 feet,—is another feature of importance, especially for city driving and parking.

The rear axle is of the very latest design. The housing is in a single piece, the banjo type, assuring maximum strength without undue weight. Absolutely oil and dust tight, and very accessible.

OLDSMO

MOTORS *achievement*

An Oldsmobile and a *SIX* for $750. Think of it! Here is the car that offers you what you have long been waiting for—the opportunity to buy six-cylinder flexibility, smoothness and power, and at a low four-cylinder price.

And—it is an Oldsmobile. In spite of its amazingly low price, it brings you the beauty and refinement which have always characterized Oldsmobile cars. It gives you a highly developed automobile which is the result of Oldsmobile's twenty-six years of manufacturing experience, reinforced by the unmatched engineering, research and purchasing facilities of the great General Motors Corporation.

We invite you to inspect the new Oldsmobile Six at our dealers' show rooms throughout the country. You will find an achievement in motor cars, which is General Motors' answer to the public's demand for a good, but very low-priced six.

Oldsmobile wins by comparison

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The braking system is unusually effective with two types of brakes. The service brakes contract around 12½-inch brake drums on the rear wheels. The emergency brake is at the rear of the transmission. The braking effort applied at this point is multiplied because of the rear axle ratio, making the braking action very efficient. Uneven application of the brakes is prevented by an equalizer.

The Borg and Beck dry disc clutch is very positive easy-acting.

The universal joints employed are of the most approved fabric type. Back lash, noises and rattles are practically eliminated. These universal joints are extremely long lived and the necessity for lubrication of such inaccessible parts is removed.

Bodies by Fisher are of the latest type. All seats are wide, comfortable and deeply cushioned. Very liberal leg room is provided, due to improved design of these bodies. Tops on the open models are tailored to the individual bodies. The closed models are richly trimmed in high grade velour and distinctive hardware.

See these wonderful new cars at the nearest dealer's show room and write for illustrated literature.

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Division of General Motors Corporation

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Super-X

It doesn't seem possible that this sensational new load can reach out some 60 or 70 yards and grab the wily old duck or goose when he's joy riding outside the range of ordinary loads—but you can actually get them at 80 yards if you know how much to lead 'em. Thousands of shooters have proven it.

You will find this extra range a great advantage for all kinds of difficult shooting. Many sportsmen never go into the field for any kind of game without a few Super-X loads in their vests for the hard shots that they would otherwise have to pass up.

Super-X, as well as other loads for all types of shooting, are loaded in the famous Western "Field" shell. This is the shell that was used by the American team in winning the World's Trap-shooting Championships and which this year helped Mark Arie win the Grand American Handicap, America's Trap-shooting Classic.

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If you own a gun, 12-, 16- or 20-gauge, drop us a line and learn how you can increase its range from 15 to 20 yards. Ask for "Better Bullets," which tells about Western improvements in rifle and revolver ammunition. It describes the Boat-tail and Open-point Expanding bullets, the Marksman, super-accurate .22, and also LUBALOY, *the bullet jacket* which absolutely prevents metal fouling. These new features can be obtained only in Western ammunition.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
ALTON, ILL.

Western
AMMUNITION

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 7)

in the high peaks of the Sierras. The total ultimate expenditure on this project will reach several hundred million dollars, and yet the engineers said that practically every piece of machinery installed had to be brought from the East; from places like Pittsburgh, Jersey City, Philadelphia and Schenectady.

Almost every day some new small factory is started in California in a line heretofore unattempted there, but in response to obvious economic advantages and needs. Though it is often but by no means always possible to get raw material in the West, very commonly all or practically all the machinery installed must be brought from the East. Even in the case of motion pictures, the production of which is so strongly centered in Hollywood, the producing companies are hard put to it to buy many of the essential materials of the industry in the West, and must often wait several weeks for delivery from the East.

Then, too, it has long been recognized that no country or section of Europe or America in modern times has attained supremacy without a foundation of iron and steel. That is yet to come in the Far West. There is no denying the variety and wealth of natural resources which the West enjoys, or the fact that in power, which is one of the fundamentals of modern civilization, it is perhaps the richest portion of our country.

Without hydroelectric power the progress of California would have stopped with its climate, tourists and oranges, or perhaps with its oil.

But neither water power nor oil will produce steel, and California does not possess the requisite coal and coke. The nearest of these are in Utah, and at present the efforts of California's leading enterprisers and financiers are concentrated largely upon bringing the coal and coke of Utah to the two metropolitan industrial areas of their state for treatment of the ore deposits, which can in some cases be found much closer at hand.

There is no questioning the seriousness of these efforts, or the high standing of those making them. But as yet the iron-and-steel age of the Far West is a plan rather than an achievement.

"As a result of the acquirement of the iron-ore beds and the tapping of immense coal beds this city should become one of the pig-iron centers of the world," said a Pacific Coast newspaper recently. Perhaps, but construction of the railroad line into the coal fields has not even been begun as yet. Why such an eagerness to arrive before one has started? It takes a minimum of about twenty million dollars even to enter the iron-and-steel game with a small white chip in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, and several hundred million dollars in actual operating of mines, railroads and mills to make an impression.

Natural Resources Unstinted

Of course the tremendous expansion in number of oil wells, pipe lines and refineries in California has called for many kinds of steel, and many small mills to make this or that specialized article are springing up. But the great primary, underlying, absolutely essential process of making steel from iron ore is yet to come. The steel itself must be brought in, except that made from scrap. The Far West has hardly reached the iron-and-steel epoch as yet.

For these reasons the writer proposes to keep his feet on the ground and avoid exaggeration. It is his purpose also to avoid anything like the suggestion of completeness of treatment. To treat the subject fully, it would be necessary to consider just what part in the trade development of the West is being played by such intermountain jobbing centers as El Paso, Denver and Salt Lake City. The last city sits in the center of an untouched wealth of raw materials, comprehensive plans for the development of which seem at last to be taking form. It is an important railroad center, equally distant from Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

But unless there is a radical change in the railroad-rate structure, it would hardly seem as if an intermountain point in a very sparsely settled territory could develop manufacturing industries as rapidly as the cities on the coast, surrounded as they are with a much more thickly populated country.

So rich are the natural resources around Salt Lake City that the writer hesitates to express any opinion concerning its more distant future; and much the same applies to the Northwest, for any consideration of which there is not sufficient space in this article. Seattle is nearer the Orient than other Pacific Coast ports, and the bulk of the immensely valuable silk which this country imports comes in through Seattle rather than through the California cities. Moreover, with its sister cities of the Northwest, Seattle is the natural gateway to the great undeveloped wealth of Alaska.

With the fisheries of the northern seas, with the country's greatest timber reserves and probably its largest undeveloped water power, one hesitates to predict the industrial future of the Northwest, in which there are already numbers of important manufacturing enterprises. But for the immediate present, at least, it would seem probable that Central and Southern California, with a larger population, would lead the pace of industrial progress.

The Center of Population

But after making allowance for the still preponderant position of the East and a marked development in the Northwest, the fact remains that population has increased so rapidly in California in recent years that fundamental and as yet little recognized changes are taking place in the country's economic structure. It is true that population in the Far West is still small. But no business man is blinding himself to the fact that in California it increased more than twice as rapidly from 1910 to 1920 as in the country as a whole, and that in the three years since 1920 almost half as many people have gone there as in the ten preceding years.

The statement has been made that at the present time California is growing at three times the rate of the nation as a whole. The accuracy of such a statement depends upon the assumption that the rest of the country has grown at about the same rate—or only a little faster—since 1920 that it did in the decade preceding. On that point the writer lacks information. The center of population has, of course, long been moving westward, but very slowly, and at last accounts was still east of the Mississippi River by several hundred miles.

Many Californians insist that there has been in the last few years a real flop in population westward. Flop is far too strong a word; if two or three millions instead of half a million had moved into California alone in the last three or four years, without considering the other Far Western states, it would still be only a small fraction of the total population.

"Obviously our problem is to get population, to fill up the great unoccupied spaces in our back country," said one of California's leading business executives. "If we could consume twice as much as at present it would make business much easier. Even now, with the wonderful ports we have on the coast, a large part of the export and import business which one would logically expect to be carried on here is transacted by way of the Atlantic Coast.

"Concerns in New York can get a cheaper rate to China by way of the Panama Canal than can be obtained from this port right here on the Pacific, for the very simple reason that the ship on its way back to New York is sure to have a full cargo on account of the size of the population catered to by New York."

But in a way this is all beside the point. The fact is that population has shifted enough to alter business plans greatly. In one line after another the market in the West is beginning to support an economic minimum of production. Steadily day by day the manufacturer discovers in one business after another that population has become big enough for him to get into production and into competition, in a rather small way, in fields which no one had previously even attempted to enter west of the Rockies.

What the increasing population does is gradually to draw aside the curtains and reveal in all their stark crudity the wastes and losses involved in hauling goods back and forth across the continent. Slowly but surely the development of the Far West is unfolding a strange picture—it might be

(Continued on Page 118)



WANTED
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Dan. J. Morrissey—alias A. F. McAlfee, alias James Kenyon (and other aliases). 26 years of age; 5 feet, 7½ inches; medium chestnut hair; light gray eyes; a smooth appearing, convincing operator.



Check Raiser
WANTED

Alfred Williams—alias Arthur Williamson, alias William McAlfred (and other aliases). About 35 years of age; medium height and build; brown hair and eyes. Dresses well; convincing talker.



All over the country police are looking for check raisers—"wanted" somewhere or other. Smooth, convincing, cunning as foxes check raisers are more dangerous than the nitroglycerine of the safe blower, according to William J. Burns. Ordinary "safety" devices fail, sooner or later. Unsafe checks invite their operations.

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We had the book privately printed so that you might have a copy. Mail the coupon today.

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Using Super-Safety INSURED Checks you are insured for $1,000.00—against raised check losses—in the HARTFORD ACCIDENT & INDEMNITY COMPANY. For 112 years one of America's leading companies—never delaying payment on any just claim. Today has assets of more than $17,000,000.



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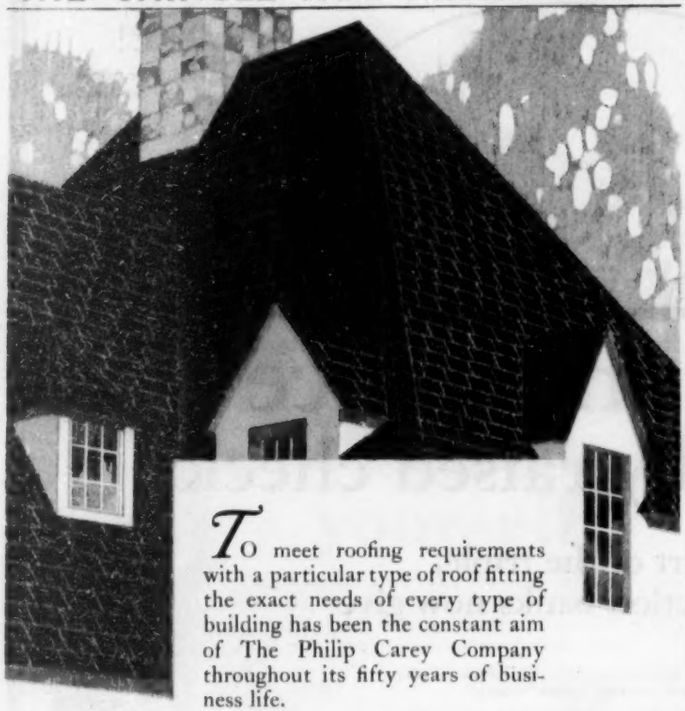
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THE PHILIP CAREY CO.
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Carey
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SHINGLES

1873—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS—1923

(Continued from Page 116)

called a melodrama—of lost motion. At last the point has been reached where the false economics of lost motion has become glaring.

Consider silk. The raw product, mostly from Japan, enters the port of Seattle to the tune of several hundred million dollars a year. It is rushed across the continent to New England. It goes by fast trains at high rates and pays heavy insurance. Of some fifteen hundred silk establishments in the country, all but a small fraction are in New England, where as the result of various processes of fabrication, weaving and dyeing, the value of the raw silk is nearly doubled.

So far, so good. But it is said that seventy million dollars' worth of the finished product goes all the thousands of miles back to the Pacific Coast, there to be sold as dresses, stockings and in other forms to the consuming public. It is true that seventy million dollars is only about 10 per cent of the total production, or just what one might expect 10 per cent of the population to consume. But it is a pretty large figure at that, and just why should raw material valued at thirty millions or more be hauled clear across the continent once, doubled in value, and hauled clear back again? What is the big idea?

Or consider wool. More than half of all the wool is produced in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states, only 25 per cent in the Middle West and 5 per cent in the East. Yet of the more than a thousand mills, only about 1 per cent are in a region which grows most of the wool and probably consumes nearly 10 per cent of the finished product. Here again there is cross-continent freight to be paid twice; and more than that, the grower ships along the dirt, grease, burrs and sagebrush, probably because if the wool is cleaned or scoured the rate is higher. But somehow one wonders if there is not an economic waste in shipping burrs from Idaho to Massachusetts.

It is much the same with hides. A large part of the cattle are produced in the Far West, but tanneries to make leather and factories to make shoes are about as common as hens' teeth west of St. Louis, the bulk of the business still being in New England.

Montana, Utah and Arizona produce most of the copper, but it is fabricated on the Atlantic Coast, although no doubt the rapidly growing cities of California consume their share of brass in building construction. Virtually the entire copper tonnage of Arizona, normally forty thousand tons a month, goes all the way by rail to New Jersey, and later to New York and New England, through the most congested traffic lanes in America.

The writer, standing within a few hundred feet of one of the richest and most productive copper mines in the world, in Arizona, has been handed a copper dinner favor made in Rome, New York.

The Double Overland Haul

Not only do these double long transcontinental hauls represent lost motion but they hold up temptingly to the Westerner the lure of manufacturing profits which might be kept at home. Even with the rapid increase in such facilities in California, most of the fabricated articles in any line must still be brought from the East. Why not keep all the profits at home?

But we must watch our step pretty carefully along about here. The economics of a double overland haul for silk, wool and hides is false enough, but not quite so false as it appears. After all, our entire modern civilization is built upon the basic idea of transportation and the exchange of goods. A pair of shoes appears to be made of leather which comes from the hide of a cow, and any traveler can see hides aplenty from a car window in Arizona or Nevada. Why send hides clear across country to Brockton, Massachusetts, only to bring the finished article back again?

But the truth is that a pair of shoes contains many different kinds of leather, and many other substances as well. There are shoes containing substances from fifteen or twenty different countries. It is very pretty to talk about buying and trading at home and using home products. But human nature being what it is, the majority of manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and consumers will in the long run buy in the cheapest market, which may be in Los Angeles, or in Java, by way of London and New York.

It is a pleasing idea to keep profits at home, to use home products and build up an economically self-sufficient zone or empire. But such ideas usually break down before the hard cold facts that trade is based upon a world-wide exchange of goods, and the bulk of these goods is certain to be fabricated or handled in a wholesale sense near the center of population, provided power and fuel are available, and pretty much irrespective of the point of origin of the raw materials themselves.

Indeed, it has not been so much the false economics of long double hauls which stimulated Western industry. The real trick was turned by an advance in freight rates which for the first time gave the Eastern manufacturer who opened a branch factory on the coast an advantage in the same way that it enabled the small local plant to compete with the Eastern manufacturer who did not have a branch factory there.

In other words, California industry got its start under the forced draft of a wartime boost in freight rates, and to a considerable extent is establishing itself before those rates can be lowered.

"Our trouble out here—in the West—is the old trouble we have had for forty years—transportation," said a well-known Kansas editor recently. "We have to ship everything we sell to a buyer and put transportation in everything we buy from the maker. We are overloaded with freight rates."

In any case it seems fairly reasonable to state that the higher freight-rate schedule is now making for decentralization. To a considerable extent our freight-rate structure, in the West at any rate, has been based upon the long haul, forcing raw materials into the great centers of industry and finished products out into the distant places. But the wartime increases in rates proved too much. It began for the first time to be cheaper to manufacture locally on the West Coast than to send the raw material across and bring back finished goods.

The Melodrama of Lost Motion

The manufacturer on the Pacific Coast may have the field to himself in the sense that his nearest competitor is two to three thousand miles away. But if finished goods can be brought across the continent for less than his own transportation costs on raw materials, then probably he had better stay out of business. Or perhaps the article is one which can be brought through the Panama Canal, although that takes longer, and the time element is important.

On the other hand, perhaps the raw material, if not available close at hand, may be brought through the canal enough cheaper than the transportation cost on the finished article, whether by rail or water, to afford a differential. Apparently there is an increasing number of products on which the freight differential favors the plant in the West, and this is really the vital factor.

The melodrama of lost motion has already been referred to. There is no implication that the transcontinental railroads are the villains of the piece, but on the other hand they are not altogether heroes. It is conceded that in earlier days they alone kept the East and West together. But residents of the Mountain States have often maintained that their region was held back by extremely high transportation rates, both freight and passenger. Of course population is small in that territory, distances great, business slender and grades steep. As these words are written I can look at a long freight train as it slowly and painfully climbs the shoulder of Mars Hill near the summit of the Arizona Divide, 7355 feet above sea level.

But it might be permissible for an average citizen who is not a rate expert to wonder whether the transcontinental lines, all but one or two of which are extremely strong and powerful corporations, financially speaking, might not have profited as much in the long run from a slightly more liberal Western rate policy? In any case, the industrial development of California has in a sense taken place despite rather than because of the railroads.

Californians seem to regard Paul Shoup, vice president of the Southern Pacific and president of its almost equally important oil and traction companies, as one of the most progressive of their leaders, and I sought his views on several aspects of Western development, asking among others this specific question:

"Do not the transcontinental railroads have mixed feelings as a result of the industrial development of California? You will

lose a certain amount of long-haul business, but eventually you will gain greatly in short hauls. Does not big volume of earnings come with population?"

"You have answered your own question," said Mr. Shoup. "Would a railroad man rather operate in Pennsylvania Railroad territory or over the deserts and mountain ranges of our Western States? A railroad must be very short-sighted, indeed, if it fails to develop its own territory for fear of losing long hauls."

In any case it is fortunate for the Pacific Coast that the long-standing contest for control of the Central Pacific Railway has at last been settled. Only a few days before the writing of this article Attorney-General Daugherty announced that after several conferences with President Coolidge, decision had been reached that no further effort would be made by the Government to disturb the fifty-year relationship between the Central and Southern Pacific.

This settlement of a controversy which has raged through the courts, the Department of Justice and the Interstate Commerce Commission for nearly ten years cannot fail to facilitate the commercial growth of the West. Two of the great transcontinental lines, the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific, fought for control of the Central Pacific, and naturally neither went ahead with development programs as whole-heartedly as would have been the case with the dispute settled. Already the Southern Pacific has commenced a new line into Oregon and has announced many other contemplated improvements, including the double-tracking of the Central Pacific itself.

Although balked in its efforts to get the Central Pacific, the Union Pacific owns a line from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. For many years it had owned a half interest in this company, former Senator William A. Clark owning the other half interest. Two years ago it took complete control, and the road, which so long had lain dormant under divided ownership, began to take on importance, partly because of the growth of the port of San Pedro, and partly, no doubt, because the likelihood of getting the Central Pacific away from the Southern Pacific was becoming less.

Nor have the ambitions and activities of the Union Pacific left another of its competitors, the Santa Fe, wholly cold. The supposed stirrings around in Southern Utah on the part of the Union Pacific may not be entirely unconnected with the plans of the Santa Fe to build a line into the rich but as yet untouched San Juan Basin at the corner of four states, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona.

Growth of Los Angeles

Also the Santa Fe is adding to its facilities around Los Angeles and San Diego, talking of building one important new line in California and possibly even in the course of time, provided the Colorado River is developed, of electrifying its system in the Mountain States and on the coast. Altogether it would seem as if these three powerful, competitive systems were all more or less on the stir as regards the Pacific Coast.

It is often difficult to say whether a railroad leads or follows in the development of its country. In the intermountain western region railroads have maintained a high rate scale, but on the other hand they have been compelled to pay most of the taxes in these states.

To be quite frank about it, much of this country consists of barren mountains, desert and worn-out mining districts. The California known to the tourist, to the farmer and to that newer figure, the industrialist, is, after all, a pretty narrow edge on what is for great part waste land.

"How can the industrial growth of Los Angeles continue?" is the question I put to A. G. Arnoll, manager of the industrial bureau of its chamber of commerce and assistant secretary of the chamber. "What you call Southern California is, after all, a very small fringe on the very large Mohave Desert."

"It is only a fringe now," was his reply, "but twelve years ago the fertile San Fernando Valley close to our doors was desert. The reclamation of the Imperial Valley is comparatively new. As fast as water and power are developed there won't be any desert, or at least it will recede. Meanwhile the desert furnishes raw material of the utmost value. For years the public has been familiar with pictures of teams pulling borax out of Death Valley. That is merely one of many such natural resources.

"But in a broader way we view the back country as the great reservoir which will supply this rapidly growing population in Southern California not only with mineral resources but to an increasing extent as time goes on with foodstuffs. Already, I believe, we get milk in various forms from states like Arizona and Utah. We must supply Nevada with arteries of travel and develop her valleys for the growth of alfalfa. These states will furnish us with food, cotton, wool, tallow, hides, and the like. During the war half a million bales of long-staple cotton were grown in the desert regions of the Southwest. The amount has fallen off since, but this year there will be three or four hundred thousand bales, which the boll weevil does not get at either.

"We are not provincial here in Los Angeles and we believe we can build up a market for all that these back-country states can produce. Last year alone thirty thousand acres of agricultural land close to this city were subdivided. We have to make up for that lost food production somewhere else. It may be a dream, but why should not portions of Arizona, Nevada, Utah and even New Mexico be thought of as one economic zone along with us, regardless of state lines? It is just as foolish to think of a state like Nevada alone as it is to consider Vermont apart from the rest of New England."

Leaders of business and civic life in Central California have long taken the same attitude. In announcing the publication of a monthly review one of the leading banks in San Francisco states that its purpose is "to advance American commerce with the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean; and to work for the economic and financial unity of the eleven states west of the Rocky Mountains, to the end that they may enjoy a common development and prosperity."

Locating Arizona

The active head of a corporation covering in its activities most of the Western States, in describing to the writer in a graphic way the features of that region, said that state lines should be forgotten, for the things that matter are topography, fertility of soil, water resources, altitudes and scenic attractions.

But I respectfully submit that the leaders of California will not have altogether an easy time in getting the masses of the people to take any such broad view. There are exceptions, of course, but the average resident of the southern part of the state especially, being a newcomer from the Middle West or East, seems totally unconscious that there are any states west of the Corn Belt except California.

"Why are these people from California so uninterested and ignorant about this state?" I asked a trainman on a transcontinental train as we wound up through the awe-inspiring mountains and painted stretches of a commonwealth directly east of the Golden State.

"All they know about this state is that the train stops here," was his answer. "Most of these Californians think it's hot here the year around. I wish they could have been with me on a timber run last winter when it was forty below at night and twenty-three below in the morning."

"I had an operation in a hospital in California," said an Arizona mining man, "and after I recovered consciousness the nurse asked me where I was from. I replied that I was from Arizona, and she seemed lost in thought for quite a while. Finally she brightened up and said, 'Why, that's in the central part of the state, isn't it?'"

However ignorant the average Californian may be concerning neighboring states, he is always informed regarding the benefits of his own climate. It ill behooves the Eastern investigator, however, to grow facetious at the expense of California's climate. It has proved a great asset, when properly advertised, in attracting the tourist, and consequently has gone far in building up the state.

What is not so commonly known in the East is the fact that climate is building up manufacturing industries as well. The two metropolitan districts, those of San Francisco Bay and Los Angeles, each boast a climate which lacks certain extremes of temperature characteristic of so much of the climate in the East and Middle West. There are fewer hot nights, and there are certainly less extremes of cold.

(Continued on Page 122)



Can you build a business on ten minutes a day?

You may do your planning outside. But you can only confirm the soundness of your plans at your office—and you *can't* get action in your business building work when you are tied to your desk by routine and detail for all but a few minutes a day.

Let your assistants carry their share. Give them a chance to grow. A short time spent dictating to the Dictaphone early morning or late afternoon—in or out of hours—will enable you to pass complete instructions to purchasing, factory, sales, traffic, to any department of your business and in a personal way just as if you could find time to bring each man in for a face to face talk.



She will profit from added responsibility. You will profit from a mind freed for constructive work.

Much more of your work-time day is freed for constructive work—work that may take you anywhere out of touch with your office.



You know you talk more naturally on the telephone than you do in dictating to your stenographer. That's why letters taken through The Dictaphone mouthpiece are so natural, so forceful and so direct.

The Dictaphone will record at any speed you dictate.

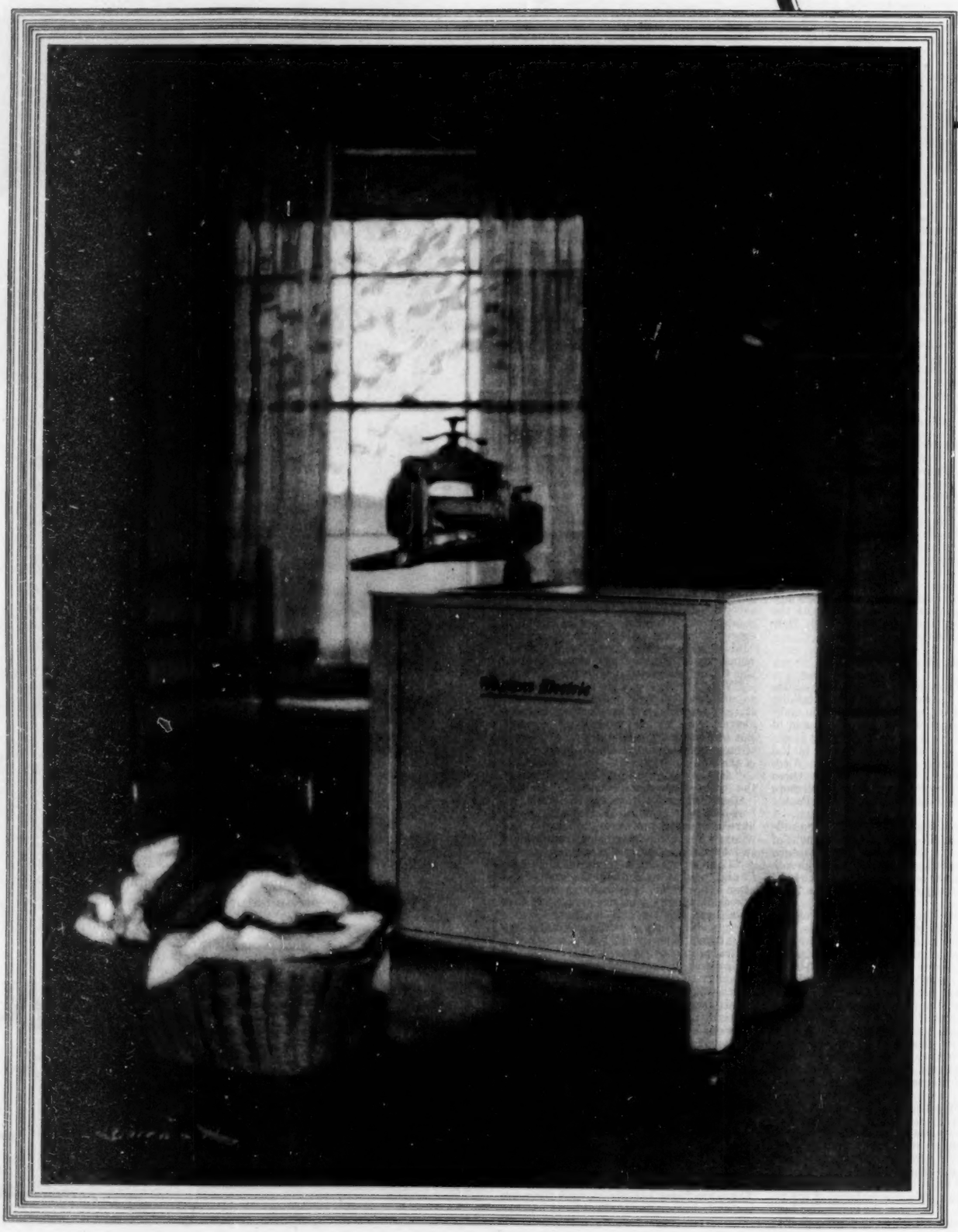
THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Let us put a Dictaphone set alongside your desk for a few days. It will sell itself to you because of its personal convenience and the time you save.

Dictaphone Sales Corp.,
154 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.
Send your "book for executives."
Want trial installation.
Have representative call.
Co.
Address
Signature

Since 1869
— makers and distributors
of electrical equipment



Announcing

A new Clothes Washer backed by the oldest electrical manufacturer

CAN a washing machine be sturdy, with the stoutly built mechanism needed to get clothes really clean — and yet be handsomely designed, a real ornament to your laundry?

That is a question which this 1924 model of the dependable Western Electric Washer now answers with an emphatic "Yes!"

Here you have a Washer of striking appearance, its pleasing lines and cheerful coloring in keeping with up-to-date ideas on house furnishing.

Combined with this, and more important, you have a Washer with all the strength of construction which has always distinguished the Western Electric make.

Western Electric Washers are still giving active service after nearly a decade of use. Surely that tells a story of ruggedness. For remember, the task of washing clothes is just as hard on a motor as on your muscles.

But it is only natural that a Western Electric should stand up under the week-after-week grind. This machine was produced by engineers who know their business. It is the only Washer backed by 54 years' electrical experience.

Facts about the new model

Though the new Western Electric Clothes Washer differs in appearance from the old, the principle of operation remains the same.

The revolving, reversing cylinder is at the core of this Washer, too. This feature is of long-proved efficiency — both by the rigid tests of housekeeping experts and the week-in, week-out experience of many thousands of Western Electric users.

When it comes to the refinements of design, however, you will note several improvements which make for greater convenience and safety of operation.

The straight panels are easy to clean. They conceal all mechanism and protect the clothes from possible contact with oily parts.

The cylinder and wringer controls are easily reached from any side of the Washer.

The metal cylinder prevents clothes from touching the perforations.

The Washer is so balanced on the casters that you can move it with exceptional ease.

The drain board is unusually long — a handy feature.

The oiling system is simplified.

The removable cover can be used as a tray.

Come and see it on display

You will be interested in the literature we have prepared on this new model. Words and pictures, however, cannot tell the whole story. A personal view will give you a far better idea of what has been achieved in superior washing-machine design.

For your convenience let us send you the name and address of the dealer nearest you, at whose shop you can now inspect the 1924 Western Electric Clothes Washer.

In your mind's eye picture how nicely this handsome 1924 model will fit into your scheme of laundry or kitchen furnishings. Then think how helpfully this strong, dependable, labor-saving Western Electric Washer will fit into your scheme of housework.



Send for this booklet

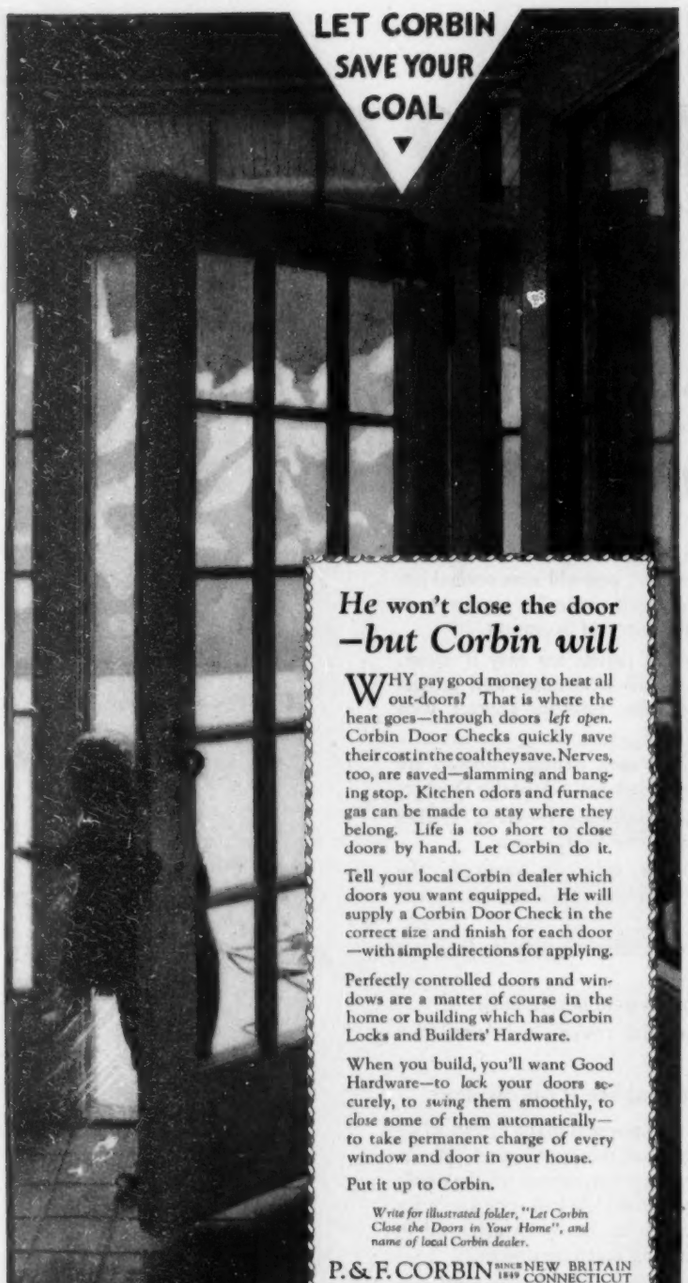
Something new — a cut-out color book that will entertain and instruct the children. Interesting to grown-ups too, because it tells how to lighten home labor.

With this we will send information on the new and improved 1924 model of the Western Electric Clothes Washer.

Be sure to get your copy. Write today to Western Electric Co., 120 Fulton St., New York.

Western Electric

The only washer backed by 54 years' electrical experience



He won't close the door
—but Corbin will

WHY pay good money to heat all out-doors? That is where the heat goes—through doors *left open*. Corbin Door Checks quickly save their cost in the coal they save. Nerves, too, are saved—slamming and banging stop. Kitchen odors and furnace gas can be made to stay where they belong. Life is too short to close doors by hand. Let Corbin do it.

Tell your local Corbin dealer which doors you want equipped. He will supply a Corbin Door Check in the correct size and finish for each door —with simple directions for applying.

Perfectly controlled doors and windows are a matter of course in the home or building which has Corbin Locks and Builders' Hardware.

When you build, you'll want Good Hardware—to *lock* your doors securely, to *swing* them smoothly, to *close* some of them automatically—to take permanent charge of every window and door in your house.

Put it up to Corbin.

Write for illustrated folder, "Let Corbin Close the Doors in Your Home", and name of local Corbin dealer.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

(Continued from Page 119)

Obviously no man would locate a factory at a given point merely because the climate is good; indeed much of the best climate on the continent is in places so sparsely settled that only an Indian trading post can do business at a profit. But other things being equal, climate helps. There are more working days in a year when extremes of temperature are absent, building construction is cheaper with no snow load to be provided for, and heating and cooling systems less necessary.

Not only does the operative put in more days a year but he or she is possibly a more efficient worker with no extreme cold to combat.

It is easy to understand why the industrial growth of Los Angeles has been the faster, the more spectacular and the more sensational of the two metropolitan areas of California. In previous articles stress was laid upon the wealth brought in by the horde of home seekers, the eagerness with which many retired captains of industry reënter business in their new homes, the rapidity of real-estate development and the rapid exploitation of immense reserves of oil. All these are picturesque features or factors of growth. Another is the motion-picture industry, possibly the most romantic, the most glamorous possession which a city could have. The motion pictures are in fact Los Angeles' leading industry, making for a production in 1922 of $156,000,000, and a weekly pay roll of a million dollars, or nearly twice that of its nearest competitor, the oil industry.

The movies were not classed as a manufacturing industry in the census of 1920, the ruling being that they were more in the nature of something artistic. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce maintains they should be classed as an industry, and states that the Census Bureau will so consider them in the future. I did not inquire into the attitude of all the producing companies, but the representatives of one of the largest of these concerns said that as far as his people were concerned, they preferred to have the business classed as an art industry, whatever that may be, rather than as a manufacturing industry.

Auxiliary Lines

"In whatever category the production of motion pictures may be classed," said a representative of one of the larger companies, "there is no reason why Southern California should not in time develop great numbers of auxiliary manufacturing lines. Take photographs as an example. We are only one of a score or more of studios, yet every week we send out five thousand photographs of our stars. They are sent all over the country to fans, as well as for regular advertising purposes. From one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty visitors go through the place here every day in the company of guides, and each visitor is given a picture of our two stars.

"But do you think we can get the paper to make those photographs here in California? I have simply a hell of a time getting enough paper, and most of it comes from New York about two weeks late, depending upon shipping conditions. Talk about industrial opportunities in the West! There is hardly an article used by this great industry in which there are not opportunities for manufacturers here.

"As for furniture, we simply can't cope with the situation at all. You say there has been a great expansion in the furniture industry in California? Perhaps so, but we can't get anything like enough furniture here. Then there are such things as projection machines, cameras and film.

"There is another side to the industrial expansion of the West that interests the motion-picture people. We are glad to see textile mills. The romance of the movies has dragged into this part of the state untold thousands of young men and women who are not fitted to enter them. Numbers go back home, but most of them hang around here, half broke, and it will be fortunate indeed when there are enough cotton, woolen and silk mills to employ them all. That is where most of them belong."

Foodstuff Industries

It must not be supposed that all of Los Angeles' industrial development is based on such showy, albeit powerful factors, as motion pictures, oil and real-estate or bungalow development. All through the great level area that lies between the city and its seacoast ports and cities, Wilmington, San Pedro and Long Beach, there are springing up manufacturing areas where but a few short years ago cattle ranches and farms stood alone. There is a chemical center and a metallurgical center, each surrounded by its appropriate workmen's bungalow development.

The dispassionate outsider will not fail to observe that one-fourth of all California's manufacturing consists of cleaning, milling, canning, preserving or otherwise preparing foodstuffs for market.

Also much of the hustle and bustle of industrial activity has to do with taking care of the most elementary needs of a suddenly enlarged population—new laundries, bakeries, cold-storage plants, ice-cream factories, and the like.

Except for a branch of a nationally known tire company, which employs several thousand workers in its handsome Los Angeles factory, there are no large single plants, in the modern Eastern sense, in the southern part of the state. But the great diversity and multiplicity of small factories has made New York City the vast, stable industrial center that it is, and there is certainly advantage to Southern California also in having a great diversity of small plants, which indeed are being established with really astonishing rapidity.

One of the newer developments is the Central Manufacturing District, fashioned after a similar Chicago district and backed by Chicago interests. There is a handsome central administration building, large stockyards, a stockyards bank, and the first unit of a warehouse system, used as such until a factory comes along to fill it up, when another warehouse unit is built. In a sense the whole thing is an incubator for freight for transcontinental railroads, but such a location is attractive to the small industry which needs the support of neighbors and the facilities which a complete district provides.

In another large terminal-warehouse-factory layout nearer the heart of the city is one of the most interesting industries in the Southland—a chocolate, cocoa, candy, biscuit and cracker factory employing eight hundred operatives.

This concern started as a small hole-in-the-wall restaurant in 1887, but now sells goods in twenty-four countries and sends its products to one hundred and eighty-four different California towns by its own motor-truck lines.

Specialty Centers

It should be said for Los Angeles that few Eastern cities take such an interest in the smaller outlying cities, and in their respective industrial growth. As the need for textile mills increases, the smaller cities and towns with neighborhood labor are likely to become centers for one line or another. If their abilities and achievements were equal to their ambitions, Manchester, Lowell, Pittsburgh and Detroit would soon be pushed off the map. None the less their growth has certainly been rapid.

The real industrial show place of Los Angeles is, however, close to the heart of the city, near its retail district and not far from its financial center. This is a factory occupying a new building, which looks like anything but a factory, but most resembles a large modern high school or department store. It is no secret that the building was erected with high ceilings, broad aisles and superior accommodations so that if the retail district should continue to move in the right direction, the building might be sold for department-store use.

But one of the managers explained that the location, construction and appearance, outward and inward, of the building had other reasons than the possible future sale.

"Where does a girl prefer to work? In the financial district, of course. What is her next choice? The retail district. What is her last choice? A factory district known as such, way out beyond the city, where there are railroad yards, swamps, dump heaps, and the like. A girl is very touchy on the subject of the sort of working place she is seen entering or leaving, and as ground rent is only 2 to 8 per cent of business expense, and labor runs up to 40 per cent—it is, of course, much more in some lines—we believe in going in for good-looking working quarters in a restricted district where girls like to be seen."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in next week's issue.



EVERY once in a while it is good to revive and review the facts regarding the care of your teeth. To be good looking they must be clean. They should not be neglected. Yet a dentifrice cannot be anything more to them than a cleansing agent. That important fact is so simple that it is quite startling. And that is why Dr. Lyon's is unmedicated. Try a can of Powder or a tube of Cream, both free from harmful ingredients, and watch the fine results.

To *clean* safely—use Dr. Lyon's.
To *cure*—go to a good dentist.

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER *and* DENTAL CREAM



The Dentifrice That Made Fine Teeth Fashionable



FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS I have been in close personal touch with the manufacture and sale of motor cars—as a matter of fact, ever since there has been such a thing as a motor car. For twenty-five years I have had my finger on the pulse of the motor-buying public. During this twenty-five year period I have seen the motor car grow from a mere experiment to the greatest transportation unit of history. Meanwhile, I have absorbed certain definite ideas as to what the discriminating motorist needs and expects in the way of future motor improvement. In the Elgin car I have found the best possible engineering foundation for the incorporation of these improvements—a car of unexcelled stamina and serviceability—a proved car, a Six that thousands of satisfied owners swear by. My recent appointment as head of Elgin Motors, Inc., gives me the opportunity I have been looking forward to of producing a car, sound in engineering principle, exquisite in equipment and embodying the last word in finished refinement. Such a car is THE BETTER ELGIN. Full details on request.

J. W. McDuffee

President Elgin Motors, Inc., Indianapolis

Elgin

THE COLD-BLOODED LITTLE FISH

(Continued from Page 16)

"Guess maybe I'm not in right! Watch me show the old world some speed now. Those other birds can knock all they please. I'm for Jericho Bodd."

The copy chief came in again that day. "Didn't have any trouble getting the stock, did you?"

"He treated me like a king, Mr. Bodd. I surely am grateful to you for putting me next to this good thing."

Jericho Bodd hesitated with his hand on the knob. "Arnother & Harbone did you a big favor in getting this stock for you. Don't forget that."

Steve had a busy week following his investment in Arcadine. He thoroughly enjoyed digging into each task, and turned out great sheaves of dealer ads, booklets, folders, form letters, and so on. He seemed a boy again, with all his original enthusiasm for advertising work. In the evenings he and Jane talked happily about their future and made plans feverishly. They hardly gave a thought to their thirty-six hundred dollars now. That was settled, working for them, building the future of which they dreamed. It remained for them merely to decide how best to apply the wonderful profits which were soon to begin pouring into their bank account. The world *can* be a friendly place!

The little house had taken definite form. It would be a white frame, with a terrace, and a long living room across the front with rows and rows of bookshelves all around the walls. In the back would be a ravine, with stately trees and a view. And, of course, there would be a giant hedge about it all, for they were going to be too wonderfully happy to allow the world to gape at them. Oh, yes; and Jane was finally going to have her wire-haired fox terrier!

One morning exactly a week after the investment in Arcadine, Steve was leaving the house for the office, when he met the postman. There was a letter from Arnother & Harbone, his brokers! The thought thrilled him, and he raced back to the house to share its message with Jane.

"Here's the first report on our investment, little girl," he shouted boyishly, as he tore open the envelope.

Jane bent eagerly over his shoulder.

They read the letter hurriedly; then read it again to make sure of what they saw. It was short and very definite in tone:

"Please provide additional margin not later than Thursday noon, to cover the drop in the price of Arcadine common, which you are holding on a fifty-point margin."

"Why, it's a mistake!" exclaimed Steve. "This can't be right. I told that man I was putting in everything we had. We've got just thirty-seven dollars in the bank!"

"They must have meant this letter for someone else," said Jane. "Don't you worry, Steve. He'll straighten it out."

The first thing Steve did when he got to the office was to call Arnother on the phone.

"What do you mean by asking for more margin now?" he thundered. "You know I told you I had no more money!"

"Well, I don't control the price of stocks," replied the broker. "I didn't think it was going down. But we never can tell. You knew you were taking a chance, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I was led to believe that this stock was going up soon. And it was certainly to hold its own."

"Everybody who buys stock is led to believe something like that. I'm sorry for you, young man."

"Thanks for the sympathy. But what am I going to do? Today is Thursday, and I haven't got any more money."

"I'll hold it for you till Monday, as a special favor, if it doesn't drop any more?" said the banker finally. "I'm doing this because I know your Mr. Bodd."

On Monday the broker called Steve on the phone to say that Arcadine common had lost thirty points more since Thursday.

"I'll have to ask for at least a thousand dollars margin today, or sell you out. I can't carry this any longer."

Steve and Jane had been in a daze since Thursday. They simply had not been able to grasp the idea that they were about to lose all their savings if they couldn't put up more money. The whole thing seemed to be a dream, a horrible nightmare which carried with it the subconscious expectation of a happy awakening. But the second call from Arnother, on Monday, left no doubt in their minds about the terrible reality. Steve called Jane immediately.

"That infernal stock is down some more. We've got to have a thousand dollars by three o'clock today, or be closed out. Fine weather we're having, and all like that, isn't it?"

"But isn't there anything you can do, Steve?"

"Well, I might rob a bank. But I'm going to do everything I can. I'll call Uncle Ben. He may have had paralysis or something that has affected his heart so that he would lend us some money."

"Why don't you go over to our bank and see Mr. Carver? He's always been so nice to us about everything."

Steve did go to see their banker, and was surprised to learn that the man had never heard of Arcadine Manufacturing Company before. He was also surprised to learn that his name wasn't good for a nickel in the form of a loan.

"But I've got thirty-six hundred dollars in that investment!" said Steve impatiently. "Do you mean to say there is no way I can secure help from my bank to protect my savings?" Steve was seeing red.

"Well," replied the banker slowly, "we do offer you wonderful protection for savings, and we pay four per cent. But we can't protect savings unless they are in our vault."

Then Steve called his Uncle Ben on long distance. Uncle Ben lived up in the country and owned several farms. He had money, but, so far as Steve knew, he had never lent any of it to young men who were taking flyers in the stock market. Steve got about such a reply as he expected:

"Lend you a thousand dollars? Why, Stevie, you're crazy! That ain't no way to use money, nohow. It'll teach you a lesson, boy. Be worth it to you. Come out and see us some Sunday. Jane all right?"

At fifteen minutes to three o'clock Steve was desperate, and entirely without the funds to cover his margin. All day long he had been inwardly cussing Jericho Bodd, but had stayed away from the chief's office. He had determined that he wouldn't show the copy chief he blamed that individual for the trouble, but would go right ahead and bear his own burden. "Anybody is liable to make a mistake, and he's probably feeling just as bad about it as I am." Steve was a good sport, and he hadn't a thought of complaining. But when the fateful day was about over and he realized he was beaten he threw policy and discretion to the winds and stalked into the sanctum.

Jericho Bodd looked up calmly. Steve glared in return.

"That's a fine stock you tipped me off to," he snorted. "A fine thing to do to a man like me! It has dropped from a hundred to fifty-four in a week and a half. Fine stock, isn't it?"

"Sit down," said Jericho Bodd. "When do you have to put up your margin money?"

"In fifteen minutes." Steve fidgeted angrily. "Plenty of time to talk it over. Shall we sing a little song to start off the festivities?"





NOTE!

Cream Capped This Way is *Sure* to be the cream you order—

With this cap on the bottle, cream can't be tampered with—adulterated or substituted —or—fouled by dust. Good dairies use it

When it leaves the modern dairy, cream is cream—not half milk. Whipping cream is whipping cream—not plain cream.

The good dairyman protects you there. He sends out the cream you order and pay for—clean and pure in a sterile bottle.

But before you take it off your doorstep, cream (and the selected grades of milk) are too often tampered with. Cheating hands (and dirty hands) substitute milk for cream, and plain milk for the selected.

It was to prevent this tampering—switching of labels, and substitution and adulteration—as well as to protect cream and milk from back-porch soot and dust, that the Standard Hood Seal was invented. Leading dairies everywhere are adopting this top for cream and the better grades of milk.

No Switching of Tops

The Standard Hood Seal is non-replaceable. Once removed, it cannot be replaced. Any tampering instantly exposes itself.

Also, this cap, fitting completely over the regular bottle top, covers and seals the *entire* top. No dust or soot can settle on the top or around the pouring lip of the bottle.

With this cap on the bottle, you *know* that cream *is* cream when it reaches you and that "Certified" Milk *is* "Certified" Milk—that neither the cream nor the milk has been "thinned" by hands or contaminated by dust.

Write Us

You owe it to yourself to see that the cream and the selected milk that you order and pay for are the cream and milk you *get*, untouched by human hands or dust.

If you are not getting the protection of the Standard Hood Seal, write us and we'll show you how to get it.

STANDARD CAP & SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Aves., Chicago, Ill.



STANDARD HOOD ~ SEAL

Dairymen!



$55

A complete hand capping-machine and 5,000 Standard Hood Seals with the name of the product (Cream, "Certified" Milk, etc.) and your own name printed on—for only $55.00. Additional caps at nominal cost. This machine will cap over 1,000 bottles an hour. Anyone can operate it.

A small enough investment, but big in returns. Protects your cream and better grades of milk from substitution—assures your customers getting what they pay for—builds business by establishing confidence in your product and respect for your name. Standard Hood Seals now used by over 500 of the best dairies in U.S.—Borden's, Sheffield Farms, etc.

Mail coupon for complete $55 outfit or for catalog, as you wish.

STANDARD CAP & SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Aves., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Send me hand capping-machine with 5,000 Standard Hood Seals with my name printed on (enclose letterhead or billhead). Print ____ caps "Cream" ____ caps "Whipping Cream" ____ caps "Certified Milk." (Give number of each wanted).

☐ Send me catalog (only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Jericho Bodd ignored the contempt. "Tried to borrow money?"

"Tried everywhere. Can't get a cent. There isn't a cent in the world."

"You need a thousand dollars, eh? Got to have it?" Then reaching for a sheet of paper he wrote a few lines on it. "Take this to the cashier and he'll fix you up. An advance on your salary. It will be taken out of your checks over a period of six months. All right?"

Steve nodded gratefully as he reached for the memorandum. Jericho Bodd soothed him.

"Don't worry now. I'll phone Arnother and tell him you're sending a check. It will be all right. Sorry the stock went down, Mr. Roberts."

That evening at home Steve found himself praising Jericho Bodd again to Jane.

"It was a fine thing for him to do. I hadn't thought about getting money on my salary. It surely did save our bacon."

"You don't think there will be anything more to worry about now, do you, Steve?"

"Why, Jane, that stock simply can't go any lower. It'll be up in a week, and we'll have all this money back, with a fine profit. You just see. I won't give up on Jericho Bodd yet."

But at the end of another week the same act was repeated—that is, almost repeated. This time Steve didn't go to Jericho Bodd. He knew he couldn't get any more money advanced on his salary, and certainly he couldn't expect any other help from the copy chief. He did, however, go to Jim Warren and Al Rainey, and tried to make a loan from them. But he found them both mortgaged to their necks, Jim with a new motor car, and Al with his new bungalow in Wycourse. But they gave him a lot of sympathy.

"Why, the little skunk!" said Jim. "Who'd ever have thought he'd play such a low-down trick as that on a member of his own copy department? Well, I suppose you'll have to swallow it, Steve. It's hard luck, but you'll get back on your feet some day."

"Tell you what," said Al Rainey, "I'd burn down the old building. But I suppose they've got insurance on it."

And so another three o'clock rolled around on schedule, and it found Steve Roberts with his telephone in hand, conversing briefly but fluently with the senior member of the brokerage firm of Arnother & Harbone.

"You can take your infernal old Arcadine stock and go to the devil!" And Steve punctuated the sentence with a fine bang of the receiver on the hook.

A real cloud of gloom settled down over the little Roberts household that evening.

"Steve, do you realize that if we pay back that thousand dollars in six months it means one hundred and sixty-seven dollars a month out of your salary? That leaves us just one hundred and eighty-three dollars."

"Yes, I know, Jane. It's a big comedown for us, and it will be hard. I feel like wringing the neck of that little rat, but it wouldn't do any good. And I couldn't quit now, owing them all this money."

There were tears in Jane's eyes. Her lips quivered for an instant, then she went over to Steve's chair and put her arms about his shoulder.

"Don't you care, poor boy. What does money mean when we have each other? We'll get through this and be happier than ever. It'll be fun to save money and beat our troubles all by ourselves."

"Yes, we'll save! You mean you will. It will mean drudgery for you, doing all your housework, going without clothes, and no money for pleasures of any kind. Of course I'll put the car up, and I can quit smoking. But I'll be out where I can see folks, and I'll have my work. Why, you'll have to give up your trip to New York next month. It just isn't fair!"

But in spite of whether it was fair or not, it was very actual, and at the beginning of another month Steve and Jane found themselves counting nickels—and an occasional dime.

"Nobody really knows what a budget is until they run across one that won't budge!" laughed Jane.

Although Jericho Bodd said nothing about the investment, he was, Steve imagined, just a little bit sympathetic. One day he was reading some copy Steve had turned in, when he stopped suddenly and asked how Mrs. Roberts was getting along.

"Why, she's all right," replied Steve. "It's hard for her, of course, but she's got a lot of pluck."

Steve felt a real pride in the fine way Jane had taken things. At least Jericho Bodd would find nothing to gloat over. But the copy chief said nothing and went right on reading.

It was a month later before Steve got a new assignment. His work had settled down into the old routine again, and he went along mechanically, his enthusiasm dulled by the recent financial holocaust. He felt content to hold his own, at least for six months, when he might get away where his thoughts could be diverted. He had seen little of Jericho Bodd, for his work had been largely on dealer service and things which didn't require exactness. But one day Jericho Bodd walked in and asked Steve whether he was busy. Steve was just finishing his last bit of copy for the Skeego dealers.



"How Much Money You Got Saved, Mr. Roberts?" Ordinarily Steve Would Have Answered Such a Question by Telling the Inquisitive One to Go to the Devil

"Here's an account that Mr. Rainey has been working on," said Jericho Bodd as he laid some papers on the desk. "He's done his best, but he's not suited to this type of writing. We've got to have something better, something exactly right. The account is the Randford National Bank. They're our bankers, you know. And they are carrying the mortgage on our building. The office hasn't taken this account seriously, and the president of the bank told me a while ago that he was losing faith in us and in advertising, and if we couldn't show something better on his work he would call in our loan. We've got to show him, because we can't get such a loan elsewhere. I want you to write up fifty-two advertisements, on the savings department. Put all you've got into them. Remember, they're the most important copy you'll write this year. I rather imagine you've got atmosphere for this work, haven't you?" And Jericho Bodd's eyes twinkled just a bit, without disturbing the grimness of his countenance. That smirk, as it seemed to Steve, cut deep, and the copy man could hardly retain himself. But he managed to keep still, while Jericho Bodd continued, "I'm sorry I had to bring this to you, but you're the best writer we've got on copy with feeling, and I know I can depend on you."

And Steve, being a good sport, quickly forgot his anger and settled himself to the task of getting savings depositors for the Randford National Bank. If ever before he had put heart throbs into copy he now put his very soul into every snap of his typewriter keys. He pleaded, begged, stormed—in well-put phrases, of course—with the people of the community for them to keep their money safe. Safety! Safety! Safety! Likewise sense, gumption, discretion. He made his copy fairly shout the words. He explained how even the best of friends can, and often do, give vicious suggestions about investments—he hoped Jericho Bodd would read this and get its full meaning—and then see their victims fleeced without showing the slightest sign of sympathy. He explained, as it had never been explained before, the meaning of taking a chance. He painted horrible word pictures of folks drudging their lives away in squalid homes, doing tiresome work day after day, all because they had carelessly thrown away their savings.

For fifty-two advertisements Steve poured out his innermost feelings, poured them out with all his well-known handling of grammar and punch. It was wonderful work. In two days he had finished the entire campaign. When he put the manuscripts on Jericho Bodd's desk the copy chief went through every page in his usual painstaking manner. Then without a change in his cold gray expression he turned to Steve.

"It's exactly right!"

Steve didn't see any need of telling Jane about the bank campaign. He didn't want to open up the old wound. Anyway, it was all in the day's work. But one evening he noticed her reading something in the newspaper very intently. She handed the paper to him.

"Read that advertisement, Steve. It certainly does tell the truth. I believe it must have been written just for us."

And Steve saw one of his Randford National Bank advertisements staring him in the face.

Steve and Jane had been living on their budget two and a half months when he came home one evening with a touch of his old-fashioned enthusiasm.

"The office has announced a prize to the man who has produced the best copy during the year," he said. "Jericho Bodd is going to award it tomorrow. If I don't get that prize I'm going to break that little shrimp in two."

Jane was ready with her whole-hearted boosting.

"Of course you'll get it. I know your copy is better than anything else turned out of that office, and Mr. Bodd knows it too."

"Maybe it will be a thousand dollars," Steve remarked expectantly. "That sure would give us a lift, eh, little girl?"

The next day Jericho Bodd stood up before the six members of the copy department to hear the result of the award.

"You men know I am particular about copy. It must be as nearly right as we can get it. I'd like to have all of it exactly right. And I have had splendid success this first year I've been here. Several campaigns have done well for us, and our president has agreed that we should make such effort worth while by inaugurating an annual prize to be given to the man who does the best work. The amount of the prize will vary from year to year. This year it is two hundred dollars, and it is awarded to Mr. Roberts for his copy for the Randford National Bank."

Steve broke away from the gang to telephone Jane.

"Two hundred whole dollars, wife! Not so much, but it's real, and we can spend it. Get your duds on and we'll take in a show first, then you buy a new dress. We're going to celebrate right."

"Now listen, silly boy. That money is going right into the savings bank. Oh, I'm so glad, and I'm so proud of your work."

As Steve hung up the receiver his door opened and Jericho Bodd came in.

"How's Mrs. Roberts getting along?" Steve replied she was fine.

"I suppose she's going to have a lot of fun with that two hundred?"

"She's going to put it in the bank."

"Huh!" Jericho Bodd seemed to be lost in thought. Then: "Fine girl. She's got sense. Down at the bank today they handed me some of their new budget books. Here's one of them. Maybe Mrs. Roberts would like it." Jericho Bodd started to go, then hesitated. "By the way, Mr. Roberts, that campaign of yours had already brought in a fine bunch of new accounts. A good bank. Good place to put your two hundred."

Steve's blood boiled again. The idea of that cold-blooded little fish trying to jest with Jane when he had been the cause of all their trouble. He crushed the little book in his hand, then his good humor returned as he thought of the two-hundred-dollar check.

"Oh, well, it might help her keep accounts. No use getting mad. He just doesn't know any better."

He placed the budget book in his pocket and started for home.

That evening he and Jane talked for an hour of the prize award, and how much they were going to make the new nest egg mean to them, when Steve remembered the little book in his pocket that Jericho Bodd had sent to Jane. He tossed it into her lap.

"And what do you think?—Little Stone Heart sent a prize to you. Said you had sense, and would like that!"

Jane saw what it was, and the tears came to her eyes, but she quickly stopped them.

"Oh, that funny little man. He's beyond all understanding. The idea of sending such a thing to me, after all the heartaches he has caused. I wonder if he's trying to be clever. I'll just use it and fool him, if he did."

Then she turned the first page and saw tucked carefully inside a little slip of paper of significant size and shape. One glance told her what it was, then a closer look, and a gasp of amazed happiness escaped her.

"Oh, Steve! Steve! Steve!"

Jericho Bodd, as has been said, was probably the most exact man in the whole world. The Pacific Weekly man had been right. Jericho Bodd did weigh exactly one hundred pounds; he was exactly five feet tall. He also received a salary of exactly twenty-five thousand dollars a year. And ——

Right at the exact moment when Jane found the check in the budget book Jericho Bodd was painstakingly, as was his custom, adding some figures on a stub in his check book. There was a deposit of $3600, another of $1000 and some smaller ones representing the supposed margin that had been wrung out of Steve from time to time. He proved his total and saw that it agreed exactly with a check he had drawn that day for $5017.50 to the credit of Mr. Stephen Roberts. Then he closed his check book.

Yes, Jericho Bodd was exact—and he owned exactly a half interest in the brokerage concern of Arnother & Harbone!



Valspar is Hallowe'en-proof—

There! Grandfather's got that pesky apple at last!

The old timer is bound he'll show those youngsters he can still enjoy an old-fashioned Hallowe'en frolic—even if it does mean another attack of rheumatism in the morning and water all over the floor.

Of course the water may be a bit hard on Grandfather, but it can't hurt the floor—for the Floor is Valsparred even if Grandfather isn't.

Valspar protects and beautifies furniture, floors and woodwork of all kinds—inside and out—from the hard knocks of weather and everyday wear. Water, hot or cold, grease, even acids will not harm a Valsparred surface.

Valspar is easy to apply. It brushes evenly and freely and may be rubbed down to a dull finish if desired. And Valspar *never* turns white!

In addition to the clear Valspar Varnish which is known the world over, Valspar also comes in colors.

Valspar Varnish-Stain is made of clear Valspar Varnish itself combined with transparent wood-stains. It comes in Light and Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green. Anyone can use Valspar Varnish-Stain—You Valspar and Stain at one stroke of the brush.

Valspar Enamel—beautiful solid-covering colors, ground in Clear Valspar—Red—*light and deep;* Vermilion; Blue—*light, medium and deep;* Green—*medium and deep;* Ivory; Bright Yellow; Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White



The famous Valspar boiling water test.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

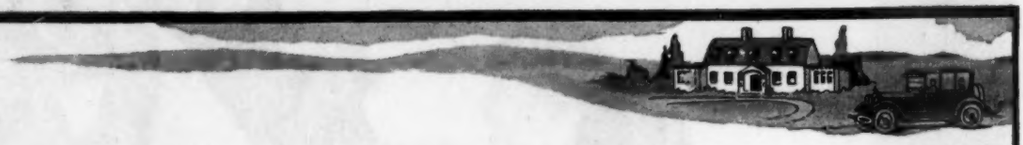
I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.

Clear Valspar . ☐
Valspar Enamel ☐
State Color
Valspar Stain . ☐
State Color

Dealer's Name
Dealer's Address
Your Name
Your Address

S. E. P. 10-27-23

WEED CHAINS—*the Original*



The patented Lever-Locking Connecting Hooks on all the ***genuine*** WEED REGULAR and WEED DE LUXE Chains draw the side chains together with little effort and lock them securely with a pressure of the thumb. They are always stamped with the name WEED. On WEED REGULAR they are galvanized, on WEED DE LUXE they are red enameled



The WEED DE LUXE patented Twin-Loc Side Chain is the strongest side chain ever produced and is always galvanized



The ***genuine*** WEED REGULAR Chains are packed in a Brown Canvas Bag for the convenience of the user, and plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires they will fit



EVERY Tire Chain is either a genuine WEED or constructed on the basic idea of the WEED

WEED CHAINS have a record of 20 years of safety and service to millions of motorists. When you buy and use genuine WEEDS, you are taking no chances



LOOK for the name WEED on every hook. It is a distinguishing mark of genuine WEED Chains

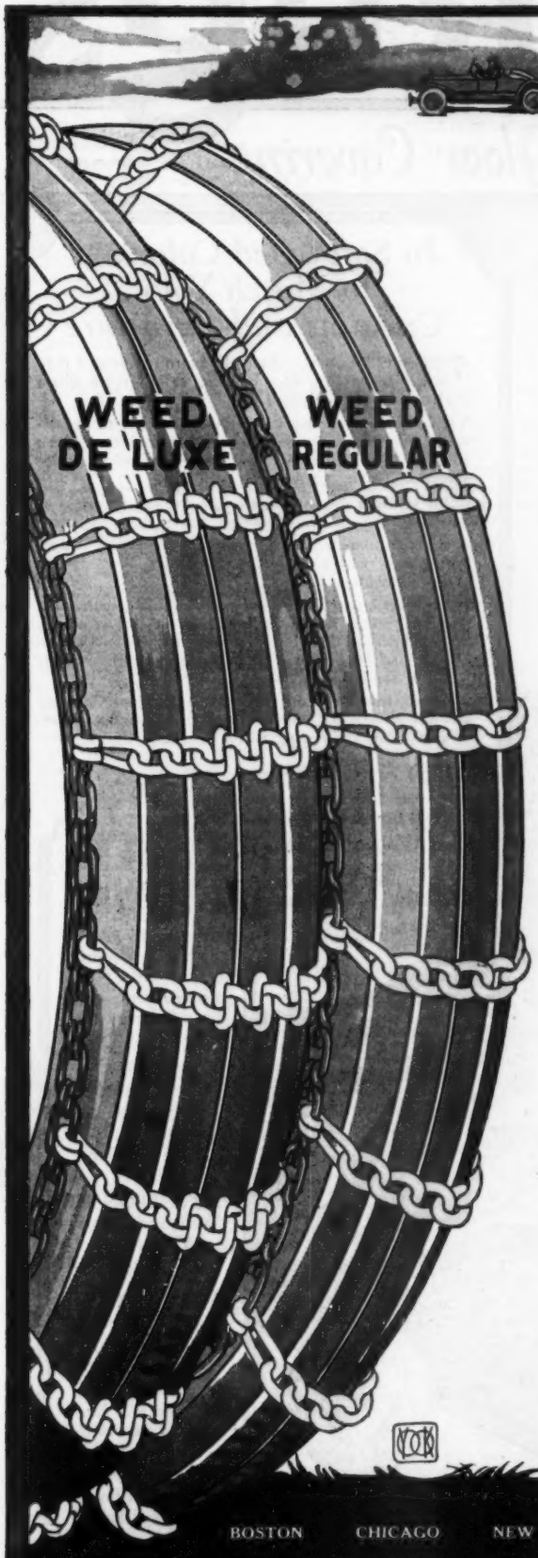
AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

Bridgeport, Connecticut

In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, Niagara Falls, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAINS FOR ALL PURPOSES

Tire Chains – still the BEST!



Use Genuine WEED TIRE CHAINS *for Safety and Economy*

The patented super-imposed Reinforcing Link of the ***genuine*** WEED DE LUXE Cross Chain gives four points of road contact instead of two, greatly increasing the mileage



The Hooks of the ***genuine*** WEED REGULAR and WEED DE LUXE Cross Chains are always brass plated and stamped with the name WEED



The ***genuine*** WEED DE LUXE Chains are packed in a Blue-Gray Canvas Bag for the convenience of the user, plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires they will fit



DISTRICT SALES OFFICES

BOSTON CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH SAN FRANCISCO

FACTORIES

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. READING, PA. COLUMBUS, OHIO YORK, PA. (3)
WATERBURY, CONN. ADRIAN, MICH. MANSFIELD, OHIO WEST PULLMAN, ILL.
BRADDOCK, PA. HARTFORD, CONN. MONESSEN, PA. TERRE HAUTE, IND.
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

AMERICAN CHAIN ASSOCIATION

Bird's BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS Rugs

HARD SURFACE — A Labor Saving - Easily Cleaned - Dollar Saving - Durable - Economical Floor Covering — WATER PROOF



In Soft-toned Colorings to Match Your Curtains and Furniture

THE Bird's Rug in the Oriental pattern reproduced here makes an effective floor covering in any room where cheerful comfort is desired.

Your dealer can show you other varieties of attractive designs in which are reproduced the pronounced tones of the Chinese Rug Makers and the tastefully blended color effects of Indian and Arabian carpets.

Color schemes that harmonize with the appointments of any room.

And no vacuum cleaning or sweeping is necessary. A light "going over" with a damp mop keeps them clean, sanitary and good looking.

In no other kind of floor covering can you obtain so much real beauty combined with long wear at so low a cost. Standard sizes in these beautiful rugs range from $9.00 to $18.00—and remember every Bird's Rug carries our guarantee of *"Satisfaction or Your Money Back."*

Ask your dealer to show you Bird's Rugs, Floor Covering and Rug Border. If he doesn't carry them, mail the coupon to us (Canada and Foreign Countries excepted).

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
Pioneers in felt-base floor coverings
East Walpole, Mass.
Chicago: 1429 Lytton Bldg.
14 E. Jackson Blvd.
New York: 295 Fifth Avenue
Bird & Son, Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

- Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)
- Bird's Art-Craft Roofing
- Bird's Shingle Design Roofing
- Bird's Asphalt Shingles
- Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper
- Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish
- Bird's Asphalt Felt
- Bird's Built-up Roof
- Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
- Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
- Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

Write to us on coupon below and receive illustrated folder in colors showing beautiful designs of Bird's Rugs, including Pattern 740 here illustrated, and also information about plan which will enable you to see the rug itself in your own home without further trouble

Name_____

St. No._____

City or Town_____

State_____ R.F.D. No._____

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS Satisfaction Guaranteed

Look for this Mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of Satisfaction or your Money Back

No house should be built or furnished without a Bird Product

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES AND MAN BUT TWO

(Continued from Page 15)

As everywhere else in the body, the nerve cells of an organ are the toughest and most resistant part of it, and the retina and optic nerve break down and fail us only about one-fifth as often as the cornea, the iris or the lens.

Snow blindness and desert blindness, though the most dramatic, are by no means the only eye troubles due to these irritating actinic ultraviolet rays. Some authorities now believe that cataract, that curious clouding and opaqueness of the lens of the eye, which develops in so many of the aged and elderly, is chiefly due to the steady lifelong scorch of these actinic rays as they pour through it. Certain it is that cataracts can be produced in rabbits by keeping them in hutches lighted day and night by glaring arc lights; also that stokers, puddlers and glass blowers, who work all day facing the fierce glare of the furnace and the smelter, are particularly prone to develop cataract at an abnormally early age.

Furthermore, the majority of natural cataracts appear first in the inner and lower quarter of the lens, which is both in most constant use in ordinary both-eyed—binocular—vision, and hence incessantly saturated by these rays, and least protected against them by brows or lids. In those rare cases where the two eyes are of different colors cataract appears first in the lighter one, which is less protected by its iris pigment from these rays.

On the other hand, another school of experts inclines to the view that this blinding opacity, actually a fatty degeneration of the fibers of the lens from failure of nutrition, is chiefly caused by infections falling upon a point of least resistance in the body. This the lens emphatically is, because in order to be absolutely transparent and thus permit perfect vision it has had to give up its blood vessels and live, like the snipe, by suction, on the nutrient lymph which seeps from the blood vessels of the iris and the choroid.

Thanks to the wonderful advances of modern surgery, most cataracts can now be completely removed, and vision made practically normal again, though, of course, special glasses must always be worn when the eyes are in active use.

One of the most disheartening forms of cataract was the type which sometimes occurred in diabetes, which, because of the upset and unbalanced condition of the system, was quite inoperable. The cataract might perhaps be removed, but healing would be so uncertain and unsatisfactory that the operation would not be worth while. The new-found magic of insulin, by breaking up diabetes and restoring the patient to health and activity, bids fair to eliminate this possible tragedy; and another name has been stricken from the rapidly shrinking list of can't-be-dones!

Eye Troubles Decreasing

This brings us to the quite natural fear, which we often hear expressed, that our harnessing of the lightning flash to illumine our homes and offices and workshops has put our already overworked eyesight in peril of serious injury by dazzle and glare, especially when we consider the dazzling rows of arc lights and cluster lamps, whose floods of light turn night into day on our city streets and boulevards, the incessant glitter and glazing movement of electric advertising signs and the flickering fascination of the movies.

But when we come down to cold pathological cases it is reassuring to find how little actual basis in fact there is, as yet, for these forebodings. There is no discoverable increase whatever in diseases of the retina sensitive plate or of the iris diaphragm, no new and spectacular optic diseases, save the rare cinema eye already described. On the contrary, there is a steady and continuous decrease of all diseases of the eye, with the possible exception of cataract and glaucoma, and it is probable that there never was a period when human eyesight was stronger and safer than it is today.

This comparative harmlessness of our vivid modern illuminants is due to the fact that none of them, except possibly the big carbon arc lights, is any richer in the irritating actinic rays than is direct sunlight. Eyes that have withstood the blinding, scorching blaze of the midsummer sun in the harvest field will be little troubled by the brightest glare of the white lights. We can gaze directly at the most dazzling arc light with far less discomfort than at the setting, let alone the midday, sun. Sunlight is priceless for its effect upon the skin and in the air of our houses and shops, but it is not good direct in the eyes or upon the printed or written page or upon the work bench. Our great illuminating companies are now producing a light which, it is claimed, gives clearer vision and keeps the eyes of an audience more comfortable than ordinary full daylight, though they have not yet devised anything so good for working purposes as cool north daylight. Our modern one-story factories with sawtooth windows in the roof are simply ideal.

Moreover, though excess of light may be irritating and fatiguing, shortage is far more serious, and before the introduction of electricity most of our factories and office buildings and many of our homes were injuriously underlighted. Careful tests have repeatedly shown in large establishments that the installation of electric lighting has promptly diminished eyestrain and improved the health of the staff, shown in fewer days lost by absences on account of sickness. It is now estimated that good lighting by modern methods increases the efficiency of an office or factory force 10 to 20 per cent.

Sightless Fishes

Broadly speaking, the real menace to our sight is darkness rather than light, and the eye, like everything else in the body, grows by what it feeds on. A curious side light is thrown by our animal comrades. No animal or insect has ever been known to lose its sense of sight in the most blazing desert glare, but scores of species of fishes, newts, crustaceans and insects living in sunless caves and underground pools have lost not merely their sight but their eyes as well, which have shriveled down to mere knoblike rudiments under the skin. The process of wasting is a complicated one and has probably taken many generations to complete, but to everyone's astonishment it has just recently been reported by Kämmerer, of Vienna, that these buried and wasted rudiments have been stimulated to grow back into a well-developed eye with good powers of sight by constant and prolonged exposure to red light.

We may even have a distant, partial parallel to this loss of vision in cave fishes and reptiles in a strange disease of the eye, called nystagmus, affecting the only class of toilers who work constantly in partial darkness—coal miners. This is marked by a singular twitching or constant oscillation from side to side of the eye balls, accompanied by great dimness of sight, due to œdema, or swelling, of the retina, which may ultimately result in almost total blindness, while the most distressing features are dreadful dizziness and staggering, going on often to nausea and vomiting when the victim crawls out of his burrow and begins to walk upright in the daylight.

Nystagmus was at first supposed to be due to the terrific strain upon the muscles which move the eye, caused by the cramped and intolerable position in which miners had to work. The roofs of the galleries were so abominably low, often not more than three and a half feet high, that they had to crawl in on their hands and knees to their work and lie on their sides in order to swing their picks. And when holing out or cutting under the vein in preparation for blasting they often had barely two feet overhead to pick in. How serious and frequent the disease was may be glimpsed from the fact that only a few years ago it was reported that the English government was still paying workmen's compensation to survivors of nystagmus to the extent of nearly a million dollars a year.

This disease was found in the European and early American mines; but when cutting machinery was installed and galleries driven a decent and civilized height, nystagmus decreased considerably; but it still hung on, even in our great anthracite mines with their twenty-foot veins and galleries of corresponding height. Then electricity

(Continued on Page 133)



"Lacing a Glove-Grip Shoe *lifts up* the arch instead of pressing it down"

YOU feel it the moment you put them on—that snugness about the instep. It's the glove-fitting feature that makes Glove-Grip Shoes so comfortable. Curve for curve, the shoe fits snugly from toe to heel.

Yet a Glove-Grip Shoe is as handsome a shoe as you could wish—quality and style in every line! And, because it fits properly, it looks well, keeps its shape, and wears longer.

Glove-Grip Shoes are made in all the latest shapes and leathers for both men and women. Most styles are priced at from $9 to $12. One of the best-liked models for men is The Haig oxford illustrated below. It has the popular wide, round toe and broad heel.

Ask the nearest Arnold dealer to show you Glove-Grip Shoes. If you do not know his name, write to us for it. We will also send you an attractive booklet of shoe fashions for both men and women.

Dealers send for Catalog P-4

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
North Abington, Massachusetts

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES



Men's Oxford
THE HAIG
Model P-477



"Play your queen, play your queen," whispers Addison to the sweet young thing.

"Play your own hand, Miss Dumbell, my dear," chimes in Mrs. Grumpy.

"Do have some hard candy fresh from an Aridor, it's never sticky!" interrupts Mrs. Suave, the diplomatic hostess.

—Thus a delicate situation was avoided.



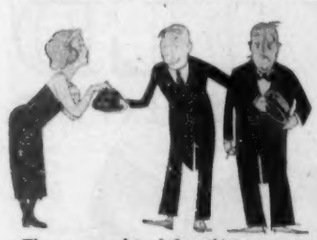
Under the soft glow of the reading lamp! Romance! Intrigue! Adventure! Deep-dyed villains and handsome heroes! Guns and daggers—Thrills and chills! Nothing dry but the candy. Delicious hard candy makes reading more digestible—food for thought, as 'twere.



"Ma-Ma! Ma-Ma! Ma-Ma! Gim-me! Gim-me! Gim-me!"

When the children's national anthem grows wearisome, give them hard candy from an Aridor Candy-Caddy. Aridor-kept candy is never sticky.

When they finish the Caddy—re-fill it with more hard candy. Keep it full all the time.



There are a lot of fine things you can say with flowers, but *Listen*—when you want to say it sweeter and better, remember that an Aridor Candy-Caddy has a vocabulary that makes old Bill Shakespeare look like a stammering schoolboy.

Announcing the new

ARIDOR CANDY-CADDY

it even

Dries Out Sticky Hard Candy

The Secret Is in the Top

This patented top contains a hydroscopic mineral salt pad which keeps the contents dry, fresh and crisp in all kinds of weather. It will last indefinitely.

Acts Just the Opposite to a Humidor

Now a home size Aridor—The Candy-Caddy. Like its big brothers, the famous Aridor Counter Display Jars, it keeps hard candies attractive and fresh indefinitely. It will also re-crisp crackers and cereals, dry out nut meats and, in fact, prove invaluable for all food products that suffer from moisture. The Aridor Candy-Caddy is offered to you exclusively by the country's leading candy manufacturers, filled with the highest grade hard candies—tempting sweets of guaranteed quality. Have Aridor hard candy at home all the time. It is never sticky. A Candy-Caddy is an inexpensive and lasting gift. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.



THE ARIDOR COMPANY

New York 589 East Illinois St., Chicago, Ill. London

(Continued from Page 131)

was introduced in place of the smoky, flickering little oil lamps worn on the miners' caps, and down went nystagmus with a bump and only a corporal's guard of milder cases persisted.

These were for years a puzzle to mine doctors. Research commissions were appointed, and all sorts of devices were suggested and tried for a complete clean-up, but without avail. Finally one day underground it struck one puzzled but determined researcher that although the mine was literally almost as light as day, with abundance of electric lights everywhere, there was a sort of feeling of darkness, a sense of gloom and coldness in the lamplit air. He looked around and everywhere his eye fell upon inky blackness, black walls and pillars of coal, black ceiling of slate, black floor of coal slack, even the clothing and faces of the miners black with coal dust; not a ray of reflected light, not a gleam of color anywhere. Does the eye need color to keep it in health as the skin needs sunlight to form its vitamines?

He at once had an interview with the pit boss, who smiled indulgently but agreed to his suggestion, and within forty-eight hours every wall, roof and pillar was covered with a thick coat of snowy whitewash. To everybody's delight, within a couple of weeks the remaining cases of nystagmus began to improve, and nearly all went quickly on to recovery. Our intense love of color and bright lights may have a deep and sound physical foundation. Only a small per cent of us, the color-blind, fail to respond to it.

Color blindness is always due to some inborn peculiarity, and is markedly hereditary. Red or green is the commonest blank; blue is rather rare, and complete color blindness, so that everything comes out like a photograph in a simple shading of black and white, is extremely rare.

The eye of an ordinary color-blind person does not simply register a complete blank of all red or green or blue, as the case may be, but puts an incorrect value upon any general combination in which the affected color figures. Thus, for instance, anyone color-blind to green can often distinguish a difference in color between a red tile roof and a green-leafed tree; but he would probably base his distinction solely upon their respective brightness or darkness, exactly as a photographic plate would do. Or he may call them different shades of red or even brown. Yet if called upon to detect a difference between a red and a blue of equal light value he might do so quite easily and correctly.

A very curious form of partial color blindness may also come as a result of excessive smoking, though here again the factor of personal susceptibility plays an all-important rôle. In this so-called tobacco blindness, only the central portion of the eye is affected. Colored objects seen out of the tail of the eye, on one side or the other of the direct line of vision, will be correctly distinguished; but when they are brought directly in front of the eye they seem to fade into an indefinite grayish tint.

Hooch That Blinds or Kills

These two types of blindness are, however, neither very common nor particularly serious, except in railroad employes or navigators, who are now carefully tested before employment. Ordinary color blindness is still impossible to prevent, and tobacco blindness requires a degree of inherent susceptibility to begin with, though it can apparently be aggravated by excessive smoking.

There is another form of blindness, however, which is devastatingly complete, quite incurable but absolutely preventable; and that is the type resulting from wood-alcohol poisoning. Just why about 10 per cent of all who drink it should be blinded as a result, we do not yet know, any more than we know why another 10 per cent are killed outright, and the remaining 80 per cent suffer no special ill effects; but complete protection against this particular risk is extremely simple and obvious.

The gravest menaces to our eyesight are also the greatest dangers to our life and general health—namely, various infections; but, thanks to scientific advances, one of them has been practically driven from the civilized world, and the others are nearly all on a rapid decline.

By far the worst of the sight destroyers was smallpox, which, before the days of Jenner, was alone responsible for over half of the cases in asylums for the blind; now, thanks to vaccination, a case of smallpox blindness is a positive rarity.

Next in viciousness comes trachoma, also known as Egyptian ophthalmia, alias granulated lids. This is a curious infection of the lids, causing them at first to become swollen and puffy, and later to turn inwards at the edges, so that the eyelashes begin to scrape and scratch against the cornea they are supposed to protect. When one considers the acute discomfort that can be caused by a single eyelash or the smallest of cinders accidentally getting into the eye for a few minutes a faint idea can be gained of the misery resulting from a score or more of lashes, rasping and flickering over the eye for months and even years on end. Dimming of sight is naturally almost inevitable, and total blindness is the all too frequent result. Even yet trachoma accounts for about 10 per cent of all cases of blindness in some parts of Europe.

This singularly wretched affection thrives best where there is an abundance of dirt and flies; so, as might be expected, it is very widespread in the Orient, the Near East and Egypt; hence one form of its name.

If taken in time it can generally be cured, and, largely thanks to the unflagging efforts of the former British medical administration of Egypt, its prevalence in that country has considerably decreased, while the heroic workers of the Near East Relief are achieving equally striking results in Armenia and elsewhere.

Easily Preventable Blindness

We in America have had the good fortune to be almost free from trachoma, except among our Indians and some scattered outbreaks in the more isolated and backward parts of the country.

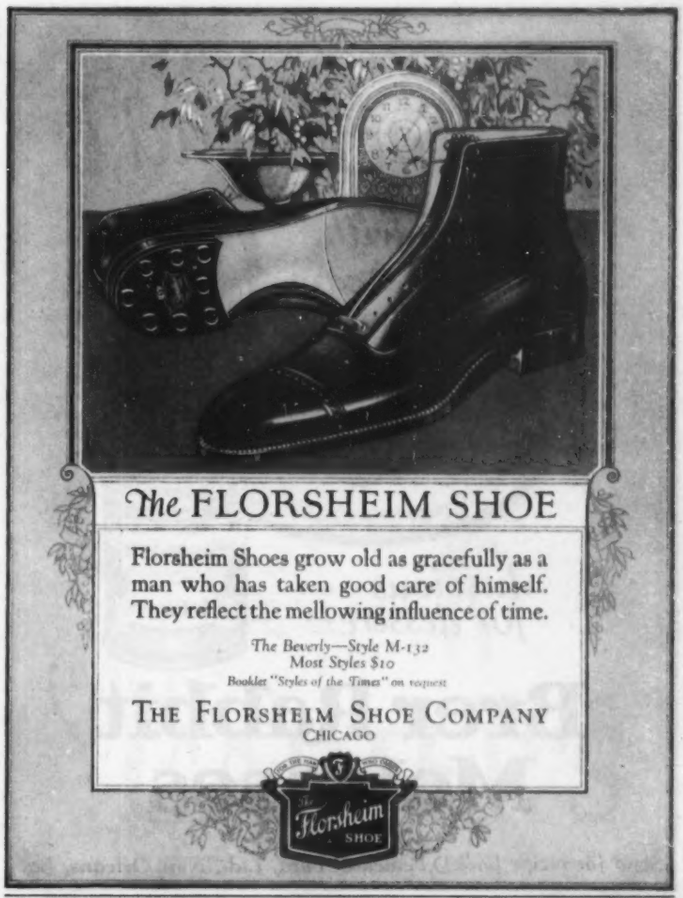
It appeared at one time in our seacoast towns among newly arrived immigrants from the Mediterranean countries; but, thanks to the vigorous and efficient examinations now made at the immigration stations, this source of danger has been removed. The few cases which slipped by at first were promptly followed up and cured, so that the disease is now of relatively little importance in America; but it must be remembered that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty in a pathological sense as well as in a political one. Our surest barrier against this, as well as against a host of more serious infections, is a policy of watchful washing; to use a Hibernicism, if we ever let up we'll go down.

Another source of blindness, though fortunately not a common one, is cerebrospinal meningitis. This rather baffling malady, though seldom swelling into a widespread epidemic, keeps going steadily along, and as we are not yet able to identify the method of spread of its organism, very little can be done to check it. Its extremely indefinite premonitory symptoms of chill and headache are cruelly inappropriate, for cerebrospinal meningitis tends to attack the nerves of either the eyes or the ears, and to produce total blindness or complete and incurable deafness, as the case may be. Very occasionally it will destroy both the sight and the hearing of its victim without also destroying life. That patient genius, Helen Keller, met in this manner the terrible handicaps which she has so heroically endured and triumphantly overcome.

Recently, however, a serum has been devised by Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, which, if given in time, will break up nearly 80 per cent of attacks of cerebrospinal meningitis; so there is reason to hope that even the small percentage of cases of blindness now attributable to this cause will be greatly reduced.

But there is one type of blindness which, though less common than formerly, is still fairly prevalent; and what makes the matter really tragic is the fact that this type is almost wholly preventable. The name of this destroyer is ophthalmia neonatorum, or blindness of the newly born.

A practically perfect preventive treatment was devised by a French physician, Credé, nearly forty years ago. Every state in the Union, as well as the territory of Porto Rico, has enacted laws permitting, recommending or requiring this method to be used with every newborn child; some states and Porto Rico will even furnish the physician with the simple materials required. Yet during this last year ophthalmia neonatorum was responsible in these United States for 13.5 per cent of all new





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cases admitted to American schools for the blind.

Even the figure represents a rapid and most heartening falling off; for its general percentage among those already in the schools was 22; and when this is compared with the rates of certain European countries, which range from 30 to 35, 40, and, in former years, to 50 and even 60 per cent of the total, the extent of the advance can be more fully realized.

Almost the only reason why blindness of the newly born has not been completely eradicated is the regrettable nature of its commonest cause, and the natural unwillingness of physicians to suggest that preventive measures against it may be necessary. Ophthalmia neonatorum, or birth blindness, is caused by certain actively destructive organisms getting into the eyes of the child during its passage through the birth canal. There is a very widespread and most unfortunate popular belief to the effect that these organisms can be present only as a result of the lesser of the two venereal infections. As a matter of fact, it is responsible for about half of the cases; other organisms, equally destructive, but quite accidental in their presence and absolutely free from regrettable suspicions as to their origin, are responsible for quite as many more.

The preventive treatment is extremely simple, as it merely consists in dropping a minute amount of 1 to 2 per cent solution of silver nitrate into each eye as soon as the child is born; some states require that this shall be done within two hours after birth. This method, as was previously mentioned, has been in constant use for over forty years, and is ideally reliable and simple. Yet because of the regrettable and mistaken belief aforementioned, many parents would still foolishly feel it deep affront if the attending physician should suggest using it on their baby.

By far the simplest way to solve this problem is that already taken by several states—namely, to make such treatment an absolutely obligatory part of the routine at every childbirth, and to establish severe penalties for its nonobservance. Thus any stigma, however indirect and unfounded, that might attach to its selective or optional use would be removed, and thousands of little lives would not be spent in unending darkness. As has been explained, the saving would be almost as great among the wholly accidental cases as among those which are not; and why, in any case, should the sins of the father be allowed to doom some tiny unfortunate to a life so solitary, incomplete and unhappy that most of them give up the hopeless struggle after a few brief years? For though children blinded at birth may constitute 20 or even 30 per cent of the new admissions to the schools for the blind, they are but 10 per cent or even less among the inmates of asylums for blind adults. The rest have passed, with hardly a struggle, from a life which was to them so bleak and cheerless.

Infection From Roller Towels

Nor are children the only victims, though they are the most numerous ones, of this particular type of eye infection. In adults almost all the destruction is done by the organisms of gonorrhea. Here again the contamination may be innocently acquired by indirect contact. As in ophthalmia neonatorum, the organism attacks the cornea; and, as the real nature of the inflammation may not be suspected at first, very serious results often ensue. The old-style public roller towel was an almost ideal distributor of this infection, as well as of many others; hence the laws that have been enacted against its use in recent years.

Even now we should view with comprehensive suspicion any towel which shows signs of undue use, and avoid any place of business where fresh clean towels both for employes and for customers are not in constant evidence. The ideal towel for such places is one about the size of a tea napkin; this is just large enough for a single usage at a time, and offers not the slightest encouragement for any repeats until it has been relaundered.

There are two other eye affections which, like the leopard, can be tamed if caught early enough, but which can be rather formidable if allowed to go on unchecked. These are iritis and glaucoma, neither of which, fortunately, is very common.

Iritis may result from a great variety of causes, though it generally comes as a secondary infection, after rheumatism, gout and other systemic diseases, and consists of an inflammation of the iris, or colored part of the eye, followed by a squeezing down or contracting of the pupil, with adhesions and consequent disturbance of vision.

Glaucoma, which is equally liberal in the variety of its possible causes, is a curious clogging of the drainage outlets of the retina. The result is that the lymph which normally filters through the eyeball and supplies it with nourishment begins to pile up in that organ and causes it to harden and become very painful. If allowed to go on unchecked the pressure may increase to such a point that the delicate mechanism of the eye becomes damaged, and partial or even total loss of vision may occur.

Generally, however, medical treatment can be given which will break up the clog—provided that it begins early enough; and in advanced cases surgical intervention will generally prevent serious results.

The chief essential for the successful treatment of any eye trouble—or any other bodily upset, for that matter—is that it shall begin as early as possible; and this point cannot be too strongly stressed. If your eyes bother you or feel queer in any way whatever, go to an eye specialist and find out why; there is not the slightest use in waiting a while to see if they will not get over it. If they do, you cannot tell what latent damage may have been done, which may make its appearance later on; and if they do not improve, you have lost just that much vitally important time at the very outset of the trouble. Perhaps all that is necessary is a pair of glasses, which were evidently needed or there would have been no trouble; but perhaps it is the beginning of some serious disturbance, which, because it is caught so early, can be checked at once.

The Winning Fight Against Disease

An increasing number of persons are beginning to take this safety-first attitude, as is hearteningly shown by the fact that in 1910 there were 57,272 cases of blindness reported in the United States census, while in 1920 this number had been reduced to 52,617. Such a decrease is against the probabilities in two respects: In the first place, our population has greatly increased during the last decade, so that a larger number, not a smaller, might have been expected. In the second place, public appreciation of the value of special schools and hospitals for the blind has greatly increased and a much greater proportion of those so afflicted are being brought to these centers, upon whose numbers the census figures must largely depend, so that the new figures are probably even closer to the absolute total than were those of ten years ago.

Much credit must be given in this connection to the admirable work of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness, which has worked steadily and successfully to call public attention to the various aspects of this problem, and thus to secure proper legislative action when necessary. Moreover, the advances made in nearly all branches of preventive medicine during the last few years have been so extraordinary as to justify most roseate hopes for the future.

Smallpox, the cruelest blinder of all, has long since ceased to be a serious menace; ophthalmia neonatorum should soon be as rare as smallpox; trachoma is being fought to a finish in its native haunts; and the more indirect sight destroyers are going one by one. Diabetes, with its inoperable cataract, would seem to have been completely routed by the new-found insulin.

Almost every infection has the grimmest potential possibilities of bringing on eye trouble as a secondary effect, and each malady downed is a danger less for the windows of our soul. Thanks to modern methods of lighting, of spectacle fitting and of disease prevention, our cry for "Light, more light!" is being granted in further degree than ever before. But it should be remembered that all these wonderful advances have been gained and can be maintained only by the most unremitting watchfulness and unceasing care over every detail of our existence.

Just because so many safeguards in the way of examinations and treatments have been devised is no reason why any chance should be taken; indeed, they invite prompt, intelligent and frequent use by everyone, not only for oneself but for those who are in one's care. Eyesight is quite as precious as life itself, and it should be cherished and guarded accordingly.

TEN DOLLARS A HOLE FOR THE HEATHEN

(Continued from Page 19)

"Aleck," said I, "you have powers of imagination that I never gave you credit for. But has it occurred to you that the Reverend Mr. Driver might get wise, say about the fifteenth, and dump the match?"

"That's the chance I'm taking," Aleck retorted. "So it's fair all around. You'd better show up and see the fun, but keep it under your belt."

You can be sure I showed up. Bill Trotter was the leading golfer from our rival club in the next town, but that didn't make him any more popular. Most people said if he could not beat his opponent with his clubs he did with his mouth. But that was a bit unfair. Bill was simply a sociable soul who couldn't understand why golf and conversation shouldn't be combined; and since his own conversation required no mental effort whatever, and he never listened to yours, it didn't interfere with his game. I never minded Bill's noise a bit myself. What always got my goat was his insistence on betting. By the time you'd got to the eighteenth tee, you needed a bookkeeper to tell you how you stood with him, and on that tee, if the match was square, he'd insist upon a fresh bet for the hole, anything up to the limits of your purse or beyond it. The higher the stake, the better he played, and as he generally talked his opponents into a wager beyond their means, they usually pressed and met disaster. It looked altogether too much as if golf with Trotter was a business, not a sport, and I, for one, was ready to see him milked. But I still didn't believe the Reverend Mr. Driver could do it. Bill had often played our course in the high seventies, and was good for an eighty-one or eighty-two any time.

When I got to the club, the Reverend Mr. Driver, his little canvas bag across his lap, was sitting unobtrusively in a far corner of the veranda, reading the Outlook. Bill Trotter was in the locker room. I knew it before I entered the door, for I heard his high, booming voice coming forth.

"—— and I struck my second up against the pin, and the pro skidded into that big trap to the left, and you should have seen his face when he saw a five-dollar bill vanishing with it!"

"Hello, Bill," I greeted him. "I hear you and Aleck are playing."

"Sure! Where is the beggar? He invited me over to play with him and some new man he says is good."

"He'll be here soon," I answered. "His starter was balking this morning. Maybe it's delayed him."

A moment later, just as Trotter had laced his crude-rubber-soled moccasin shoes, Aleck entered. Even I turned in surprise. His right wrist was yellow-brown with iodine and his arm hung in a sling.

"Sorry, old man," he cried, extending his left hand to Trotter. "But my starter went blooey and I tried to crank the old bus, and this is how she treated me. I'm off the game for a week, I guess."

"That's quite all right," Trotter replied. "Sorry you're hurt. Will your friend want to play?"

"Sure he will. Do you mind taking him on, with me as a gallery? He'll give you a good game. But I've got to warn you, old top, he's a parson."

"A what?" Bill demanded.

"A parson—Congregational minister. So don't try to play him for five dollars a hole. He doesn't approve of betting and, besides, he hasn't got the five."

"Say, what kind of a game are you putting up on me?" Trotter cried.

"Sh-h!" I cautioned. "He's on the veranda now."

"Well, you both drive off, and then you signal me what you want to make it a hole, and I'll take you on if I can stand it," Aleck soothed him. "Only don't curse any more'n you have to when you get in the rough."

Trotter picked up his clubs with a grunt and the three of us moved out, followed by Denny King, who had been in the locker room and was now wise, also, to what was afoot.

Aleck introduced the two opponents, with a word of explanation to the dominie, who seemed at once much more interested in Aleck's sprained wrist than in the game. We moved in a body to the caddie house, where Trotter bought two new balls and demanded "a good, strong caddie who knows a niblick from a grub hoe."

When the Reverend Mr. Driver walked to the tee without any caddie he made no effort to conceal his surprise.

"Don't you want a caddie, Mr—Doctor Driver?" he asked. "Speeds up the game, you know. But perhaps you don't wander off the course."

"I try not to," the dominie replied in his quiet voice. Then he glanced at Denny and me questioningly. "A gallery?" said he mildly.

"Bill Trotter always has a gallery," Denny replied.

"I hardly suspected it was due to me," the dominie smiled. "Mr. Trotter must be an exceptional player. Won't you assume the honor, sir, at the very start?"

"Thanks," said Trotter curtly, and teed a new, glistening white sphere. He hit a far, true shot and stepped aside.

Then the dominie teed his ball, a somewhat battered and dirty one, addressed it with his usual elaborate care, took his usual stiff swing and laid it down thirty yards or more behind Bill's. As we stepped out, Trotter fell back a trifle, and held out the fingers of both hands toward Aleck, who nodded an affirmative.

Again he gestured ten, and whispered, "Nassau too?"

Once more Aleck nodded acceptance.

"Wow!" whispered Denny to me.

We drew up while the dominie addressed for his second shot, which called for an iron of one hundred and seventy-five yards to a rather open green. I was almost as amazed as Denny was to see him take turf crisply, and to see the ball rise, sail and drop on the green without much run.

A shade of perplexity crossed Bill's brow, but he emitted a loud, hearty "Sweet shot, doctor!"

The Reverend Driver said nothing. He was tamping back his divot.

Bill's mashie pitch was on, also, and they halved in four.

As we walked to the second tee, the two players slightly in advance, Trotter was saying, "That green ought to be guarded more. There's no particular advantage for the long driver if the man who has to approach with a mid-iron can slam up on either side and be about as well off. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"Why does he call him doctor?" Denny whispered.

"Well, he has to call him something," I answered.

The dominie—we all referred to him as the dominie now, following Aleck's lead—appeared to ponder Bill's question. Finally he answered.

"Perhaps," he said.

"Well, here's old Number Two!" Bill exclaimed, picking out a smooth spot on the tee. "I never know what to use here. I'm over with a cleek or a spoon, and I don't like to force a mid-iron. It's a rotten hole for me."

The hole, a blind shot over a low mound, is two hundred and thirty yards, slightly downhill. It was observable that Bill took a spoon. The Reverend Mr. Driver observed it, but his face did not change expression. It had become calm and masklike. Bill tore off a good shot, hole-high surely, but a shade to the right. The dominie took a driver and went two hundred yards down the alley. When we got to his ball he had a simple chip to the green, and lay six feet from the pin. Bill's ball was hole-high, but had just kicked into rough.

"Damn the luck!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon, doctor."

The Reverend Mr. Driver slightly inclined his head, in perfect silence.

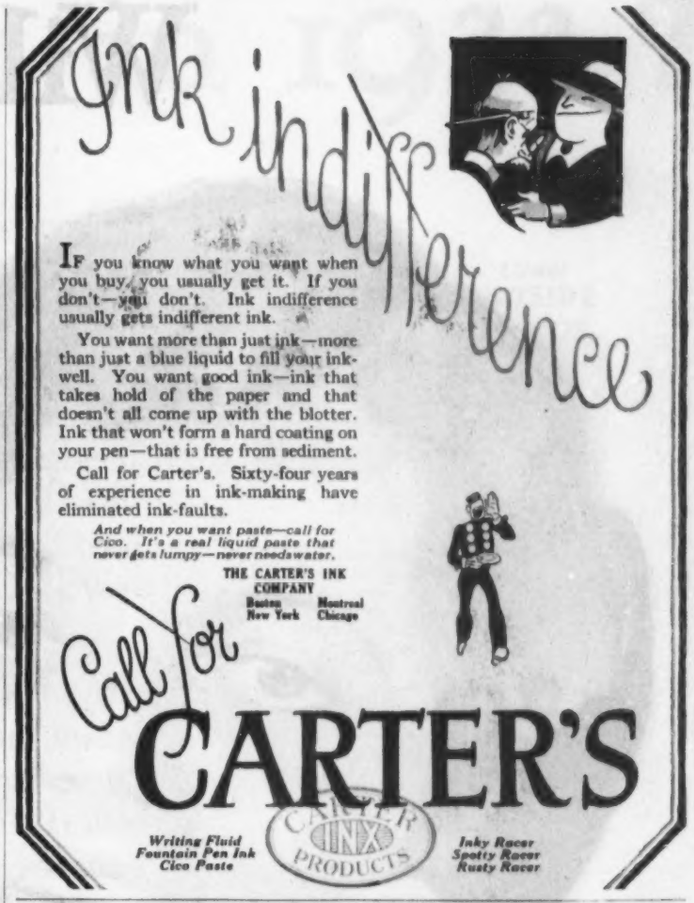
Bill chipped out too hard and missed his putt back. The dominie went for the hole and sank his three.

"Ten bucks for the heathen, bless their dear, lost souls!" Denny whispered with a chuckle.

As we walked to the next tee, Bill was loudly expatiating on the difficulty of controlling your delicate shots out of such abominable rough as grew on our course.

"That's one advantage of not getting distance," he declared. "The farther you go from the tee, the more danger there is in the slightest deflection from the straight

(Continued on Page 139)



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Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 135)

and narrow. Ha-ha, you ought to keep in the straight and narrow, doctor!"

"It is, in many situations, advisable," said the Reverend Mr. Driver, stooping to tee.

The hole was an old-fashioned slugging affair, of some five hundred and thirty-five yards, with no particular trouble except rough on the sides and a cross brook about four hundred and five yards from the tee. The dominie got his usual drive, or a shade less. Bill went out two hundred and fifty yards. The dominie was short of the brook on his second. He didn't even seem to attempt the carry. Bill was over it, with only a chip to the green. The dominie had one hundred and fifty yards to go, but he put his ball thirty feet from the pin. Bill chipped well inside it. The dominie missed his four, but only by a shade, and Bill ran his down.

He poked the other ball toward the dominie with a fine gesture, remarking, "By Jove, doctor, I thought you'd halve with me, at that!"

The dominie said nothing.

"Ten black souls lost again!" sighed Denny.

The next hole on our course we are rather proud of. Taking advantage of a sickle-shaped swale of hopeless bog, it is so laid out that a man who can get a clean carry of a full two hundred yards will clear this bog, and have an unobstructed run of fifty yards more to the pin. But if he slices, his ball will follow the curve and land in disaster. The short player has to cross at an angle of forty-five degrees off the pin, and then he finds between him and the green a big bunker. To pitch it and hold the green is nearly impossible for anybody save a crack, and disaster yawns on the far side. The good players often do this hole in three. The ordinary mortals infrequently in less than five, and more often in six or seven.

Trotter hit a beautiful shot, on the straight line and rolled well up toward the hole. Then, as the Reverend Mr. Driver was teeing, he whispered to Aleck, "A tenner I lose this one?"

Aleck nodded, and even I thought him mad. The dominie couldn't possibly make that carry, and he could only get a four, for a possible half, by a sheer miracle. We watched him, holding our breaths. He was facing, not the short carry, but dead on the pin! Bill grinned happily. Slowly his club came back just a shade farther than usual. It paused on the top of the swing just a shade longer than usual. And then it came down just a shade faster than usual. And the ball made the long carry and rolled up within twenty feet of Bill's!

Old Bill's face was a treat to see. But he managed to pump up a laugh and exclaimed, "Sweet shot, doctor!"

"Yes, I agree with you," said the dominie, picking up his little bag. He said it quite unsmilingly, and Denny dug me in the ribs.

The dominie chipped a little over; but Bill, plainly disconcerted by his recent surprise, looked up and was short. They halved in fours.

"Ten little heathen saved again!" Denny whispered. "Do you suppose you can save 'em at a dollar a head?"

"Hope so," I answered. "I hope we save the entire population of the Belgian Congo."

On the next tee the Reverend Mr. Driver dropped back to his restricted swing and his moderate carry—straight down the alley. It was a fairly long hole, about four hundred and fifty yards. Bill let out from the tee, to make the green in two. The dominie was thirty yards short on his second. Bill's face was grim as he took a mid-iron and slammed. He pressed a bit, got a hook, and ran like a rabbit to cover in a side trap by the green. The dominie was on for a possible four. Bill got his ball too clean from the trap and it jumped across the green into the rough. He was short coming back, and the hole was the dominie's, five to six.

"Damn the sand in these traps!" cried Bill, and didn't apologize. "The only thing to put in bunkers is beach sand. Did you ever play Lido, doctor, or the National?"

"No," said the dominie, with the ghost of a smile.

"You ought to play those courses some day. There's the right kind of sand and rough! Well, it's your honor, doctor. I've got it out of my system now and I'm going right after you. I don't know why I hooked into that trap. I haven't hooked a ball in weeks. Funny how a guy'll do a thing like that. Did you see what I did, Aleck? I haven't hooked a ball before in ——"

"Fore," said the dominie in his quiet voice. It was unusually quiet. But Bill's booming stopped abruptly. There are quiet voices which have that power. There is usually something behind them.

The dominie continued at his steady gait, down the center of the course, and was still two up at the turn. He was out in thirty-seven to Bill's thirty-eight. A thirty-eight was about Bill's limit, I knew, and I suspected thirty-seven was better than the dominie's. One of them was probably due to crack. It was getting exciting. Aleck and Denny and I had dropped back, leaving the two players where Bill could not talk to us. He was getting no conversation out of the Reverend Mr. Driver, who walked from shot to shot, silent, impassive, expressionless; and when Bill couldn't get any conversation he wasn't happy. Besides, with an extra hole and the Nassau on the first round he was now forty dollars to the bad and that didn't cheer him up any.

At the next tee Denny, to my surprise, slipped away. But at the green he was back again—with Bill Davis and three other members of a foursome. He couldn't stand keeping the secret any longer. The dominie was about to putt when he noticed them. He straightened up and looked sharply inquiring at us all. I fancied Aleck's pink cheeks grew a shade ruddier. I know my cheeks did. Then he stooped to his putt again—and missed it.

"Hard luck, doctor," Trotter exclaimed heartily. "It must have hit a worm cast."

"I hardly think so," the Reverend Mr. Driver replied, and walked rapidly toward the next tee.

"Ten souls gone to the bonfire!" Denny groaned.

On the next hole you have to get a long drive in order to get home on your second over a brook guarding the green. A short drive means an almost certain lost stroke. Bill got his usually pretty shot, and then the dominie, with a shade of added intensity in his face, laid into his ball with unusual speed. He half topped it—his first mistake through the fairway—and though he recovered to the brook and laid his third on the green, the best he could do was a five to Bill's four. His lead had vanished—and only seven holes to go.

"He's cracking!" Denny muttered.

"I'm not so sure," said I. "He may be suspicious."

"You mean he'd throw the match?"

"I mean his mind's on ethics, maybe, not on golf."

"Let's pray!" said Denny.

But the dominie got back his grip on the next hole and sank a long putt for a half in par. The six-hundred-yard thirteenth followed and Bill looked cheerful. It was evident to him that the parson's two-hundred-yard carry over the swale had been a miracle. He couldn't get close here in two shots, and Bill could—a drive, a brassy, and then only a pitch. But the Reverend Mr. Driver, nearly fifty yards behind him off the tee, and a hundred behind him after their seconds, put his third shot, still with a brassy, straight up the middle to the green. They halved in five.

"Suffering snakes!" said Bill Davis. "Does he aim 'em with a gun?"

"That second brassy of yours was a sweet shot," we heard Trotter saying. "It must be very trying to have to lay up with a brassy. I don't see how you do it."

We were just able to hear the dominie's reply.

"With a brassy," he said.

Denny almost choked.

The fourteenth and fifteenth were halved. And by now two other foursomes, attracted by our little gallery, had come over to see what was up and joyously remained to watch the fun.

The dominie had glanced at them with the same sharp look, but said nothing. Bill, however, shouted greetings.

"Glad you fellows appreciate good golf," he called. "Follow us and you'll get some pointers. I tell you, doctor"—turning to his opponent—"there's nothing like a good, friendly scrap to get the crowd. Even you preachers can't change human nature."

"I hadn't noticed that the crowd insist on its being friendly," the dominie answered. "It is your honor still."

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(Continued on Page 141)



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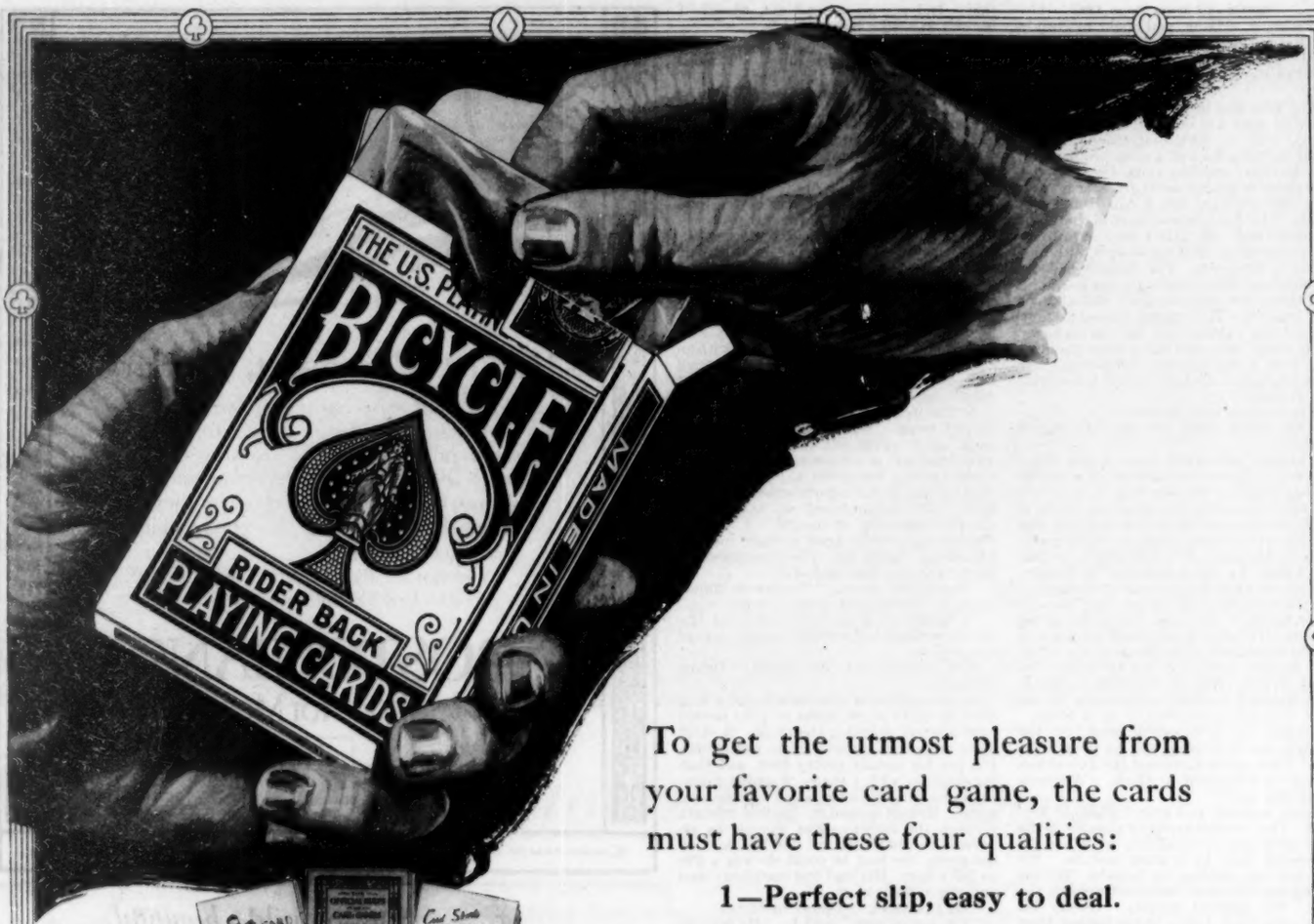


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(Continued from Page 139)

gets it in two some time during the season. The rest of the time he takes about five or six. Bill, with a heavy mashie niblick, lifted ball and turf and sent a neat high pitch to the green. A little to the right and twenty feet beyond the cup, the spin brought it to a stop.

"Well, I don't want that back!" he exclaimed. "Anybody who holds that green hasn't anything to complain of. It ought to be rebuilt to face the tee more, anyhow. It really isn't quite fair now."

The Reverend Mr. Driver struck while Bill was still talking. His ball, dead on the flag, hit shy of the pin, hopped two feet in the air, ran ahead a few feet, and then trickled almost to the rim of the cup and stopped. The gallery applauded.

"Come, happy heathen, and be saved!" laughed Denny softly.

"I don't believe Mr. Driver wants that back, either," Bill Davis called to Trotter.

"Shut up!" said Aleck. "We'll play this fair."

At that, Trotter made a bold stab for his two, and almost got it, but not quite. He was one down again.

"Anybody else's putt would have dropped," Bill muttered.

Both men were silent as they faced the seventeenth fairway, with its yawning trap clear across it one hundred and seventy-five yards out. They both carried, Bill, of course, getting the longer ball; but the dominie was on with a full mid-iron, and they halved in fours.

"Whew!" Denny whispered. "They just won't crack! Bill's got to win the eighteenth or he's licked two ways Nassau, ten or twenty dollars on holes, and ten dollars on that swale bet. That's fifty dollars—and his pride!"

As we all walked toward the last tee, Bill fell back and muttered to Aleck, "Double everything on this hole."

Aleck, with the prospect of a possible extra hole and complications, forgot to be cautious.

"What if it goes to the nineteenth?" he said.

"That's a new bet," Bill answered.

The word "bet" at least reached the dominie's ears. He stepped slightly from the path and beckoned to Aleck.

"For heck's sake, come with me!" Aleck whispered to me.

The Reverend Mr. Driver's face was pale and hard under his old felt hat. "Do I understand there is a wager on this match?"

"I—I'm afraid there is, sir," Aleck replied, almost like a small boy up before the head master.

The dominie looked him squarely in the face for what seemed a long time. His expression became less stern than sorrowful.

"Can you give me any reason why I shouldn't put my next shot into the pond?" he demanded finally.

"Only one," said Aleck, meeting the glance. "I think you want to lick him."

Slowly, very slowly, a faint smile crept over the Reverend Mr. Driver's straight mouth. He stood a long time silent, however, looking on the ground. Then, still without another word, he hitched his bag up under his arm and strode to the tee.

It was easy to see, from this tee, why Bill was ready to double all bets. To get home in a possible two shots called for another clean carry of two hundred yards, over rough and then water, and then a fine, straight second, between two large pits cut well into the fairway and swung back on either side. The short player had to go well to the left and, because of the traps, his second had to be far short. If he hit a full second he was sure to reach them, and, shooting from an angle, the passage between was closed to him. It looked like a hole carefully designed to favor Trotter over the dominie.

The gallery, aware from our half-whispered conference and Aleck's solemn face that something was up beside the mere match, watched in tense silence as the Reverend Mr. Driver teed his ball—the same old ball he had started with. For just a moment he hesitated, and then faced carefully on the pin. I watched his back swing lift the fraction more, and then he whipped through, with that sense of stiffness which was so deceptive. The ball rose and settled to its flight—long and far and true at first. But he had overplayed a trifle and it began to hook. It made the carry and then ran furiously for fifty yards more and hopped into the edge of the rough.

"Hard luck!" said Bill Trotter, repressing a smile.

Bill's drive was for the first time several yards short of the dominie's, but it lay on the fairway. He had almost two hundred and twenty-five yards to go, through that narrow opening between the pits, and after much deliberation selected a driving iron. We watched, still in tense silence, except for a muttered "I'm praying!" from Denny.

He sliced the shot the least bit and it fell just short of the right-hand bunker and seemed fated to go in. But by some miracle it took a leap in the air, cleared the pit and cop and vanished on the far side, where there was no worse trouble than short rough.

"Well, who says there's no luck in this game?" he exclaimed. "By Jove, doctor, I thought for a minute I was done for. That pit is a terror. Look out for it."

The dominie had walked to his ball. We could see it lying low and heavy in the short but punishing rough—and he had nearly two hundred yards to go and had to be dead straight. If he played short of the bunkers he couldn't, apparently, do better than a half at the very most, and there wasn't much chance of that. Bill could chip up from where he lay for a fairly easy four if he played his game. We all watched the dominie nervously as he drew a club from his bag. It was an iron, old and rusty. He took his stance carefully and deliberately, looked at the hole, shifted his feet a little and swung, putting all he had into it. Two things happened. The ball rose and disengaged itself from a hunk of sod, and there was the noise of splintering wood. But we were looking at the ball, not the club shaft. It flew low and it flew straight—between Scylla and Charybdis, hit the fairway, ran on and settled to rest not ten feet from the pin!

The entire gallery broke into applause.

But the Reverend Mr. Driver looked sadly at his splintered shaft.

"I've had that club fifteen years," he said. "I never had to use it so before."

Bill had strode on toward his own ball, with never a word. The rest of us were sympathetic.

"They will break," Denny said.

"Yes, I knew I'd have to smash it, but I hated to," said the dominie.

"You mean you knew you were going to bust it?"

"Why, of course," the other answered. "James Braid taught me that shot. But it's one you keep for emergencies."

The gallery fell back excitedly.

"Say, Aleck, what is this, anyhow?"

"Why didn't you tip us off?"

"Who is he, really?"

"What's the big idea?"

"You got me," Aleck said, bewildered. "First I ever heard of this Braid stuff. Some shot, anyhow!"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world it was!" chuckled Denny. And to me he added, "I think Aleck's little friend is a humorist."

Bill Trotter and his caddie were hunting for their ball when we came up. They found it not eight feet off the green, but in a bad lie. With a muttered curse, Bill tried to chip out delicately with a mashie niblick, and in his wrathful condition put it only to the edge of the green. He tried hard for his four, but missed by two feet. With a sure four in sight, the Reverend Mr. Driver tapped in a three. The match was his, two up. We applauded again. Bill tossed his putter to the caddie viciously.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I was pretty rotten today. Sorry I couldn't give you a better game. Maybe you'll let me have the pleasure again."

"The pleasure is mine," replied the dominie.

"He's dead right, it is!" Denny laughed to me. Then, aloud, he called, "Sure, Bill, you were rotten today. You only got a seventy-six. That's two strokes better'n you ever played this course in your life."

"What did the doctor have?" Bill demanded.

"A seventy-four," said Aleck.

"Did I, really?" The dominie smiled faintly.

"Well, of course, if you will call down miracles like that last approach," Bill grunted.

In the locker room he gave Aleck a check, bathed and departed, still scowling. The dominie had taken his Outlook and left long since. Aleck yanked off his sling and called to me. "Come on," he said, "I've got to have your moral support. I'm going to see the dominie."

"'Moral' is good," I answered. "I'm only coming to find out about Braid."

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We climbed into Aleck's car and drove to the parsonage. The Reverend Mr. Driver, still in the clothes he had worn for the match, was edging a path in his garden.

"I didn't sprain my wrist at all, sir," Aleck blurted out. "It was a put-up job to take the starch out of Trotter, because you were the only one who could do it. Bob, here, had nothing to do with it. It was my idea. Here's the check. I want you to use it for—for the heathen."

The dominie leaned on his edger and looked at the check.

"That's more than a month's income for some members of my church," he said. "Do you gentlemen often play for such high stakes?"

"Trotter does."

"Yes, I fancy he would."

The dominie's voice was quiet. There was the indictment of a whole social order in it. Then he handed back the check.

"You—you won't take it? It certainly isn't mine," Aleck exclaimed. "I meant it this way all the time."

"No," said the minister gravely. "I really don't believe I could take it—not even for the heathen." He smiled slightly. "But how would it do if we gave it to our friend, the greens committee here, to be used to enlarge the traps guarding the eighteenth green so a ball can't hop over them? Will it be sufficient?"

"Quite," said I, taking the check as our glances met and a faint twinkle peeped out of his eyes.

"And by the way, Mr. Barnard," he added, "our Boy Scout camp I spoke about starts next week. Do you suppose you could give us a day?"

"Rather!" cried Aleck. "I'll take you all up in my station wagon, and I'll stay as long as you'll let me. That caddie of mine has got me quite excited about it."

"He's a good little fellow," the dominie mused. "I hope we can give him some schooling."

"Will you tell me something?" I broke in. "Where did you take lessons from James Braid?"

"Well, now," said the dominie, "I'm a great reader, and you know Braid has written a book on the game."

Then he laughed and drove his edger into the turf.

"Ain't he the prince, though?" Aleck exclaimed as we drove away. "He'll never say another word to me about the dirty trick I played on him."

"Aleck," said I, "he's reforming you. I believe he has reformed you. But I'd still like to know where and how he played with James Braid, if it was Braid. He never taught himself that shot."

"You heard what he said," snapped Aleck.

"Yes, I heard what he said," I answered. "I also saw him make that shot."

"Well, he's a damn good golfer, anyhow," was Aleck's parting word.

Aleck has become a scout master, and instituted educational and welfare work among the caddies. The Reverend Mr. Driver plays Number One on our team and is club champion. But the riddle of Braid is still unsolved.

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 23)

actually confusing to my moral sense. I have always known that women ought to have suffrage; but it was an awful knowledge, and I was not one of those who pranced and champed the bits to bring this great responsibility upon our shoulders. Even after the men were worried into doing their duty by us and giving us suffrage, I was too long about exercising my right to vote. This was partly due to the fact that women in this section have found it difficult to register. I drove forty miles over rough roads in a flood of rain before I finally found the right line in the right book to write my name, politically speaking. About this time we had an election of county officers. I went to Pinelog, filled out a ballot according to my conscience, stuck it through a broken windowpane in the little weatherbeaten courthouse where the local justice of the peace interprets the law on our minor misdeeds, saw it numbered and deposited in an earthenware pitcher on a table, and came away feeling very queer.

Scarcely one candidate out of more than a dozen for whom I voted was elected. This proved conclusively to me that women ought not to vote merely according to their good little home-and-fireside consciences, but much more shrewdly than that. So at the very outset of my ballot-bearing career my moral sense must be revised. I must get that admirable volume of essays written years ago by Agnes Repplier on Compromises and read it again. My recollection is that this was a soothing treatise on softened righteousness written in an elegant literary style.

You are not to infer by the foregoing complaint that I shall shirk my duty or that I do not understand politics. I was born with a political spoon in my mouth. I can tell you a good deal of what will happen if we get a Democratic President next time; also, what will keep on happening if he is a Republican. But heaven scarcely knows what may become of us if he is neither the one nor the other! This is the reason why I do not agree with the policy of the Federation of Women's Clubs—if, indeed, it is a policy, or only an elastic plank in the political platform of this great corporation of women—which is that we should vote on issues, not men, nor according to party lines. This is a way of spattering suffrage, not of using it. I think the women of this country should get into the two great political parties, stand by them and make them better if they can.

We hear that the cultured, highly intellectual women are already in the Republican Party. Let them stay there, though it is most unusual for men or women who are really of this class to boast about it. In any case the Republicans ought not to confine themselves to the voting capacity of such women. The pioneers brought over another, hardier type of mothers and maidens when they began to build this nation. I cannot believe it is important to be cultured and learned in order to vote honestly and wisely. We have never heard that these qualifications are expected in the male voter. Culture is a good thing unless the wrong kind of people get it. Then nothing can make it culture. Some women with good common sense and excellent characters who have never been able to afford the luxury of culture may vote for the Democratic candidate for President. I shall probably do so myself, and I came from a remarkably high-browed ancestry that never boasted of its culture, never having felt the need of any sort of artificial varnish to prove its worth or breeding.

But if I do vote for him, and he should become the twin brother of labor unions or the pious protector of the rights of man by way of being charitable to the liquor interests, there will be something doing within the folds of the Democratic Party, so far as I am concerned; not much, of course, but all I can do.

The principles of the Republican Party appeal to me. They are beautiful. They have a roll and a rhythm that stir the imagination. They are almost as altruistic when an orator recites them as the ideals of the Democratic Party. But they are like the Beatitudes in the Scriptures, so highly praised by Christians who do not practice them.

Now it seems to me that the Republican women should get into that party, practice some of the ethics that are supposed to characterize culture. And all the Democratic women in this country should get into the Democratic Party and practice those decent age-old virtues we had before anybody studied Ibsen, sociology or grand opera, until they make this party what it claims to be but never will be unless the women clean it up. But whatever we do, we should not go traipsing into the subpolitical parties, whose leaders have an appealing eloquence quite too scriptural and brotherly to be sincere in their professions. What they want is what the rest of us have got, whether we earned it honestly or dishonestly, and they preach this sort of thievery in the name of brotherly love. When it comes to politics they want not only to be their brother's keeper but his administrator.

We need at least forty different churches to accommodate the perversities of our religious nature, but we need only two political parties to hold the balance and keep each one properly checkmated in our human affairs. I am a firm believer in evolution, especially in politics, but not in radical revolutions in politics. These Democrats



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Gentlemen: While I assume no obligation in asking, I'd like to know all about your spare-time money-making plan.

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and Republicans may be mean and corrupt, but they are sane. We ought to resist our emotional natures, avoid doubtful affiliations and stick by them like sensible women, is the way I feel about it.

But it is a real cross to extend my feelings this far. For so many years I did not think about the issues of national life. It was not my duty to do so. I was only a subcitizen working out the problems of my own family life. This record proves that they kept me fairly busy. Now I should like to slip down into the drooling peace of old age, but I cannot do it. I must keep my wits sharpened for conscience's sake. I must begin to mix politics with religion, which may teetotally ruin my religion at the very last, when I shall be in the gravest need of it. Apt as not I shall backslide and turn some trick in the fervor of a political campaign. Better people than I have fallen from grace this way.

Sometimes I am tempted to believe in predestination in spite of the fact that I have felt like a free moral agent all my life, and know very well that there is no such thing as time, that it is a term used by men to denote the limitations of our mortal minds. Still, to all intents and purposes, I might as well have been predestined. That gale rumpling the daybreak clouds and rattling the old loose-jointed farmhouse where I was born and began to burn like a very dim candle was merely an incident of the season; but it does seem to me that I have been blown forward all my life by some March wind of destiny. I have never had any settled weather, never reached the warm, bright afternoon of life where a woman of my age should be able to sit quietly and muse over what has been. I seem to be still in the morning hours of the high, windy business of doing and achieving. My color is good, my eyes are clear, my hair will not turn gray, my strength will not fail. I never produce the impression of needing assistance if there is a flight of steps to climb. No one suspects that I am as afraid as any other woman of thunder and lightning. I have lived alone for seven years in this old cabin; but no one knows that I am nervous at the least sound in the dark, if it is no more than a dead leaf rustling across the frozen ground outside on a winter night. I am supposed to be a hardy, level-headed person, able to take care of myself and to perform my day's work with both hands.

It is all a mistake. I am tired. I long to give up, sit down and have someone with a poor-dear expression slip a cushion under my feet. I desire to show my tears like an honest woman, press a fine cambric handkerchief to my eyes and have eau de Cologne dabbed on my brow. Not that there is anything the matter; I simply wish to exercise the emotional birthright of my sex. But I have never had the chance to do so. For one thing, I have never been able to assemble an audience, however small, that would believe in the genuineness of the performance.

I am not complaining, you understand; but if it was all to do over again I should be careful not to develop a strong character. I should content myself with a dimmer image of the gentler virtues. I should appeal more to the sympathy and tenderness of my fellow men and women. I should be less reliable and more lovable. I would do less good and get more good done to me, which, if you think about it, is a profitable way of swelling the sum total of goodness by distributing it more evenly, like a tax upon the kindness of other people. At the same time it might keep you from giving yourself the airs of a superior person, which is the temptation of every capable person.

This is what I think now, being for the moment ungraciously disposed, and feeling that I may have been shriven by too many virtues not of my own choosing. But if I should be born again it is possible that I might blow through life on a stronger gale. We cannot tell about such things. We can only boast or grumble.

I have survived so many whose lives were a part of my life that now there seem to be drifts of silence all about me, warm still with a thousand tender memories, luminous, like the sunshine the man carried into the dark forest to dry his rain-drenched house and the tears on his wife's cheeks. I have only to stir them as she stirred her sunshine to be cheered and comforted.

The sorrows we have had do bloom after a while. They shed an immortal fragrance through our last days. This is why old people live so peacefully in the past. It is a provision the Lord makes for them. They cannot be disturbed by our disturbances. They live and think in the terms of memory, as we breathe sweet perfumes and are refreshed.

Lundy and Faith are gone; but their light so shines about me that I have had no darkness within for a long time.

Two years ago this morning, on the thirty-first day of May, my sister, mentioned in the earlier part of this record, passed away. She was asleep here in the upper chamber of the old cabin. She had finished everything. Her house was in order. Her sons were grown and gone. Sitting alone in her house she had followed them to the camps, into aëroplanes above the earth, across terrible seas, through the battles of St.-Mihiel and the Argonne Forest with a courage that never blanched. By the hardest, being now very frail, she had survived to welcome them home and to see them take their places like men bound by duty to work and achieve. There was nothing else for her love to accomplish in them. So her will to live failed at last in a dream. But what a trail of memories she leaves behind her in bloom!

Mother died long, long ago, shortly after my marriage. Father, now in his eightieth year, alone survives of all those who shared their love and days with me.

I doubt if the very old will be damned, even if they were not good during some earlier period of their lives. They become so innocent of the flesh before they leave it. It is the flesh and the carnal mind that goes with it which snare us into most of the troubles we ought not to have. Father was designed by Nature to be a great man, but he was born of mettlesome stock, orphaned in his youth, made courageous, and spent several years in Lee's army. But he chose his sins like a gentleman and executed them with a flourish that left nothing to be suspected. He cheated no man, he paid his debts, which was a magnificent achievement when you consider that he was a prodigal spender and never hesitated to make a debt. He fairly strutted beneath burdens that would have crushed the average man. He could cast his sins from him as far as the east is from the west and practice all the saints' virtues with a sincerity that was more than convincing; he imparted splendor to righteousness.

Now he is very old and good. Goodness is a sort of degree Nature has conferred upon him. He appears somehow to have missed all our formulas of repentance. He knows he is about to be turned out of himself into the cold dust of the grave. That makes no difference. Clothed in the shining tatters of his sins, and the still more brilliant tatters of his virtues, he is taking one long, slow step at a time around the last corner toward eternity. Sometimes I have caught him staring wistfully at the closed gates. He will ask a question that feels like a lonesome traveler fumbling in the dark for the latchstring in the door of his own house late at night. What I mean is that he knows where he belongs—inside. And if nobody stops him he will take a front room in that great house of many mansions.

To me he is adorable. Honest to the last, nothing that he will condescend to conceal, tired out, going home at last to be cleaned up, his corruptions changed to incorruption, his body raised a spiritual body, all his splendid tatters rustling like very long wing feathers—all in the twinkling of an eye.

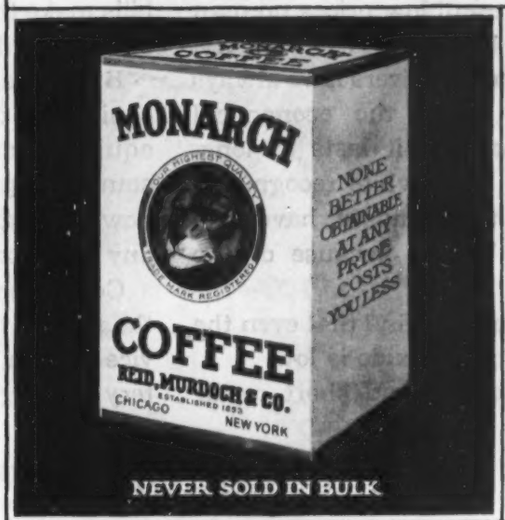
Let those who wish to believe in damnation, or who feel it is their duty to do so, do their duty. As for me, I know we shall all arrive at last and be taught the ABC's of eternal life somewhere, somehow, else we are at the mercy of an almighty malignant power. The evidence is to the contrary.

I have not set down everything that should have gone into this record. My memory slips off and comes back the next day to remind me of a certain incident that should have gone into the copy I wrote the

(Continued on Page 146)



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BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 143)

day before or the week before last week. But let that go; we never get all of life into the lives we live, either. We frequently leave out some of our greatest deeds and never realize what we have done until years later, when we look back and miss the shining spot that deed might have brightened in our past.

I wish now that I had copied more of my childhood into this record—what I saw, what I felt, perfect songs of emotion, perfect sorrows in quick tears. Children know and feel the best things. They are luminous beings in a dark world; not good, but so innocent of what we become even at our best. If ever I get the time I should like to write something more about that—When I Was a Child—and make clear the faith that was in me then, so different from the weary faith I have now. A short path was then a long journey, but my eyes were field glasses that saw happiness everywhere and my heart was a tune that hummed joyfully all day long.

I was a good little outlaw, seeking adventures in the grass, keeping company with the larks and sparrows, high above my head. Nothing was an effort, and I did everything I could think, never deterred by the question of whether it was right or wrong, never guilty of my small sins until the sense of guilt was thrust upon me. What sweet freedom! What a grand, busy life of seeing and knowing and believing everything! But I shall never write it now. As we grow older time gets short. The days that used to be so long hurry us and tire us, and we cannot finish what we meant to do.

Dear hearts, we must live again just to end life properly with all our duties done and that last prayer said which we did not have the breath to say! I do not think it will be prayer in my case, never having formed the begging habit spiritually; but when I think about it I am actually troubled lest I should die with a good sentence in me somewhere unsaid! This is not vanity; it is love. For so many years the world has been my only confidant. Sitting here in this quiet place, screened from your sight by a thousand hills and all the trees between, I have told you the very secrets of my heart to bear tender witness to the same secrets in your heart, that not one of you might feel such silence and loneliness as I have had. So it would be terrible at the very last if I should suddenly see clearly with my eyes closed, know the one thing we never really know that would ease your mind of the great doubt—and not be able to tell you! To have knowledge and no strength with which to reveal it! I shall not rest easy in my dust, with one word of truth unsaid that could comfort your faith!

As to that, I do not expect to rest anywhere long. It is a doless business for one who has been so busy. When it is all over, and I am harvested with the saints in paradise, I shall be wanting to pay a visit back home. Not to haunt anybody, you understand, and surely not to encourage the spiritualists by communicating with them. But I should want to see this old cabin, the ruddy gloom of the living room on a winter night when the logs are burning in the big fireplace. If strangers sat about the hearth, I would not see them. I would see those who belonged to my own life and my heart upon the earth. My people, every one, and my dog lying upon the rug. I should want to see the dark scallop of the pines against the sky line above this valley. I would have again the comradeship of these hills and this grass where the shadows lie at evening long and slim like fallen spires.

Only one tree in heaven is recorded, which must be a large one, with leaves "for the healing of the nations," but with too many saints sitting under it if there is only one. I would feel the need sometimes of one of my own trees here at home, as you like to be alone with a friend. And I should be wishing to see the stars once in a while from this place and this distance, because they are smaller and appear younger, happier, than they possibly can if you are as near as heaven to them. I dread a closeup view of any star. It might turn out to be a planet full of bad weather and strangers. Long ago I made friends with this particular world which is my world. There are not so many strangers to me left in it. I may not know the men and women who pass me on the road, in the street, or jostle me in the crowd, and they may not recognize my face, but they know me. Since the Circuit Rider days I have written so much for them, so they know me. The thought of that seems to preen the wings of my spirit. I always feel a little gay, lifted when I go abroad, as one does among dear friends, whether a single soul speaks to me or not.

I am not expecting to be one of the immortals in your memory, you understand. I leave these high places for the great writers who belong there; but if, after a very long time in heaven, I should come home for a moment and find, say, this record, a very old and dingy book open upon your table, and a pair of spectacles near by, I should know that some kind old heart had been refreshing himself upon my heart and I should feel tremendously puffed up.

(THE END)



DRAWN BY WYNCIE KING

After the Extinction of the American Home: "Why, I Love That Old Place. That's Where My Grandfather was Raised—Up There in Suite No. 5694, on the 36th Floor"



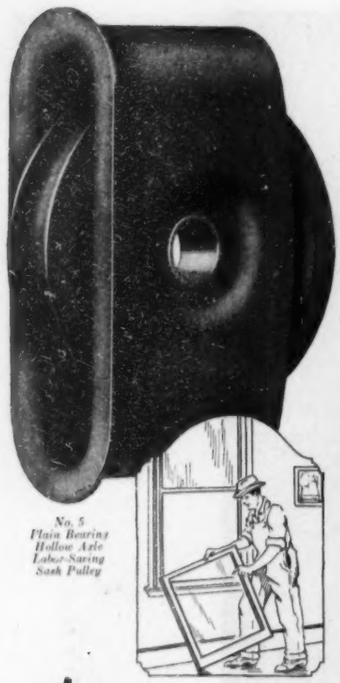
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AMERICAN SASH PULLEYS

AMERICAN COÖPERATION FOR WORLD PEACE

(Continued from Page 29)

Imposts and Excises." These are, explicitly, "to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defence and general Welfare of the United States" [Section 8, Paragraph 1]. As the support of the Army and Navy is derived wholly from public taxation, it is clear that the war power, as well as the taxing power itself, is intended to be employed solely in the interest of the United States, and not to settle the quarrels of other nations, or to supply their material needs, at the expense of the taxpayers of the United States.

The Commerce Power

THE power "to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States" [Section 8, Paragraph 4], it may appear, can be employed in coöperation with other nations for the achievement and preservation of peace more freely than the military power, since its effects result chiefly from a refusal to deal with a nation whose conduct is not approved—a power essentially implied in the authority to regulate trade. It is, however, clear that the power to regulate the commerce of the United States did not contemplate a compact with other nations for suppressing or controlling the trade of other nations by the use of armed force, in a situation where the rights of the United States are not directly involved. The suppression or destruction of another nation's trade is an important auxiliary in the prosecution of war, and in fact is essentially an act of war. It is, therefore, subordinate to the war power and to the taxing power which supports it.

The Drafting Power

AS TO the drafting power, it is to be noted that the militia may be called forth only for express purposes, namely, "to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrections and repel Invasions."

There is in the Constitution of the United States no definition of "invasion," whether of territory or of rights. It would be absurd, however, to hold that only the invasion of territory is intended. Invasion begins wherever acts of war against the United States are begun by an aggressor—it may be on the high seas or beyond them.

There has, no doubt, been a growth, as revealed in the procedure of the Great War, in the conception of the right of the Federal Government to secure involuntary military service through the exercise of the drafting power. The power "to raise an army" would, however, be illusory and the power "to declare war" nugatory if, when in the judgment of Congress it was necessary, military service could not be compelled. And yet it must be conceded that, to give effect to this power, the nation must at the time be strongly disposed to permit its exercise or the drafting power would not prove effective. To pledge in advance the military coöperation of the United States in unforeseen and merely imaginary circumstances would therefore be a hazardous and probably an utterly impracticable undertaking. Such a plan is, for this reason, to be excluded from any plan that is looking for general public approval.

For this there is still more solid ground than the mere momentary will of the people. Dismissing all refinements, and coming at once to the core of the subject, the Constitution, in conferring all these defensive powers upon Congress, nowhere contemplates wars of exploitation or the military pursuit of abstract ideas. Drawing potentially upon the resources of the people, the war power as delegated to Congress aims solely at protecting the rights of the people, and should protect them even against the vagaries of government itself. The Constitution presupposes for other nations the same privilege. The responsibilities of our Government are confined to its own people, and do not include the regulation of other governments.

The Powers of Government Not Transferable

RESPONSIBILITY for the proper exercise of the powers delegated to the Congress by the Constitution of the United States rests wholly and exclusively upon the public officers who are at the time charged with that exercise. That responsibility does not appear when a group of citizens attempts to intimidate the Congress by a threat to supersede it by a new election. It would be a violation of the oath of office for members of Congress, under this or any other form of duress, to transfer by legislation or otherwise the power to declare war, or to levy taxes, even to the President of the United States. *A fortiori*, it would be an unconstitutional act for the Congress to transfer that power, even temporarily or conditionally, to a council of state, or to a council of ambassadors, or to any other individual or body of men, even though appointed by itself.

Here then is a distinct and insurmountable obstacle to the practicability of any plan of coöperation by the United States with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world, if such a plan should involve an engagement to place in the hands of any central body, or any international council of whatever character, even in the slightest degree, the control of any of these nontransferable powers.

The Treaty-Making Power

IN CONSIDERING the powers of possible coöperation with other nations possessed by the Government of the United States, the treaty-making power must not be overlooked. The exercise of this power is primarily a prerogative of the Executive, in whose hands is placed the guidance of the United States in its foreign relations. The President "shall have power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur" [Article II, Section 2].

Has this power to make treaties any limits, or is it an unlimited prerogative?

Beyond question, the making of treaties is intended to serve, and in no case to destroy or impair, the form of government that was ordained and established. The powers confided to the Congress as a whole were clearly not intended to be abandoned, vacated, diminished or transferred by the mere agreement of the President and two-thirds of the senators.

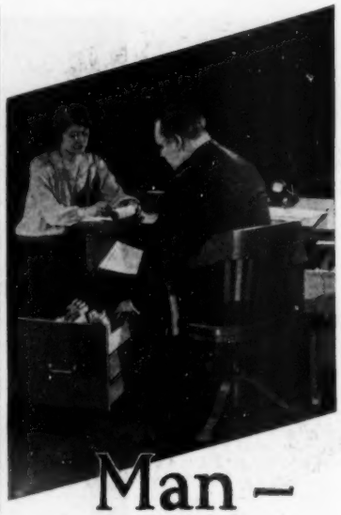
There is then an obvious and indubitable limit to the extent of the treaty-making power. If we ask just where that limit is to be found, the plain answer is, in the declared purposes for which the Government was ordained and established, as enumerated in the Preamble of the Constitution.

Whatever latitude may be offered by the "general welfare" clause in the Preamble and in the provision of the taxing power, where the expression also occurs, it is the welfare of the people of the United States and their posterity alone with which we are here concerned. There is no authority in the Constitution to merge by treaty that welfare in the common welfare of the world, and thus to dissipate that heritage of "the Blessings of Liberty" which it was the supreme end of this nation to secure.

No plan to coöperate with other nations that surrenders to international communism the resources of the American people can ever be made practicable in the United States. No plan that bestows upon a supergovernment any of the powers expressly delegated by the Constitution to the executive, legislative and judicial departments of this Government should expect to receive the approval of the American people. To make such a transfer would be a revolutionary measure. All the powers of ultimate international decision must remain where the Constitution places them.

Military Intervention a Detriment to Peace

IT IS a lesson of the world's experience that it is in the interest of peace to localize as far as possible such armed conflicts as arise between nations. The right of intervention may, in certain circumstances, be conceded where a nation's own peace is menaced by a war upon its borders; but participation in distant wars, where no national interest is involved, would tend only toward the spread of war and unnecessary preparation for war, and is essentially inimical to peace.



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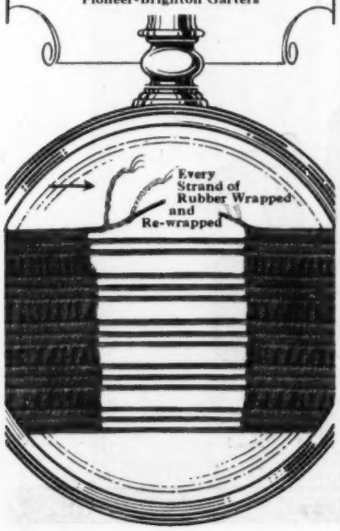
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The intervention of the United States in the affairs of Cuba stands out as a unique phenomenon in history.

The war with Spain was fought to terminate what promised to be an endless attempt on the part of a foreign nation to repress the liberty of an American people over which, according to the political conceptions on which the American governments are founded, it possessed no rightful control. It was a situation in which not only the peace but the responsibility of the United States to civilization was doubly involved; for the Monroe Doctrine, as a defensive policy of the United States, on the one hand justified intervention to protect Cuba from the continued oppression of a foreign power, and on the other prohibited other foreign powers whose interests were involved from intervening on American territory. This double implication of our national policy created the duty of the United States to see that peace prevailed in Cuba; but, by the same logic, it set a limit to the duty and also to the right of non-American intervention. It declared to the world the principle of the geographic limitation of military responsibility.

The Boer War and the war of Austria upon Serbia throw from different angles some light upon this principle.

The war between Great Britain and the Boer republics furnishes a case which would have led to world-wide complications if the general sympathy of the civilized world with the Boers had resulted in a general military intervention.

As it is, the Boer governments have been superseded by a form of polity far more conducive to the prosperity and progress of South Africa, now almost an independent nation, than any military intervention of the powers would have been likely to produce.

The same truth is illustrated from the opposite point of view in the attack of Austria upon Serbia, the ward of Russia, which was seen as an obstacle to the imperial ambitions of Austria.

An incident that was far more appropriate for decision by the Court of Arbitration at The Hague, as Nicholas II ineffectually proposed, than for settlement by the sword, was destined by its tragic development, through the intervention of Germany, to plunge the whole world into war.

If Russia and Austria had been allowed by Germany to settle the issue by themselves, it is highly probable that a solution could soon have been found, if not at The Hague, through the peaceful good offices of the great powers, as proposed by Sir Edward Grey.

It is true that Germany demanded the localization of the war by confining it to Austria and Serbia, which would have resulted in the speedy subjugation of a small state by a great power. Russia, although averse to war and unprepared for it, could not permit the total effacement of Serbia, and to avert it favored either an appeal to The Hague or a conference of the powers; but Germany treated both proposals with silent contempt and appeared "in shining armor" with a declaration of war on Russia while negotiations were still in progress. Both at St. Petersburg and at Vienna there was a good prospect of a peaceful agreement when the action of Germany precipitated the war, into which France was drawn automatically through the Franco-Russian Alliance, England by the invasion of Belgium and the danger to the Channel ports, Japan by her interests in the Far East, and finally the United States by the inhuman conduct of Germany in the war and the menace of triumphant German imperialism throughout the world.

The Fallacy of Menace

IT HAS been lightly said that if the League of Nations had existed in 1914 there would have been no war; the combined forces of Europe, under the direction of the League, it is asserted, would have prevented it. Had Great Britain, it has also been declared, frankly announced that she would be on the side of Russia and France, in case of German intervention in the Austro-Serbian affair, war would never have occurred.

These assumptions are wholly gratuitous and misleading. After the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, M. Sazonoff urged upon the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, that Great Britain could block the German menace by proclaiming complete solidarity with Russia and France, which he believed would avert war.

Referring to this proposal, which Sir George with true diplomatic insight rejected, Mr. Asquith, the British Premier of that time, in his articles on The Genesis of the War, affirms that "no evidence of any value has been or can be adduced to prove that a threatening or even an uncompromising attitude on our part would have turned Germany and Austria from the path on which they had entered. On the contrary, the evidence is all the other way." And he proceeds to show that, without the complication of Great Britain's interest by the invasion of Belgium and the menace to France's ports and colonies, Great Britain would not have been justified in pledging support to Russia in a war with Germany, and without a united nation could not have fulfilled the pledge if it had been made.

In fact, Great Britain has never interfered in the great wars, except when her vital interests have been affected, and there is no reason to believe that she would subject her people to the sacrifices of war for any other reason now. As Sir Edward Grey once declared, it is preposterous to suppose that British blood would ever flow merely to settle a Balkan quarrel.

While Great Britain, from clear-sighted policy, has abstained from the enforcement of peace by the menace of war where her interests were not involved, the United States, aside from the question of policy, is inhibited from the enforcement of peace by war by the constitutional limitations in the nature of its government, which has no authority to pledge the national resources of the people for participation with other nations in future wars for the enforcement of universal peace.

The Treaty of Versailles

UNFORTUNATELY, in framing the Treaty of Versailles, the theory upon which the reorganization of the world proceeded was precisely the enforcement of peace by a permanent preponderance of armed power as the background of its agreements. There was to be a preponderance of power so great that no nation would dare to challenge its opposition by resorting to war. Emanating, as this theory did, from a small group of ardent propagandists in the United States, it was assumed in Europe that this proposal involved not only the active participation of the American Government which propounded it, but also the chief responsibility for giving it effectiveness.

This proposal was a complete reversal of the traditional policy of the United States, not only in relation to Europe, but even in our own hemisphere. The whole American experience has shown that peace is best promoted by not meddling in the affairs of other peoples. We have practiced this abstention in this hemisphere when our own peace and safety were not endangered, and through our leaving the American republics to regulate their own affairs it has become a vast area of almost complete international peace.

If we have sometimes been compelled to intervene, it has been chiefly to prevent meddling in the affairs of our neighbors by European powers anxious to employ their superior force for the accomplishment of their own ends.

It has been the habit of Europeans to complain of the American revolutions as signs of an unsettled state of things, which might be improved by their intervention; but these republics have attained a far greater security and stability than they could have acquired if they had been subject to European interference. All their battles put together would not make the equivalent of the Balkan Wars.

It is the taxpayers who in the end will have to be called upon to approve any plan of coöperation with other nations to enforce the peace of the world by armies and navies. They are not likely to forget that their Government has not a dollar to give or to lend to any foreign government that is not taken from the pockets of the people, nor a soldier to use in the settlement of foreign quarrels who is not summoned from some peaceful home.

For the reasons above stated it is illusory to expect that any plan of coöperation can be finally adopted that does not eliminate the pledge to use the Army and Navy of the United States to guarantee the peace of the world.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hill. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

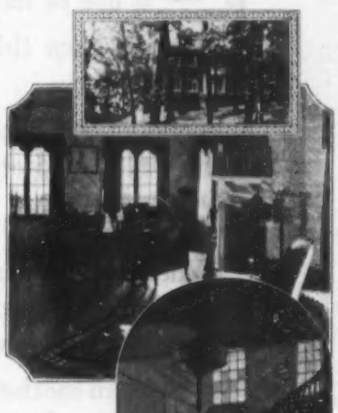
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throughout

for permanence, character, charm

The new modern finishes will express your individual taste, conforming to the color scheme adopted for each room, and giving you floors that are your own idea, different from others about you. The bright polished surface, reflecting the beauty of the natural grain and figure of oak, is the proper setting for your rugs.

If your home has old-fashioned soft-wood floors, it can be modernized by a special thickness of oak flooring called 3/8 inch, laid over the present floors, one room at a time, if desirable, at a cost less than the old floors, plus carpet. Your new oak floors will be sanitary, and easily kept free from dust and dirt, reducing housework.

All these advantages are lasting, for oak floors improve in mellowness and charm with the years, and are always modern.



Oak floors are laid throughout "The Perfect House," Glen Ellyn, Ill., now being featured in motion picture houses under the title "The Great Idea."

Wouldn't you like to know more about the advantages of oak floors? Our new booklet "The Story of Oak Floors", is full of interesting information, with colored plates of the new modern finishes.

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Nature's Gift of Everlasting Beauty

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Please send me your free book, "The Story of Oak Floors."

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'Tis Thermos - or 'Tisn't Thermos

Read all this message before you buy a vacuum bottle

COUNTLESS years went by before the human race learned to make use of heat and cold.

How to *keep* things hot or cold was the next step.

Keeping things hot or cold *and portable* is the final flower of all these centuries of experience.

* * *

When the *Thermos* vacuum bottle was introduced to America some twenty years ago people thought it was a novelty.

American mothers, American housewives, American workmen, American school children and American motorists found so many immediate uses for it that it became one of the greatest utilities in modern civilization.

An instinctive respect for the *Thermos* vacuum bottle grew up everywhere.

So much so that other vacuum bottles were placed on the market and the public became confused.

True enough they were vacuum bottles. But they were *not* the good, old reliable genuine *Thermos* vacuum bottle.

By now a good many families have found out this—

The difference between the genuine *Thermos* vacuum bottle and the ordinary vacuum bottles is the difference between pleasure and economy on one hand and trouble and waste on the other.

The unknown cheap vacuum bottle does not and cannot give *Thermos Service.*

The higher priced vacuum bottle, even, has none of the pioneer experience of *Thermos* that has led to all the practical, scientific maturity behind the genuine, reliable *Thermos* vacuum bottle.

GENUINE

THERMOS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

VACUUM BOTTLE



All vacuum bottles look somewhat alike – but they differ a lot in *Service*



WHEN people want a vacuum bottle it is the *Thermos Service* they go to the store to buy.

They want nothing *less* than *Thermos Service.*

So it is well to remember that all vacuum bottles are not *Thermos* vacuum bottles.

Thermos is the trade name of the old, reliable, genuine vacuum bottle made by the American Thermos Bottle Company—and of none other.

* * *

Do like many people are doing today. Look on the bottom of the bottle you are considering. If it is stamped "*Thermos*" —buy it. If it is not stamped this way tell the dealer to give you one that *is.*

And now one question of all you people who have used the *real Thermos* and other vacuum bottles—

Have you ever had true *comfort* and true *convenience* from any except the good, old reliable genuine *Thermos?*

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
366 Madison Avenue, New York

Factories: NORWICH, CONN. HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

In England
THERMOS LIMITED
London

In Canada
THERMOS BOTTLE CO. Ltd.
Toronto

Five Ratchet Adjustments

1. Plain Drill
2. Left-hand Ratchet
3. Right-hand Ratchet
4. DOUBLE Ratchet
5. Gears Locked





The "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill

No. 1555 (illustrated) Three-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ½ in. Two speeds. Length 17 in.

Ratchet Shifter which controls the five adjustments.

Speed changed by this lever without removing drill from work.

No. 555 Two-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares up to ½ in. Two speeds. Length 18 in.

You can drill accurately in cramped quarters with a "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill.

Throw in the Double Ratchet. The slightest movement of crank makes the drill cut continuously. And that's only one adjustment. Speedier work! Less fatigue! No other drill has these ratchet movements. No other can do what the "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill does.

Some other "YANKEE" Tools

Ratchet screw-drivers	Automatic push drills
Ratchet chain drills	Bench vises
Ratchet hand drills	Plain screw-drivers
Ratchet bench drills	1½ to 30 in. blades



This interesting book mailed FREE. Shows how "Yankee" Tools conquer difficult jobs.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Why the Office Boy is Scarce—By James H. Collins

NOT very long ago Thomas A. Edison needed an office boy, or some part of his organization did. So they put an advertisement in the papers. Before the right kind of boy turned up, something like three hundred dollars had been spent in advertising. Remembering Mr. Edison's famous questionnaires, you may think the fault lay with him, that he was too finicky in his ideas of what an office boy should be.

But an employment specialist in New York City, trying to meet demands from his clients for office boys, spent more than a thousand dollars last year advertising for them—and results were so discouraging that finally he stopped it.

This specialist estimates that the advertising cost of finding a very ordinary office boy in New York City is from sixty to eighty dollars.

Have you noticed the past year or two, in going around your own business world, that there are fewer and fewer boys to greet you at the information desk? Now it is the office girl, of approximately the same age, fifteen to eighteen, who takes your card. Or in a good many cases a middle-age woman. Or in a few concerns you will be interviewed by a colored gentleman with all the Pullman porter's courtesy, sympathy and anxiety to see that you get what you want.

The office girl, the middle-age woman and solicitous George are all substitutes for the unobtainable office boy.

Three or four years ago, among other shortages of the after-war boom period, there suddenly loomed up this office-boy shortage. It seems to have been noticed first in New York City, around the Christmas-shopping season, when the demand for boys is always brisk. The employer and employment specialist discovered that the supply of boys, usually abundant, was giving out, something that had never happened in their experience before. Since then the shortage has spread out over the year and over the country, and is becoming more and more acute.

The office boy is not only simply scarce—he is disappearing; and there are more than a dozen agencies deliberately working toward his extinction, among them the United States Government and the office type of boy himself.

"What is the office boy—and why?" I asked the New York employment specialist who first noticed the shrinking supply and took steps to study the phenomena behind it, and found that it was incidental to great basic changes now going on in Boydom.

A Vocational Blind Alley

"The office boy is a survival," he replied. "There was a day, before the telephone and other means of communication, when he carried messages and delivered parcels around the compact business districts of our cities. The bundle boy was then a regular part of the old dry-goods-store staff, delivering merchandise to customers before wagon and motor delivery had been organized. Many a boy left school at fourteen or fifteen, and entered the business world by getting a job as office boy. It was equivalent to an apprenticeship. He began by sweeping out the office, filling the inkwells, copying the correspondence in an old-fashioned letter book, running errands and doing the office chores, until he learned something of bookkeeping and became a junior clerk.

"But nowadays business communication is by telephone. A boy is needed only when there is something physical to be carried from one department to another, or visitors are to be received and announced. The job is no longer an apprenticeship, but a blind alley up which the unwary lad lured out of school by the chance to earn money fritters away his precious teens and finds himself up against a blank wall when he is able to vote. The boys are not only learning this themselves, and staying in school, but our school laws are being shaped to keep them in school."

But if business has changed so the office boy is unnecessary, why do business concerns still seek him, and try to solve an office-boy problem that, from this viewpoint, seems largely imaginary?

For one thing, a certain kind of employer wants him because he is a cheap worker. The boy of fourteen or fifteen can be hired at wages of eight to twelve dollars a week in various parts of the country. Sent on errands at the start, receiving and announcing visitors, operating a small telephone switchboard, he practices on the typewriter in his spare moments, learns to file papers and do other chores, and in a few months becomes a very good substitute for a clerk who would demand twice the wages. The close-fisted kind of employer who wants a boy for such exploitation believes in getting out of everybody who works for him all that can possibly be exacted, and probably salves his conscience by remembering that he himself began as a boy at much lower wages and longer hours.

This is the kind of office boy who is disappearing. The boys themselves are becoming too crafty to sell the years during which they should be in grammar or high school. Or if they do work for Old Closefist, wages are cleverly bid up by comparing notes and switching from one job to another; indeed, Closefist himself has bid up wages by snitching Tightwad's office boy, and Tightwad bid them still higher by retaliating.

Then, where school was limited to general studies a generation ago, and boys could see little connection between their school studies and their careers, now school is full of vocational and trade studies, and boys stick through grammar or high school because they have pretty good ideas about a career and mean to be equipped for it.

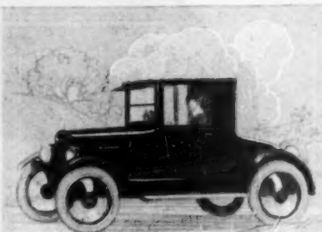
A Job That is Hard to Sell

Moreover, if a boy is shortsighted enough to quit school too early, there are ways of putting him back for part-time study at least. In twenty-one states there are now continuation schools in which the working boy must spend a stated number of hours weekly, and cannot be employed unless he has working papers showing that he is a part-time student. The board of education, the high school and the continuation school, the private trade school, the philanthropic organization, the personnel directors of large corporations, Uncle Sam's bureau of education and his employment service, the university psychologists, the vocational-guidance association, the public and private employment bureaus, the Y. M. C. A.—these agencies are all busy heading the lad off from the old-fashioned office-boy job, and helping him get the education that means a good start in life if he happens to be what the social worker calls an underprivileged boy.

But there is still another kind of office-boy job in business, especially among the big corporations whose relations with employes are supervised by the trained personnel director. When a lad is first taken into such a concern they set him at the old-fashioned office-boy duties—running errands between offices, taking deposits to the bank, receiving visitors, tending a telephone switchboard, typewriting, filing, keeping records. Not to get his work cheap, however, but to let him have the run of the organization, get acquainted with its people and its different kinds of work, and pick up knowledge that will later help him find a place where he belongs temperamentally.

An employment specialist says one of his hardest jobs is selling such a position to the kind of boy the big concerns want.

Some of the business houses that hire boys on an enlightened basis refuse to employ a youngster who is under sixteen—which generally means that he has gone through grammar school. Others draw the line at eighteen, and insist that the boy be a high-school graduate or continue his studies in night school. Even the boy who has been through grammar school is generally capable of beginning his business career as a junior clerk. When you tell him that he must begin as an office boy he doesn't like the idea at all. But business houses that have gone farthest in settling this whole boy question insist upon that, and when the thing is explained to the boy



"The Gray Coupe"

Gray Closed Cars in the first year of their production have merited and received the public's favor to an unusual degree. The Gray is not "just another car" but it has distinctive features which instantly appeal to your ideas of comfort and economy.

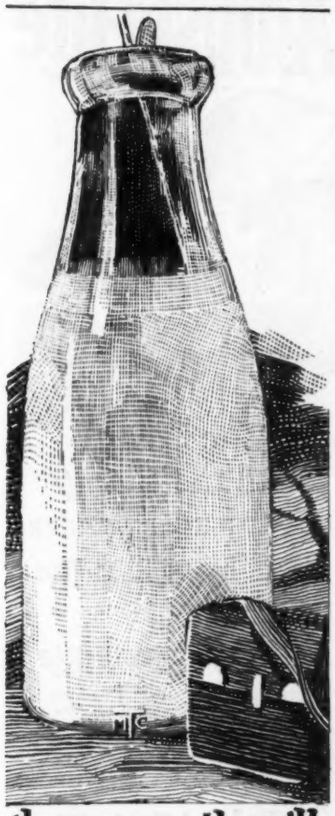
Gray Prices at Detroit

Roadster	$510
Touring	$520
Coupe	$685
Couch	$785
4 Door Sedan	$835
Gray Truck	$375

GRAY MOTOR CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan
Canada, Chatham, Ontario
Europe, 63 Champs Elysees, Paris
England, 80 Brompton Rd. London, S.W.

Gray

A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health



the more they'll drink the better they'll be!

Give the kiddies all the bottled milk they'll drink. Give it to them every meal. Have them drink it at school. The more bottled milk they'll drink the better, the healthier they'll be.

Drink more bottled milk every day. Because bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in a Thatcher Milk Bottle Because Thatcher Milk Bottles are *full-measure* bottles. Thatcher manufacture prevents undersized bottles and assures you an honest quart or pint. That is why over 80% of the largest dairies in America use Thatcher Bottles.

Call or see your milk dealer to-day. Ask him if he uses Thatcher *full-measure* Bottles. Insist that your milk be delivered in Thatcher Bottles.

Thatcher Manufacturing Co.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

THATCHER

BOTTLES *for* MILK

When they say a Quart - They mean it

so he sees it in terms of opportunity later, he is for it. And it is a pretty high type of boy who begins work on that basis.

Probably you have read or heard the assertion, common nowadays, that boys are no longer boys since the World War, but sophisticated to the point of being cynical, and absolutely materialistic in their viewpoint toward life and work. Not long ago Victor Herbert wrote a parody on his own Babes in Toyland, saying that present-day children had outgrown it and had no use for toys or sentiment.

There's nothing to it, in this employment specialist's experience, but that the 1923 boy is decidedly more intelligent than his predecessors. He is getting more schooling. He lives in a world of automobiles, radio, aircraft and other apparatus that did not exist in his dad's day. He is going in for sports and outdoor life, which teach him to take a beating as well as win a victory, and play the game of life honestly. And he is particularly careful to size up his employer when he goes to work, and will soon quit and hunt his opportunity elsewhere if the boss and job are not on the square.

Boys are also getting more schooling because their parents understand better what it means in life. In New York City this is particularly true of foreign-born families; the son of the immigrant who came to this country as a common laborer gets at least a high-school education, and often professional training. The general prosperity of the country has lengthened school years and taken boys out of industry until they are at least sixteen, though in most sections they may legally work after fourteen. There is a strong tendency all over the country to push this age limit up to sixteen.

And the under-privileged boy is getting a better chance. He is the lad who has to go to work as a matter of grim necessity before acquiring a grammar-school education. His father may be shiftless or have died, or a large family makes it necessary that he earn money, or his parents, though able to keep him in school, have a prejudice against education or the feeling that when a boy reaches fourteen it is time he began earning money. Indeed, more than one charity worker, investigating a family that has lost its breadwinner, and finding that there is a boy of legal working age, has taken credit to himself for finding the lad a job where he can help support the family.

Vocational Training

"But that viewpoint is changing," says W. H. Matthews, who looks after under-privileged boys and girls for the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. "We are working with four hundred fatherless families to make something out of every one of the children, girls as well as boys, giving them two years' special vocational training. Formerly the widow's son would be pushed out into an office job, earning from ten to twelve dollars a week, to discover at sixteen or seventeen that he was ill-equipped for advancement. We find out what line of work the boy seems to have a bent for, and grant him a scholarship under which his mother receives half to two-thirds as much as he could earn working, and the boy gets at least two years' vocational training, or more if he shows unusual ability. Very often the mothers, hard pressed to make ends meet, want to have the boys work and earn to their utmost. But when shown that a little sacrifice now will greatly increase their earning ability two years hence, they coöperate.

"The other day one of our scholarship boys came in and asked if he might go to our summer camp, paying his own expenses. He was one of three children and by means of a scholarship granted his mother, a widow, finished public school and took a two years' course in architectural drawing. Now at eighteen he is earning fifty dollars a week, supporting his mother and the two other children, and on the road to promotion. Without training he would have been earning ten or twelve dollars a week as an office boy. In his first year as an architectural draftsman he earned more money than he could have earned the four previous years in an office-boy job. Two other boys who had scholarships, beginning work at eighteen, earned enough money before they were twenty to go through Pratt Institute. Another boy, the son of a Danish widow, finished grammar school at sixteen, and thought he was ready to go to work. We had seen him in our camp as a Boy Scout, and knew he had good stuff in him. So he was helped through high school on a thirty-dollar-a-month scholarship, and now at eighteen is getting forty-five dollars a week as an accountant."

An under-privileged boy himself, long before social workers had identified the species, Mr. Matthews started work in a Rhode Island woolen mill when he was twelve, putting in twelve hours a day. But a kindly woman helped him get schooling at the age of seventeen, and since then he has been helping other boys and girls in the same way. Indeed, one of the most constructive phases in this whole new trend of boyhood is the way one under-privileged fellow who has been given a lift looks out for and helps others with the same handicap.

"Many of the business giants whose careers inspire the rising generation of boys started with little education and believe that their success is due chiefly to hard work," he says. "But they are really men of extraordinary ability—supermen. What we have to deal with is the average man. The superman makes the grade without help, but the average fellow needs a boost, and the best boost is keeping him out of a blind-alley job and helping him get an education. Vocational training is the thing, and if society helps the average youngster get it, he will later on repay society over and over."

Step down to the New York Stock Exchange and see what relations can be between the boy and his boss.

The big trading floor is silent and dark, for the market closed several hours ago; it is dinnertime. We go upstairs to the members' lunch room, where two hundred and fourteen boys employed on the Exchange are being given a complimentary banquet by the board of governors. Every boy there is attending night school somewhere in New York's commuting zone, more than fifty different institutions, and that is the occasion of the dinner—to let the boys know that their efforts are appreciated by the institution they work for.

Stock Exchange Pages

The New York Stock Exchange is the largest employer in the financial district of teen-age boys, as Cameron Beck, its personnel director, likes to call them. More than three hundred are needed as pages and messengers while the Exchange is open, and they must be alert, ambitious fellows, with something in the old bean, and a willingness to put more there by study. For a page's job on the New York Stock Exchange may lead to membership as a broker; more than one of the present members began as pages.

Though there is no age rule in hiring, a boy must either be a high-school graduate or willing to attend night school and make good his educational shortcomings. Out of more than six thousand applicants interviewed the first half of this year, only eighty boys were accepted—which doesn't mean that high-school education is a rarity, but that the plus the Exchange requires is rather scarce.

The right kind of boy is a pretty fine fellow, and when he has been found, Mr. Beck has the problem of putting him into the uniform that all pages must wear. That sort of boy naturally abhors a suit of clothes that suggest servants' livery, so he must be sold on it. Reminded that West Point cadets wear a uniform that stands for something topnotch in military organization, and that a chap wearing the New York Stock Exchange uniform is regarded everywhere on the Street as a West Pointer of the financial district, he sees things in a different light.

The new boy starts in what is known as the certified department, carrying communications from the Exchange to the members' offices. This teaches him the geography of the financial district. Then he is stationed at one of the doors leading to the floor of the Exchange and begins to learn its Who's Who—the names and faces of eleven hundred members. Then he is moved into the annex, where he learns the position of members on the floor and the location of their telephone booths. Then he goes to the floor itself, either at a trading post or a booth station, carrying messages from members to the telephone, and there qualifies for promotion in various directions. If he has studied stenography or accounting, that will help him into a clerical post. If he is taking a college course in finance and investments, he may get into the bond crowd, a coveted position because it requires a keen type of mind to follow

The Standard Spark Plug of the World



Ford Owners

There are good reasons why AC 1075 plugs for Fords sell for a trifle more than ordinary plugs—and here they are:



Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature fins attains sufficient heat to burn oil deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon

New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Install a set of AC 1075's today in your Ford and note the improved motor performance.

The AC Plug Kit—illustrated below—will carry your spare plugs and protect them from damage until needed. It will be given you free with a set of AC 1075's.

If your Ford dealer cannot supply you, obtain them from any other dealer—they will prove for themselves what a difference a few cents will make.

AC Spark Plug Company

FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending



The AC Plug Kit to carry your spare plugs

Use Harvey RACINE Ride Rite Shock Absorbing Springs

Absorb the shocks of

ROUGH WINTER ROADS

Save your chassis—save yourself—from the punishment of rough winter roads. Equip your car with Ride-Rites. The many thin leaves of Ride-Rite Springs absorb all the bumps, shocks and jars. The rebound plate scientifically checks the recoil. Ice, snow and frozen roads turn to velvet with these magic springs.



"The Joy of Easy Riding" gives you scientific facts on the economy of good springs. At your dealer's or on request.

Look for the Harvey Sign of Service

Harvey RACINE BOLTLESS SPRINGS

Spring Breakage is particularly annoying on cold winter days. A regular check-up at the Harvey Sign of Service will save this trouble.

Harvey Spring & Forging Co.
Dept. 11 Racine, Wisconsin

and make quick entries of bond transactions, instantly reporting the last quotation on any security. There is always a waiting list for this department, and it gives an intensive training of the greatest subsequent value in an investment house.

The market hours are short, from ten to three, but the work of a page is highly responsible and must be done quickly and accurately. He comes under the eyes of alert observing brokers, and the likely looking trustworthy chap is soon spotted and watched, and as he nears the end of his training he may be taken into a member's own organization, where, in perhaps ten years, he may rise to a partnership and a seat.

This is clearly an incentive to study—and how those boys do go in for it! There are ninety-seven high schools in New York's commuting zone, and the Wall Street division of the New York University is only two blocks away. More than half the page corps is attending public and private evening schools, studying stenography, business English, accounting and financial economics, and about one boy in every four is taking some sort of college course on the side. Eighty of the high schools in the commuting zone are represented by one or more graduates, and there are high-school boys from Texas, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine. Besides these outside studies, the Exchange itself has classes in economics, held four mornings each week, and each page is required to attend at least one lecture a week. These lectures deal with the history and development of the Exchange, the brokerage and investment banking business, speculation and investment, the business cycle, and similar subjects bearing on the daily job.

It was about five years ago, when the boy shortage began to attract attention, that the Exchange began this work. Then there was an average of five hundred and fifty-five boys late each month. Today there are less than fifty lates. Five years ago there was one high-school graduate in the corps, while today there are one hundred and ninety-two—two boys out of three. Five years ago only thirty of the pages were studying in night school, where today there are more than two hundred.

A boy may land a job as page, perform his duties in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and be in line for promotion, but not in the brokerage or investment business. He may develop an inclination toward something entirely different. In that case the personnel department will put on its hat and coat and go out and find that boy a job in the particular kind of business he seems best fitted for.

Or a boy falling short as a page may be keen on some other kind of work, in which case the personnel department helps him get rightly placed.

Fired Out of Kindness

"About a year ago," says Mr. Beck, "we had a boy here who was constantly making mistakes on the floor—almost. That is, something would go wrong every little while, and we could come pretty near pinning it on this boy, but never quite. So one day after the market closed I sent for him and said: 'Robert, go down on the floor of the Exchange, look up at the ceiling, and count the rosettes.'

"'Why, Mr. Beck, what's the idea?' he replied, puzzled.

"'Because you are going to see it for the last time. I'm going to fire you.'

"His face grew long, of course.

"'Robert, you don't really like the work here, do you? You never did.'

"He instantly agreed with me.

"'What you'd like to do and put your whole heart and soul in would be commercial art—wouldn't it?'

"His face lighted up. Then I told him that though he had lost his Exchange job we'd found another for him uptown in a commercial-art studio. Several months later that boy came in to tell me he had never been as happy in his life. He liked the work so much that he often stayed at the studio after hours. One night while he was absorbed in the empty studio his employer came in, looked over his shoulder and was so impressed by Robert's work that he made arrangements to send him to an art school."

"How did you know that boy liked art instead of business?"

"Very simple," said Mr. Beck, pulling out a card index. "Here we keep an educational record of every boy in the page corps—what his schooling was before he came to work, and what he is studying now. When we found that Robert was slipping in his work, lack of genuine interest seemed to be the trouble. He was too bright a boy not to be interested in something, and on his card we discovered what it was—he was studying commercial art. That gave the clew both to his mistakes here and to his proper vocation. In another case we found that one of our messengers was absorbed in electricity, and studying it at Cooper Union. So we made a place for him in our own electrical department.

"Last year the Exchange lent its boys nearly twenty-five hundred dollars to pay for education, and of one thing we are decidedly proud—out of several hundred boys who reported that they were studying, only seven misrepresented, saying they were taking outside courses when they were not."

Business men who have learned by experience how hard it is to get good boys frankly wonder how the Stock Exchange does it.

It's simple enough—except in the doing. Instead of putting advertisements in Help Wanted, and sitting back waiting for the boys to come in droves, as they used to, Mr. Beck and his assistants do what the corporations began doing years ago to secure college graduates. They go out after the boys where they are—while they are studying in the high schools of the commuting zone. The work of the Stock Exchange and its policy toward boys are explained. Questions are answered and matters discussed from the personal standpoint of the boy who comes up for more information after the talk is over. As a consequence of this indirect recruiting, many a promising boy comes straight to Wall Street in hunting his first job.

Standard Oil Training

The big corporation hiring boys can do something not feasible on the Stock Exchange—hire them for life. As the Exchange has only five or six hundred employes, all told, and the best positions are found in brokerage houses, it can promise them chiefly a good running start.

But a corporation like Standard Oil has thousands of employes and a very wide range of opportunity. Chemical and engineering ability will find its place in one department of the oil business, industrial and management ability in others, and sales, accounting, mercantile, export and executive talent can all be utilized somewhere.

At 26 Broadway they have also gone deeply into this boy proposition, and because a lad accepted for employment has the prospect of a life job ahead of him, with insurance and a retiring pension, he is required to begin as an old-fashioned office boy, minus the sweeping and dusting. The personnel department, under Mr. C. R. Dooley, selects the boy and attaches him to its pay roll. He may be a B boy, with a grammar-school education, from sixteen to eighteen years old, or an A boy, graduated from a high school, eighteen years upwards. In the latter case, the idea of answering the buzzer and running errands about the office is decidedly below his expectations. But it is part of his apprenticeship, and a sensible boy soon discovers that this is an excellent way to begin.

He is given a manual that enables him to learn the names, initials and office numbers of all officials, the company's particular way of sending a telegram, the routine methods of handling practically every chore he will be called upon to do. From time to time the boys are brought together and examined in these duties.

For a while he is anybody's boy, at beck and call, a slave tied to a buzzer if he takes the narrow view of his job, but likely to be called for the most unexpected and interesting assignments if he takes the imaginative view. By and by there comes from some department a request for a boy to be attached to it. Then he is assigned to that department and has an opportunity to get an intimate grasp of its work and get better acquainted with its people. While he is sizing up his new job, and being sized up himself, he remains on the old pay roll, the personnel department charging his time against the department he works for. Ultimately he proves satisfactory or otherwise. The department head reports that he doesn't seem to be particularly interested in the details of accounting, or the boy himself

(Continued on Page 156)

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Pat. U. S. A., Canada and Foreign Countries

The Lamp with the Clamp

CLAMPS EVERYWHERE

Read by Adjusto-Lite
Clamp it on your bed or chair. Makes your reading a luxurious delight.

Write by Adjusto-Lite
Clamp or stand it on desk or typewriter table—lights your work, shades your eyes.

Sew by Adjusto-Lite
Clamp it anywhere on sewing machine or on table or chair.

Study by Adjusto-Lite
Save the young folks' sight. Clamp it anywhere—instantly adjustable.

Shave by Adjusto-Lite
Clamp it on the mirror or any place convenient and adjust the light to any angle you want.

Cook by Adjusto-Lite
Clamp it on kitchen table or shelf or on any pipe, or hang it on the wall.

Work by Adjusto-Lite
On your drawing board or desk or bench or in your garage—clamp it wherever convenient.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The lamp of a thousand uses. Made of solid brass; handsome, durable and compact; a quality product throughout. Appropriate for any room of any home. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-yr. guarantee. Complete with 8-ft. cord and 2-piece standard plug. Price $5.

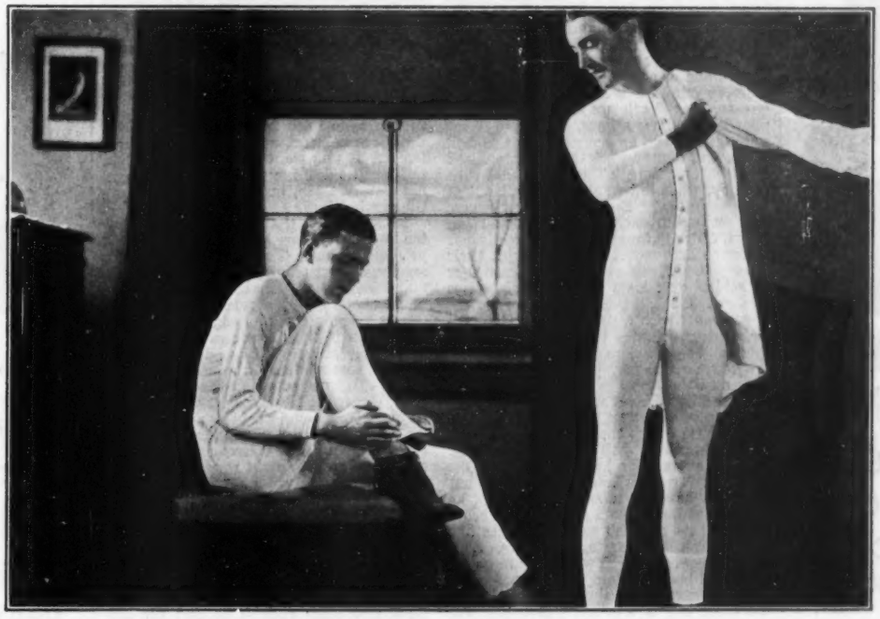
Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. The name is on the carton and on the clamp. Sold by live dealers everywhere.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141-151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A. and Canada, brass, $5; bronze, nickel or white enamel finish, $5.50. West of Mississippi River and Canadian Rockies, and in Maritime Provinces, 25c per lamp additional.

This winter · · let us make you *really* comfortable



Too many men have to "roll their own"

Binding—sagging—both needless, we believe. And thousands of Carter wearers will tell you we've proved it!

NOW is the time when millions of men start out hopefully to buy their winter underwear. A month later—binding in legs and seat, loose flaps at ankle and wrist, rolls of discomfort around the waist!

It's either *faulty design*, or *lack of elasticity*. Underwear has to stretch to be comfortable, but it shouldn't stay stretched.

When the first cold snap turns your steps to the haberdasher's, we wish you would ask him to show you a suit of Carter's. Stretch it way out—let go! Then remind yourself that Carter's springs back just as snappily after months and months of wear.

Ever since 1870, we have been trying to make the finest underwear for men that human skill could devise. We believe we know what men want. Carter's is tailored on living models to begin with —*tailored to fit the human body in action*. And the firm, elastic Carter weave *keeps* that fit, without ever binding or sagging.

Of course we could mention a lot of other reasons why more men every year are asking for Carter's underwear. Finest materials—flat-finished seams—double-sewed buttons—these things all count.

But after all, the *big* reason—the thing we believe men appreciate most—is the easy, springy comfort which is built into every suit of Carter's and which stays there! That's why we say—let Carter's keep you *really* comfortable *this* winter. It will give you a new set of standards to judge underwear by.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District)
Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.



Stretch it way out—let go! Back it springs into its original shape after months of wear—if it's Carter's!



Carter's KNIT Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL THE FAMILY



Healthful, odorless heat, —at low cost

Make *sure* your family will be warm enough this winter. You can do so economically with Lawson Gas Heaters.

ALL the gas is consumed—without waste—in the "Glowing Heart" or inner core. Less fuel is needed and the Lawson gives you more heat than larger, higher-priced gas heaters.

Clean, healthful, radiant heat—like that of the sun. No stuffy air! No odor!

Safe! Flame completely enclosed. A size for every room. Aluminum, Nickel and Black finishes.

Live Hardware, Furniture, Department Stores and Gas Companies sell the Lawson Odorless. Ask to see it.

LAWSON MFG. CO., of Pittsburgh
Also makers of Lawson Water Heaters



Sectional view, showing famous "Glowing Heart"

Lawson Odorless Gas Heater

(Continued from Page 154)

discovers that sales work or exporting interests him more than the hard financial grind of the treasurer's office. So he is brought back and assigned to other work, and this goes on until he finds a place where he likes the work and can grow into it. Then his office-boy days are over, they have served their purpose of properly placing him in the organization, and after that, with ability, his advancement is much more rapid than it would have been in other days.

The circulation value of a boy is cleverly used in holding together another big boy organization—that of the Western Union.

Opportunities for Promotion

When a smart youngster in uniform hands you a telegram, pencil and receipt blank, you hardly suspect that he is a private in an infantry company. More likely you think of the old gibe about the loitering telegraph messenger—which brands you as one of a past generation. For the fourteen hundred Western Union boys in Greater New York are trained and disciplined on military lines, with two West Point cadets and an army sergeant to drill them. One night a week they are mobilized for drill, and though this is optional with the boy, what kid wants to be left out of such activities? Besides foot maneuvers and setting-up exercises that keep them smart, they are taught to take care of their uniforms and report for work with their shoes polished, like a soldier, and learn that no soldier ever loafs or smokes cigarettes on duty. A bright boy can rise to the rank of sergeant, with a pay bonus and supervision over privates to see that they are spick-and-span before going on duty. Still brighter, and he may become a lieutenant with a further raise in pay. Promotion is governed by efficient work, punctuality in attendance, courtesy, initiative and like qualities that keep the telegraph company in good standing with its cash customers. Military supervision has another side—the company furnishes uniforms at cost, but the boys have to take care of them, so learning to do it like a soldier is an economy. There are also week-end hikes like those of the Boy Scouts, and a messenger-boy band of fifty pieces which any boy with a musical bent can join, the company furnishing instruments and instruction. Just the other day a Western Union boy was run over and killed, and the band played at his funeral. Every summer the boys go into camp in relays, spending their two weeks' vacation there if they want to, and once a year there is an athletic meet in which boys from other cities come to compete with the New York boys.

The circulation value of a telegraph messenger's work is so great that the company is in keen competition for the men its boys soon grow into. Delivering messages to men in every kind of business, and making friendships where telegrams are delivered regularly, the boys attract the attention of employers who offer them positions. But the telegraph company has places for far more boys than it employs, and from the time a lad is hired it seeks to train him in its own continuation school, where he can choose between two lines of advancement—learn telegraphy and electric wiring to become an operator, or take a general office course, which includes typewriting and salesmanship, joining the clerical staff and eventually becoming manager of a branch office. Salesmanship in a telegraph office? Yes! When business behind the counter slackens, the alert manager is out canvassing his territory, getting acquainted with patrons, finding new places for call boxes, correcting shortcomings in the service, and making suggestions that increase the use of telegrams.

"In other days this was often a blind-alley job," says G. K. Reesor, who is in charge of the message corps as manager of the delivery department. Formerly a messenger himself, in Kentucky, he came up through the operating organization. "A bright boy would study telegraphy and become an operator, or perhaps graduate to a job behind the counter. But there were no company courses of study by which he could prepare himself in advance, and the commercial side of the business was not so well developed. I have worked in a telegraph office where, when a patron came in wanting to send a message, the manager held an oil lamp so he could see to write it. You can imagine how little salesmanship there was in telegraph service then! But times are different now, and boys are different. If you want to interest and hold the present-day boy you must offer him, not simply a job, but one or more opportunities in life."

In New York the Western Union hires ten to twenty new boys every week and promotes about a dozen who remain in the service, a pretty high proportion. The rest find elsewhere positions that appeal to them more. Lads in this service average about fifteen years in age, and earn better wages than boys in most business concerns because they begin at fifteen dollars a week and get commissions on messages that increase this to twenty and twenty-five dollars. Under the New York law a boy must be over twenty-one to make night deliveries, where tips are most abundant. Some of them stay on in the messenger service and are transferred to night work for the sake of its earnings, studying days, but a good deal of the night-delivery work is done by grown-ups, particularly middle-aged men.

Four Kinds of Employers

"Why not the office girl?" more than one employer asks himself as it becomes more and more difficult to find the old-fashioned office boy—the youngster willing to tackle routine work that leads nowhere for the immediate dollars in it. One large New York corporation did replace boys with girls several years ago, when the shortage began to materialize, paying them eight to ten dollars a week, against a twelve-dollar minimum for boys of the same age. But before long women's organizations protested, forcing the minimum up to twelve dollars, and it now seems likely that it must be raised to sixteen. There are good reasons why a girl should be content in a blind-alley job. Her working life is short, and usually is terminated by marriage. But even so, she demands pay in keeping.

If this office-boy situation affects you as an employer, you will probably have to begin by sitting down and finding out what sort of employer you are. According to those who understand the situation best,



PHOTO. BY PUTNAM STUDIOS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A California State Highway Bordered by Poplars

FAIRBANKS-MORSE

ball bearing motors



—built by pioneer manufacturers of ball-bearing motors with eleven years' successful experience. These more efficient motors lessen friction losses—reduce current consumption—lower production costs

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & Co.
CHICAGO. *Pioneer Manufacturers of*

ball bearing motors

221

3 MINUTE
TRADE MARK
OAT FLAKES
Means the product of the Rich Bros. Cereal Co.



"You never tasted Oats like these"

Whether by chance, fortune, or whatever you choose to call it, 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes has a matchless flavor, deliciously different from any other oats.

While perfecting a new process for making a flake that would cook quickly, this flavor was suddenly discovered. The new method of treating the grain had done even more than the makers expected; it had brought out to the very fullest extent the hidden richness and sweetness.

In the new and exclusive process the flakes are also made easier to digest, by dextrinizing the starches —that is, breaking down the starch cells in the oats.

Try this delicious, flavory, easily prepared dish today. The whole family will like it.

A Hot Breakfast in a Jiffy

There is no tedious preparation required to cook 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes—it is all over in 180 seconds. Give the kiddies the benefit of a hot breakfast every morning.

A Pound for a Dime
(Except in the Far West)

3-MINUTE Oat Flakes gives the greatest cereal food value obtainable. Try it today. Almost any independent grocer can supply you.

RICH BROS. CEREAL CO.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Try it Today



there are four different kinds nowadays—and the boy of the 1920's steers away from three of them:

No. 1. The old-fashioned employer who buys his labor as he buys his merchandise or materials, inanimate stuff, all of it, to be got at the lowest possible price, and the human factor worked to the utmost;

No. 2. The old-fashioned employer who begins to suspect that the world is changing a little, and makes a few concessions to his employes, but whose wall motto is "Get all you can out of 'em!";

No. 3. The employer who realizes that his employes are entitled to some consideration as human beings, and accords it in various ways—vacations, bonuses, profit sharing, welfare work; but he puts it all on a commercial basis, having discovered that that sort of thing, which looks like madness to Number 1 and Number 2, really pays a profit;

Finally, Number 4, the modern employer who has a genuine human concern for the people on his pay roll, and tries to help them develop along educational lines, fitting themselves for better positions and pay, regardless of profit. The New York Stock Exchange actually lets its personnel department keep foremost the ideal of making boys good citizens, in the belief that this is the best way of making them good pages and business men. Which is sheer Bolshevism to the old-fashioned employer. But, strangely, it attracts the best type of boy, and inspires him to give the most in intelligent work.

As things are now shaping up in Boydom, this last kind of employer will soon be the only one able to hire a boy at all. For he is the only one who is going back of the boy shortage and studying boy conditions. The others take it out in grumbling about boys in general, complaining that they are not what they used to be. Yet, paradoxically, if they succeed in hiring a boy at all, he will probably be exactly the sort they complain is unobtainable.

Industrial Misfits

The "What's the good of school?" boy, for example, who is shortsighted enough to chuck education and work for Old Closefist's immediate dollars, letting the latter squeeze the last pound of work out of him in a blind-alley job, and leave him nowhere at eighteen or twenty. Apart from state laws that compel part-time study, the lad dissatisfied with school soon becomes dissatisfied with work.

Last summer at Pörtschach, Austria, there was a world conference of Y. M. C. A. men who work with boys, the second of its kind, and a report on the employed American boy presented there brought out some striking facts.

Beginning with the grown people who work in this country, it is estimated that only one out of four is properly placed—has the kind of job for which his hands or brain is best fitted. The three others are misfits. If we could reverse this situation, production might be increased to such an extent that we could do the country's work in five days a week.

Great headway can be gained in changing this situation if we begin with the boys. Put a boy in the right job, and he comes pretty near being placed for life. And the boy is no mere accessory in the country's work, because one worker in less than six, of all ages and both sexes, is a boy between fourteen and twenty.

As a matter of fact, the boys have already begun changing that situation. Approximately 7,500,000 of them are working, and of those one in three is also studying something—attending a part-time school or night classes, taking vocational or college courses. This shows up amazingly in the high schools, for in the past thirty years our high-school attendance has increased from 200,000 to more than 2,000,000, or 900 per cent, against a 70 per cent increase in primary and grammar schools. During the same period there has been a corresponding increase in college attendance, correspondence-school courses and extension education.

Boys Who Find Themselves

Lately the Y has been conducting "Find Yourself" campaigns among working boys, with significant results. In an Eastern industrial city not long ago 1360 boys, averaging seventeen years old, were persuaded to study themselves from the viewpoint of education and preference for a certain kind of work, finding out what they really wanted to do. Of these, 206 were underprivileged boys, their fathers, mothers or both parents being dead. The earnings of 950 went to help support their families. There were 262 with a high-school education, 728 had finished grade school only, and 406 were studying outside of working hours. They were employed by more than 200 different concerns, had been working an average of two years and three months each, and during that time had held an average of three different jobs per boy. More than half, or 855 boys, had seen enough of the working world to decide definitely what they wanted to do. Skilled mechanical trades leading up to foremanships were first, with 353 boys. Then came industrial and commercial jobs, 168 boys; professions including engineering, 155 boys; and artistic vocations, 82 boys. Not a single boy wanted to do day labor!

The office-boy shortage is simply one of the first effects of this educational movement. As it goes on there will be no more old-fashioned office boys at all. The present-day boy is growing too wise to stick in a blind-alley job. The more he studies, the more canny he is in placing himself for a beginning, and the quicker to shift when he discovers that his start is wrong. Better education makes him not only keener in sizing up opportunities but gives him something the old-fashioned office boy who left school at fourteen didn't have—an ability to study that enables him to master any new knowledge that may be needed in qualifying for promotion or taking up an entirely new kind of work.

In other words, Old Closefist can't find him nowadays, because he is out finding himself.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE OLD DAYS

(Continued from Page 38)

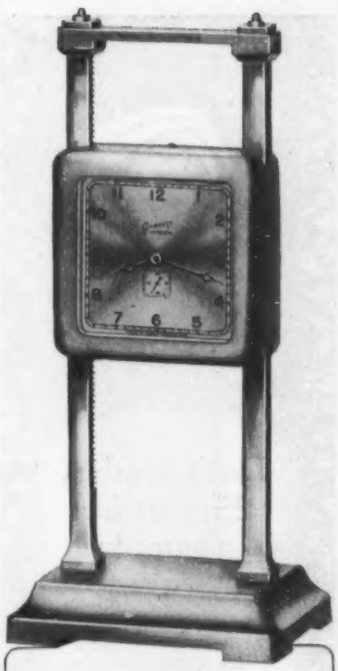
come up from Columbus to meet Myron T. Herrick, Mrs. Herrick and my wife and me at his home in Cleveland. We met about every three weeks. Sometimes the gathering took place in Colonel Herrick's home. The meetings usually occurred Sundays.

Mrs. Hanna had a famous cook, Maggie Maloney by name, who was noted especially for her corned-beef hash. After breakfast we men adjourned to Mr. Hanna's den, and discussed the political situation and took account of stock. The name of every man who declared himself for McKinley was carefully entered in a book. Mr. Hanna was very systematic. He always knew just where to put his hand on a friend of McKinley's.

After the election of McKinley in 1896, Mr. Hanna leased the Don Cameron house in Lafayette Square, Washington, and moved his entire family into it, including Maggie Maloney. Maggie is the original of the cook in a novel by Samuel G. Blythe influencing legislation by her hash. There is no question many difficult problems were discussed and many of them settled over a plate of Maggie's hash. President McKinley often came to breakfast Sunday mornings and met many of the Republican leaders, among them Secretary of State John Hay, Justice William R. Day, Vice President Hobart, Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, Secretary of War Alger, Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss, Governor Myron T. Herrick, Uncle Joe Cannon, Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia; Senator Nelson Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Comptroller Charles G. Dawes, and many others.

After Senator Hanna's death, in 1904, Maggie continued to cook for Mrs. Hanna, and when Mrs. Hanna died, in 1921, Maggie Maloney received a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars under the will.

Washington has had many famous cooks, but few of them have attained the reputation or achieved the financial success gained by Maggie Maloney, the Corned Beef Hash Queen.



The ANSONIA Gravity Clock

IT is essentially a man's clock; the kind of a clock he would like either in his office or at home. It is a most acceptable gift for his birthday, or for Christmas, or simply as a remembrance.

Its simplicity appeals to him. It has no key, and never has to be wound up. It runs for thirty-six hours before reaching the bottom of the frame, when its position is a reminder to again push it up to the top. It may be raised whenever desired.

The Gravity Clock is made of heavy metal, handsomely finished in bronze or Verde (Green), 10 inches high by 4½ inches wide.

Price with silver dial, $13.50

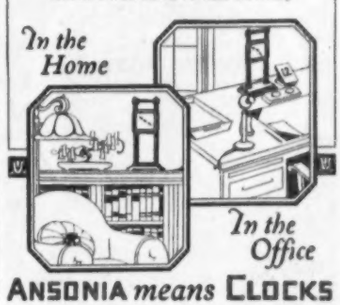
Finished in gold plate, with silver dial, $20.00.

With radium numerals and hands, $1.50 extra.

Prices are for United States only
(Patents Pending)

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of the price.

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
99 John St. Dept. P New York
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century



ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS



Don't send us 25 cents for a sample

Get a full size box of Swan Down Face Powder from your druggist and give him the quarter.

Then, after you have tried Swan Down for a week, if for any reason you are dissatisfied with the quality, return the box to us and we'll refund your money.

Henry Tetlow's Famous

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Face Powder

is sure to please you just as it has pleased millions of women for the past fifty years.

Made of the finest imported materials, both powder and perfume are compounded in the U. S. A. and packed in plain boxes that keep down the cost to you.

The Swan Down box fits flat in your hand bag.

The quality is higher than the price.

Six shades—white, pink, flesh, cream, ocre, and brunette. Buy any two shades you wish and mix your own if you prefer.

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Makers of Pussywillow Powder
Philadelphia, Pa.



THE HATE SOWERS

(Continued from Page 40)

bestow baksheesh upon anybody above the rank of a menial servant. Repeatedly proffered gifts were refused by soldiers, policemen and railway employes. Friendliness, courtesy and helpfulness were met at every step. The officials are meticulously careful to obey the letter of Angora laws, and nobody may travel except according to the exact letter of his permit; red tape and bureaucracy have descended full-grown upon the new Angora government, yet in the execution of literal orders there is no arrogance and all possible consideration. Even the Greek prisoners seemed to be treated with as much consideration as the Turkish soldiers themselves.

It was at Ushak, where they used to make the Turkey-red rugs, that I first encountered the prisoners who remain behind to expiate the deeds of their comrades who got away. Turkish trains nowadays often follow the old custom of resting for the night; and the baggage car in which I rode—there are various lively little reasons for preferring a freight car to the first-class compartment, with its density of population which pays no fare—was parked at the station. As I crossed the square in search of a restaurant, there came out of the dusk, and filed slowly across my path, a procession that recalled the eerie figures in Emperor Jones, or a scene from Dante. It was too dark to distinguish faces, but this line of heavy-footed men startled one with its spectral character. Every form was bent, as with age. Many hobbled on sticks. But what impressed me most was the number of men who were being carried on the backs of others. The dim light, the silence, the oppressive consciousness that these ghostly shapes were from some other world of woe—a phantasmagoria or a hallucination—somehow painted the picture indelibly.

In Turkish words and by bomb-bomb sounds and signs, a youth by my side made me understand that these were Greek prisoners. I had brought from France no memory to match this picture; and it so troubled my night that my first act after daylight was to search out these uncanny creatures. They proved to be nearly twoscore sick and wounded Greek prisoners, and they were to become fellow passengers on the leisurely journey to Smyrna in an open car. There was not a man of the lot who would have been out of bed, or at least out of a wheel chair, in America.

Greek Munitions Captured

Much noise had been made in the world over the plight of Greek prisoners in Turkey, with no mention of the original wrong that sent these boys thither to become sufferers. I saw many of them as I journeyed through Anatolia. Aside from these sick and wounded, who were being borne to the Smyrna hospital prior to their exchange back to Greece, there were none who were in any worse way, so far as raiment, food and shelter went, than the large number of Turkish recruits whom I also saw. That was bad enough, in all conscience. But even the regular and seasoned Turkish soldiers are in a large measure tatterdemalions. What victories they have won have not been by the smartness of their uniforms. The normal poverty of Turkey has been enhanced by the new impoverishment that has followed in the wake of the Greek retreat.

At various points I observed Greek prisoners at work loading their own former ammunition for shipment eastward—for the Syrian frontier had become a matter of grave controversy between Turkey and France. In their mad flight, the Greek troops abandoned enough undestroyed munitions of war to equip the Turkish Army for two and a half years, according to one authority.

So far as the world has heard, the climax of the Greek debacle was the burning of Smyrna. At the time, America had categorical reports from Athens, which were given large headings in all newspapers, to the effect that one hundred and twenty-five thousand Christians had perished in this crowning Turkish atrocity. How could the ordinary reader be expected to understand that Athens is perhaps the most diligent center of propaganda and censorship in the entire Near East? Nobody knows the exact toll of lives lost at Smyrna; the most conservative American resident in the city, and one of the busiest at the work of rescue during the fire, told me that the number could not possibly have been more than ten thousand, and that it surely exceeded a thousand; "it was doubtless much nearer the latter figure than the former."

There were no Greek military casualties at Smyrna. It was only the high-handed efficiency of A. K. Jennings, an American Y. M. C. A. man, whom the Navy now affectionately calls "Admiral," that commandeered the Greek and other merchant shipping in the harbor for the evacuation of the civilians who were herded on the quay to the number of a quarter of a million. Abandoned by their own soldiers and leaders, the panic-stricken Greek refugees were protected and provided for and got off in quick order by the American Navy and the American civilians.

The Burning of Smyrna

Who burned Smyrna? is the first question that greets every person supposed to have some knowledge of the case. So shopworn has the query become that those Americans who played the most noble rôles in the catastrophe nowadays parry it. The truth may never be known. The ultra-conservative and ultra-judicial American authority already cited expressed it about this way:

"The logic of the situation is that the Greeks and the Armenians burned Smyrna as they had threatened to do; the weight of evidence is that the Turks burned Smyrna. There are several possibilities:

"First. The Greeks may have burned the city as the climax of the series of similar acts they had committed in the retreat from Anatolia, and for the same reasons.

"Second. The Turks may have burned the city in furious and spontaneous reprisal for the atrocities that they had witnessed upon their own cities, villages and people, between Eski-Shehr and the sea.

"Third. In the fighting with the groups who resisted the entrance of the Turks, as the Armenians at their monastery, some buildings may have been fired to drive out the occupants.

"Fourth. Turkish hoodlums and irregular soldiers on the loot, with the lust of destruction in their blood, may have set individual fires that swept the whole Christian quarter, because of the prevailing wind.

"Fifth. The Turkish Army may have ordered the destruction of the Greek and Armenian section of the city.

"This last theory no reasonable and informed man believes to be tenable. The third and fourth reasons seem to have most facts to support them."

After all possible investigation the United States Government has put the responsibility up to the Turks, simply because they were in unquestioned control of Smyrna at the time, and did not take the necessary steps to prevent the disorders and disaster. This is the legal and fair view, beyond which it is useless to try to go. Passion and panic and the other baser sentiments prevailed among all classes concerned.

What one may see on the route of the Greek Army's flight, climaxing in the desolation of Smyrna, seems to relegate to an unimportant place the responsibility for one individual disaster. In its bigness, the whole horror of hate looms above every other consideration. Just as Smyrna today, looking unreal and like the end of the world in the moonlight, is a worse spectacle than wrecked Verdun at the time of the Armistice, so this entire spectacle of a land which is sowing and harvesting bitterness surpasses any modern comparison. This is not the West at its worst, destroying cities by bombardment; it is the old East, running true to immemorial form. After this fashion did Jenghiz Khan and Osman and Tamerlane and the hordes out of mid-Asia. Savage barbarism; mad and ruthless and needless destruction; berserk fury at a foe; deep-nurtured religious and racial passions finding vent in atrocious acts of unreason—this is the story a traveler reads today in the land where Christianity took its greatest rise, and to which and concerning which much of the New Testament was written. Will anything short of a drastic reapplication of those same New Testament teachings save it now from the fruit of its own worst nature?

Wreck survivors tell how tobacco kept them going

When food and water gave out on third day, they smoked until rescued

Perhaps they were only pirates of the sea, and deserved no great charity from the hand of Fate. Nevertheless, they were very much human beings when they found themselves miles out to sea adrift in an open boat.

With two days' supply of food and water, they confidently expected to be rescued in plenty of time. But when the third day passed and no friendly sail appeared on the horizon, it began to look like a case for Davy Jones's locker.

One of the victims, crazy with thirst, suggested that they divide a bottle of iodine and end the agony quickly.

"The tobacco hasn't given out yet," said another. "Let's stick it out a while longer." And they did.

Late in the afternoon of the fifth day a tramp schooner saw their distress signals and came valiantly to the rescue.

"The only thing that kept us going at all was tobacco," one of the survivors admitted when he was safely deposited on dry land again. "We smoked and chewed, and that sort of kept us up."

Tobacco is certainly a poor substitute for food and water—but under the stress of trying circumstances smoking a pipe is a big help.

Pipes filled with Edgeworth probably have no more soothing effect than pipes filled with other tobaccos, but most Edgeworth smokers somehow feel that they need Edgeworth to get complete pipe satisfaction.

If you have never smoked Edgeworth, send your name and address on a postcard to Larus & Brother Company. They will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.



Smoke a few pipefuls and judge for yourself whether or not you wish to become a permanent member of the Edgeworth Club.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include on your postcard the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



Far More Home Comfort With Honeywell Heat Control

Thousands of home owners would tell you they never knew how much comfort and convenience there is in automatically controlled heat until they installed the Honeywell Regulator.

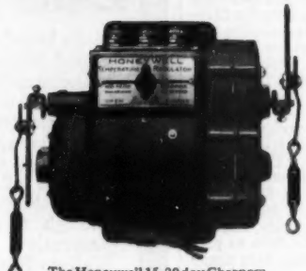
Instead of varying temperatures, now up, now down, they enjoy an *even* heat. It never deviates from the degree they select themselves, night or day. The thermostat automatically attends to this—whether they are at home or away.

Frequent trips to the basement are no longer necessary. If the temperature is raised a degree too high, or drops a degree too low, the thermostat causes the motor to regulate the fire immediately.

Honeywell Regulators are easily installed on any type of heating plant—warm air, steam, vapor or hot water—whether the fuel be coal, oil or gas. Honeywell superiorities explain why probably the largest manufacturer of furnaces in the world recommends and sells Honeywell Regulators exclusively. A descriptive booklet is yours upon request.

Honeywell Regulators are sold by American Radiator Co., U. S. Radiator Corporation, International Heater Co., Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Fox Furnace Co., Henry Furnace and Foundry Co., Majestic Furnace Co., Hall Gas Furnace Co., Pacific Gas Radiator Co., and many other manufacturers and jobbers.

Honeywell Regulators are used by Consolidated Gas Co., New York, American Nokol Co., Chicago, Detroit Edison Company of Detroit, United Utilities and Engineering Corporation of Lansdale, Pa., and a large number of others, as part of their service and equipment.



The Honeywell 15-20 day Chronom Clock Thermostat, with new type electric motor, is the most advanced automatic heat regulating installation available. Superior in design and workmanship—Original in principle—Many exclusive features of control.

The Honeywell Heating Specialties Co.
Wabash, Indiana

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Temperature Regulators

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Santa Fe

Fred Harvey

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CALIFORNIA LIMITED

Also details as to cost of trip

THE HEART OF A SLOGANEER

(Continued from Page 27)

"Some people like tripe," said Miss Gussing.

Mrs. Bowser nodded. Then she grew unaccountably shy.

"Gussing," she asked, "what do you think of men?"

Miss Gussing made a quinine face.

"Reptiles!" she said briefly.

"You don't trust them then, Gussing?"

"No further than I can throw a hippopotamus," said Miss Gussing.

"A hippopotamus, Gussing?"

"A hippopotamus," repeated Miss Gussing firmly.

"But surely some men are constant, don't you think?"

"No, not one of 'em," replied Miss Gussing positively. "They're reptiles—all reptiles."

"What reason have you for saying that?"

Miss Gussing averted her eyes and sketched little coffins in her shorthand notebook.

"I was engaged to an undertaker once," she said; "but he eloped with the widow of one of his clients. That," finished Miss Gussing simply, "is why I left Poughkeepsie."

"I can't believe all men are reptiles," began Mrs. Bowser; then she checked herself. "Gussing, we're gabbling like two boarding-school girls, and we've a magazine closing date for yesterday. We'll have to hurry and shoot the proof to them by tomorrow. Just hand me the proof of that double-page spread for Kiddy Panties, 'Trustworthy Trousers for Teeny Tota.'"

Perhaps it was mere chance; perhaps it was a professional interest in the cheese-serving proclivities of a great hotel. Whatever the cause, noon found Mr. Bowser ensconced behind a palm in the corner of the acre or so of dining room at the Vanderbilt, skinning fresh plums as vindictively as if he had been a grand inquisitor and they heretics. He paused in the martyring of a half-flayed plum to sweep the room with a vacuum-cleaner eye that took in everything, including a pair of heads bent quite close together over a remote table. One head was feminine and copper-hued; the other was masculine and sleekly black. Mr. Bowser glowered at a plum. One word he spoke:

"Nincompoop!"

Then, after reflection, to his iced tea he remarked, "Probably I'm a fool. A woman has as much right to have friends as a man has. This doesn't mean a thing."

Perhaps it was a simple question of coincidence that at the dinner hour that evening Mrs. Bowser should elect to drop in at the St. Regis. She had decided that she must ask the manager to tell her what type of hot-water bottle was nearest the heart of the clientele of that hostelry; it would help in the Bedfello campaign, she decided. Of course, once in the hotel, a cursory glance about the dining room would not be amiss. It might give her an idea for some advertisements for No-Busto China, "The Crockery with a Conscience." The idea her swift survey gave her was not even remotely connected with crockery, conscientious or otherwise. It had to do with bangs—black bangs.

They were together again—he and she. They were eating lobster à la Newburg together. They were eating French peas together. They were sipping iced coffee together. J. Sanford Bowser was bending his own distinguished blond head toward those black bangs and was talking to her in a low, earnest voice; his eyes were gazing into hers. Mrs. Bowser turned away. She gripped her feelings.

"It's all right," she told herself. "It's all right. He has as much right to have his friends as I have to have mine. Taking a girl to dinner means nothing—nothing at all. Perhaps she wants a job—no, that can't be it, for in that case he wouldn't be taking her to the St. Regis. Well, I'll just ignore it. It means nothing at all. And anyhow, I certainly wear my clothes better than that frizzle-headed broomstick. Come, come, Bowser, buck up. Sanford has no more romance in him than a rubber duck. 'Romance is like lukewarm tapioca pudding to me. It's the bunk.' How often have I heard him say those very words."

She was smiling as she left the hotel; it was the smile of victory over an unworthy thought. But as she settled back in the upholstery of a limousine padded like the cell of a mad emperor, another thought, also unrelated to crockery, wiped the smile from her face.

"I wonder," she said, "if he has heard about me and Leander."

In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Bowser met each other in the private elevator that whisked them, and clients, to the Bowserian sanctums on the fifteenth floor.

"Good morning, Bowser," he said genially. There was no honey or dearie nonsense between them in business hours.

"Good morning, Bowser," she replied with equal cordiality.

"Had a Big Idea last night," he said; he always spoke in capitals.

"Really?"

"Yes; about Beardfoe, the Edible Shaving Cream. 'Your Cheeks Clamor For It.' Got time to hear it?"

"Certainly. Love to," she replied.

"It's for a big billboard poster," he explained, excitedly. "In the center is a huge red Dominating sausage. Out of the left-hand corner is thrust an eye-nabbing Dramatic hand, gripping a scimitar—a Turkish sword, you know. Then below, in smashing clarion letters, orange on a purple background, are the words, 'Beardfoe makes Ole Mister Razor Whiz through Hard-Boiled Whiskers like a Scimitar Through a Sausage!'"

"Excellent!" Mrs. Bowser beamed. "Dynamic, Bowser, positively dynamic!"

Mr. Bowser bowed to his associate sloganeer; for her to accept a slogan of his without at least one critical emendation was an experience of sufficient novelty to be termed refreshing. He escorted her to her office door, though it cut a minute and three-quarters from his working day; he even held it open for her.

"I hope you have a very good day, Bowser," he said in the specially engaging manner that he normally reserved for prospects. He radiated good will.

"The same to you, Bowser," returned his wife, with a smile that made Mona Lisa a grinning chromo in comparison.

They were alone, he in his office, she in hers. "How could I have mistrusted such a man?" she asked herself.

"How could I have mistrusted such a woman?" he asked himself. Voluntarily he raised Miss Mink's salary two dollars a week.

So blithe, so playful was his mood that he broke a fixed rule of his organization against speaking of personal matters during office hours, and went in person to his wife's office to invite her to lunch. It was to be a purely social lunch, he was prepared to tell her, and he was not going to bring along a single layout or proof sheet or bit of copy. If they did talk of advertising, say, the campaign for Horowitz's Romance Soap—"The Pores' Playmate," it would be her doing. In such a carefree, tradition-defying mood was the great sloganeer that he entered her office without making an appointment with her secretary, and even without knocking. Once in, surprise flickered over his masterful features. She was gone; the little leather sign on her desk announced, "Out to lunch. Back at two."

Gone to lunch, and it wasn't 12:30 yet! This was unprecedented; this—this was un-Bowserian.

There was, too, an un-Bowserian disorder on her broad desk. Deduction told him she must have left in a hurry. To keep an appointment? What appointment? A sinister shadow eclipsed his features. He glanced at the papers scattered on the desk. Then Mr. Bowser drew in a quick, sharp, startled breath; then Mr. Bowser became as pale as the summit of Mont Blanc. One single word had sprung to his eye. It was in the unmistakable, vigorous writing of Pandora Irene Bowser, and it was a word that obviously had no place in a business office. The word was "dearest."

He unnarrowed his eyes. It must be a note to him, although Mrs. Bowser seldom gave way to her emotions to the extent of "dearest." Reassured, he picked it up and read it:

Dearest: Tomorrow we can steal away—just you and me—to our own little house. Yes, our own little house! How I thrill as I write these words! It's a darling place, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." It's so sweet—just big enough for us two—a cozy living room, a nook where you and I—alone, dearest, alone—can breakfast, a duck of a kitchen and our own room, our very own. And such adorable plumbing! And a fireplace! I can picture us sitting before its cozy glow, with—some day, perhaps, who knows?—little ones at our knees.



Well Groomed Hands Wear Hays Real Mocha

Because of their exclusive style, velvet softness and sturdy service, Hays Mocha Gloves appeal to the discriminating who give attention to correct dress.

Hays Mocha Gloves

are made for men and women, in gray, tan or beaver, with self-stitched or embroidered backs.

This button on a glove indicates that it is made of first quality leather. HAYS

Hays Superseam

stamped inside the glove assures you that the seams are so stitched with silk that they will not ravel even though the thread is cut or broken.

Ask your dealer to show you a pair of Hays Real Mocha

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Gloversville, N. Y.
Largest producers of fine Buckskin Gloves in the world.



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Little learning hands need a good Wallace Pencil. It contains a durable lead of high grade graphite, which writes smoothly and steadily, and never gets gritty nor tiresome in use. Its wood is made of finest cedar, easy to sharpen, but sturdy enough to give proper protection to the lead. Wallace Pencils are popular with school boards, teachers and children alike.

Made in numerous grades and styles and sold by live dealers everywhere.

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GIVE HIM
A CUNO
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Mr. Bowser's handkerchief sponged the drops of horror from his brow. The house referred to was clearly not Caslon Farms, the palatial Bowser summer place on Long Island, nor yet the no less magnificent Bowser duplex apartment in the city. He brought all his will power to bear and read on.

Ah, sweetheart, think of having this little castle o' dreams! I never thought we could, not for years, anyhow; but we can, for it is ridiculously cheap. Think, dearest, of a love nest, our own love nest! I'm so happy, so very happy that we have found it. I can hardly wait till tomorrow. A million kisses.

YOUR OWNEST.

His fingers clutched the paper as if it had been a throat. Mr. Bowser went back to his office slowly. He walked as if he were walking in fly paper. He sat down at his desk. He did not go out to lunch. He just sat there. He chewed up three pencils and a pen. He broke two buzzer buttons. He ordered an almost-perfect campaign for Jazz Juice, the "Zippy Drink for Zippy Folks," entirely rewritten. He smoked an unadvertised cigarette. He even almost growled at a client.

Early in the afternoon, with a face cloudy and threatening storms, J. Sanford Bowser clamped his fifteen-dollar hat on his head and took his departure. His private elevator was still diving streetward when Mrs. Bowser, with a smile that would have turned vinegar to molasses, tapped on his office door. Elation was in her manner, but it gave way to disappointment when she saw that the office was deserted. The desire for a Marlborough-Somerset took her to his desk, and she lifted the brass box where the pedigreed cigarettes resided. There was a sheet of orange paper under it; it was the paper used by J. Sanford Bowser and by no lesser man. Automatically she ran her eye over it. Her lips grew taut, her whole figure stiffened. There in the bold characters of her spouse were the words:

Dear Irma: I have been thinking about your black eyes all day. I have seen many eyes, man and boy, but I have never seen eyes like yours. They are wonderful, so true, so full of life. They are perfect. Can you meet me at the usual place at seven? I must see those black eyes again.

It was signed simply "J. S. B."

"And this," said Mrs. Bowser, "is the man who said 'Romance is like lukewarm tapioca to me.' Reptile!"

The light in the Marlborough-Somerset was dashed out against the bronze ash tray.

"Likes black eyes, does he?" breathed Mrs. Bowser. "Well ——" She clenched her fist ominously.

Came morning, bright and clear; but the face of Pandora Irene Bowser was neither. A grim calm, herald of the typhoon, hung over her. Decision was written large on her countenance. Now and then she said to herself in a grating voice, "Reptile! Oh, the reptile!" She had decided to talk things over with him at breakfast, to tell him that their lives had come to an impasse, over the muffins and marmalade; but he did not appear for breakfast. With a finger like an icicle she buzzed for Miss Gussing.

Memo to Mr. Bowser:
In re: important personal matter.
I must see you in Quiet Room No. 3 at once.
P. I. BOWSER, Associate President.

The note had hardly left her office when the answer flew back:

Memo to Mrs. Bowser:
In re: important personal matter.
Was just about to memo you that I must see you in Quiet Room No. 3.
J. SANFORD BOWSER, President.

"He's going to confess," said Mrs. Bowser, tight of lip. "Now for it!"

She took up the damning orange memorandum and marched to Quiet Room No. 3. It was to the Quiet Rooms that the members of the Bowser staff took their thoughts; to them they repaired for uninterrupted heart-to-heart talks about canned Bologna, corsets, dog biscuits, mowing machines, shoe polish and the thousand and one other products the Bowsers, Inc., put on the map. They were restful places, these Quiet Rooms, done all in gray. Mr. Bowser's face seemed to have taken on the prevailing hue as he rose and bowed stiffly to his wife. Her answering nod was infinitesimal.

Straight to the gray table marched Mrs. Bowser, and she slapped down the orange memorandum as if she were playing an ace.

"What," she demanded, "do you mean by this?"

He looked at her blankly; he did not seem to see the memorandum.

"You're good at explaining things," she said, and her voice would have cut steel. "Well, just explain this black-eye business."

He paid no heed to the memorandum. Instead, he had taken from his vest pocket a violet sheet and with fingers that trembled a little thrust it under his wife's nose.

"Speaking of explanations," he said, "try to laugh this away."

Mrs. Bowser looked at the violet sheet. Then, to the utter amazement of her husband, she began to laugh.

"Stop, Jezebel!" he cried.

"You know all about this, then?" she asked.

"Not all, but enough." His voice was hollow.

"Just what do you know?"

For a Jezebel she was strangely calm.

"That you are planning to run off with a nincompoop with patent-leather hair!" he thundered. "That you have already arranged for a love nest where you can live in open shame! Here it is, in your own writing. He read:

"Dearest: Tomorrow we can steal away—just you and me—to our own little house. Yes, our own little house! How I thrill as I write these words! It's a darling place ——"

Mr. Bowser's voice broke. He did not want to believe that his ears were working, for they heard the laughter of his wife, ribald, abandoned.

"You laugh, you Jezebel, you laugh! By heaven ——"

"But it's so excruciating!" she managed to say. "I can laugh, even though you have betrayed me. That thing you've been reading is not a love letter."

"Oh, no?" said Mr. Bowser frigidly.

"It's an advertisement," his wife said.

"A—what?"

"An advertisement for Leander's Love Nest, 'The Already-Built-for-Brides Bungalow.'"

"What?"

"The nincompoop with the patent-leather hair," went on Mrs. Bowser, "is young George Leander, the advertising manager. I've been trying to land the account. There, I've let it slip out. But no matter—now that you've gone in for black eyes." She was not laughing now.

"Black eyes?" Mr. Bowser's own blue eyes were blank.

"Ask Irma," said Mrs. Bowser.

"You know Irma?"

"I've seen you together. So you're in love with her black eyes ——" Her voice was bitter.

A light seemed to penetrate the perplexity of Mr. Bowser. For the first time he really read the orange memorandum before him. Then the Quiet Room heard a strange sound. It was Mr. Bowser laughing; not the polite laugh he used for clients' anecdotes, but a genuine laugh that welled up from deep down inside him.

"You thought Irma and I ——" The thought overpowered him. "Why, man alive, Bowser, don't you know I never take anybody but clients to the St. Regis?"

"Clients?"

"Certainly! Irma Blankenhorn is advertising manager of the Perfection Artificial Eye Company. 'You can fool your own wife. Nobody can see through a Perfection Eye.' My own slogan, by the way. The black eyes referred to in this note to Irma—I always call my clients by the first names for business reasons—are glass eyes. They are beauties too."

"But we haven't the Perfection Artificial Eye account," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Haven't we, though?" said Mr. Bowser softly. Then, "Look here, Bowser, what day is today?"

"September eleventh," she answered.

"Yes, but what else?"

She looked away.

"Our wedding anniversary. I thought you'd forgotten."

"Forgotten? Say, look here! Why do you suppose I've been pussyfooting around with this Blankenhorn girl, meeting her outside the office and all that? Why do you suppose I've been talking Bowser Service to her till my tonsils ache?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bowser.

Mr. Bowser looked very hard at his shoe.

"I wanted to have a little surprise for you, Bowser," he said, "and I knew the thing you cared most about was new business, so I hustled out on the quiet, as I thought, and signed up the Perfection Eye people for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth."



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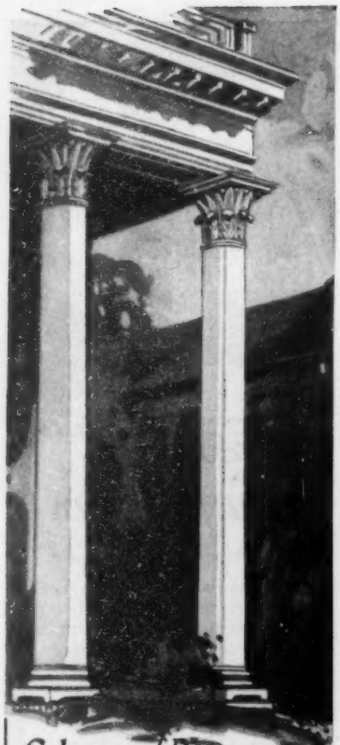
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Correspondence strictly confidential.

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Mrs. Bowser reached out and laid her hand on his.

"Yesterday," she said, "I got Leander's signature on a hundred-thousand-dollar contract for Love-Nest Bungalows. It was that 'dearest' ad of mine that sold him. I wanted it to be an anniversary surprise for you."

The Quiet Room heard a new sound. It was caused by Mr. Bowser forgetting himself and kissing Mrs. Bowser. She drew back.

"Why, Sanford—in business hours!"

"This is my business," said Mr. Bowser, and kissed her again.

"And you said," she murmured, "that romance to you was like so much lukewarm tapioca pudding."

"But I like lukewarm tapioca pudding," declared J. Sanford Bowser.

PEDDLER'S SIZE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Might fix up a trade for you, Mis' Hadlow. Be back this way some time this afternoon if I make out all right."

He put the package of Electric Cleanser on the bench beside the tub. "Might take and try this on your wash, anyhow. Won't cost you a cent—call it a sample." He hesitated. "How much did you and Jim put into the place, all told?"

She considered.

"It's hard to say. I had six hundred, and Jim must've spent more than that before I gave him mine to pay off the mortgage. But I'd be glad to get a thousand."

"When I come back you hold out for two thousand anyhow." Uncle Clem wagged his head. "Won't hurt to have room to come down a mite if we got to."

He moved with a swiftness that startled Elmer. Usually there were deliberate formalities of departure, but this time Uncle Clem was back on the seat in a single brisk motion; he took the reins without apology and spoke sharply to the team. Once in the highway, he even touched them lightly with the whip—a thing unheard of in Elmer's experience—and slapped the reins on their backs as they broke to a trot. Elmer said nothing until they drove straight by a promising farmhouse.

"Why don't we stop here?"

"Getting close to dinner time, and I got a sort of hankering to eat to a hotel for a change. Guess we can get to the Glen by noon."

"You going to sell that woman's place for her?"

Uncle Clem shook the lines.

"Don't know if I can, Elmer. Ain't ever tackled real estate, but I always had a kind of notion I'd admire to try it sometime. Sort of like to see if I could sell that there gold stock too. Le's see. Guess I'd say, 'Mr. Clinton, you're abs'lutely c'rect. Folks 't buy gold mines has to buy sight unseen, and that's why I'm giving you this here chance to get in spang on the ground floor of the King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corp'ration, where the gold's out on top, in plain sight, Mr. Clinton.' I'd say ——"

He was still saying it when they drove down the drowsy main street between the brick store buildings and turned into the alley that led past the porch of the Glen House to the hotel stables in the rear. The stock salesman waved affably from a splint chair in the strip of shade. Uncle Clem interrupted his hypothetical discourse long enough to moisten his lips.

II

"AND a dollar off 'n that f'r two dinners makes it cost you only a dollar 'n' a half net—best bargain you'll drive in a month of Sundays, Mr. Dougall. That there Universal C'mpendium'll pay f'r itself two-three times a week till you wear it plumb to pieces. One-fifty is just right, Mr. Dougall. Much obliged."

The eloquence which had relaxed Mr. Jesse Dougall's jaw and cash drawer had also drawn the stock salesman in from the porch. He watched Uncle Clem extract the bill and coin from Dougall's acquiescent fingers and slide the fat red book across the open register. The drawer and the jaw snapped shut together, a moment too late. Uncle Clem turned, his hand extended.

"How-do, sir? My name's Bixby. See by the register that yours is Magnerson. Right pleased to meet you again."

He shook hands cordially and lowered his lank height to a chair. Magnerson, grinning, followed his example.

"Reg'lar treat to listen to you this morning out yonder." Uncle Clem wagged his head. "Ain't often I get a chance to hear real genuine scientific salesmanship."

Mr. Magnerson's dark countenance softened visibly. He produced a fat cigar which Uncle Clem stowed carefully in his breast pocket, explaining that he wouldn't smoke it till after dinner. Elmer, swinging his legs in an opposite chair, watched expectantly. He had followed Uncle Clem's amended version of the compendium canvass with attention, just as he had listened a few minutes earlier to the less interesting debate in the stables, culminating in the sale of a bottle of spavin cure to the hostler. His face revealed a certain disappointment at Uncle Clem's subsequent remarks.

"Yes, sir, a reg'lar treat. If that there dog hadn't went and raised all that rumpus I'd 've stayed outside till you got through. Guess you sold him a right good bill of stock, all right."

Magnerson scowled reminiscently.

"You lose. Never made a dent in him."

"Kind of afraid you wouldn't. Hadlow, he's peddler's size, I guess. Sight of folks like that, Mr. Magnerson. Takes somebody their own measure to handle 'em, sort of." He grinned. "Too bad you wasted your trip."

"Guess it won't break me."

Magnerson rolled his cigar skillfully across his mouth and crossed his legs. Uncle Clem agreed with wistful eagerness. Across the room Elmer scowled. It displeased him to observe his uncle's deference; Elmer saw nothing whatever to admire or respect in Mr. Magnerson.

"Don't s'pose it will." Uncle Clem tilted his head. "Don't s'pose you care one way or the other. Sight of difference between your business and mine."

Magnerson accepted the tribute modestly by rolling the cigar back to the other corner of his mouth.

"Yes, sir, a sight of difference," said Uncle Clem again. "I s'pose you aim to go back to the city right off, without trying to sell nobody else out here. Don't know as I blame you either. Ain't nobody here except old man Hadlow 't could buy enough to make it worth your while to stay around."

Magnerson twisted his fat neck so that his slightly undersized eyes dwelt obliquely on Uncle Clem.

"That's about the size of it," he agreed. "Of course, if I ran into somebody else I might give him a chance to buy in; but ——"

He paused, and his expression became visibly more alert, a great fold of loose jowl pushed up by the point of his collar as his neck twisted a little farther in Uncle Clem's direction.

"Say, if you know anybody around here that might want to get a slice of this ——"

Uncle Clem considered.

"I don't s'pose there'd be hardly anything in it for me, the way you're fixed," he suggested regretfully. "Wouldn't be worth your while to pay no c'mission, of course."

Magnerson's mouth opened and shut; a curious grimace contorted his face, as if he struggled against a strong emotion. But when he spoke his tone was casual enough.

"Not as a general thing—no. We're offering King Solomon stock so far below its real value right now that we'd be suckers to split with anybody. You can see that. But"—Mr. Magnerson appeared to contemplate a benevolent impulse—"but if you could tip me off to a good live prospect I guess I could make it worth your while. How about 5 per cent?"

Uncle Clem half closed his eyes to calculate. Slowly he shook his head.

"I was afraid it wouldn't work," he said. "The trade I was sort of studying over couldn't be handled without I had a bigger discount. I'm right sorry too."

Magnerson leaned closer.

"Look here, brother, I've wasted a day coming out here in the sticks. You lead me to a live one and we'll make it 10. How's that?"

"It's some better," admitted Uncle Clem. "It's mighty lib'ral, with a stock like that, 't you can sell most anywheres you like. But I'd have to get 20, anyhow, to handle

(Continued on Page 164)

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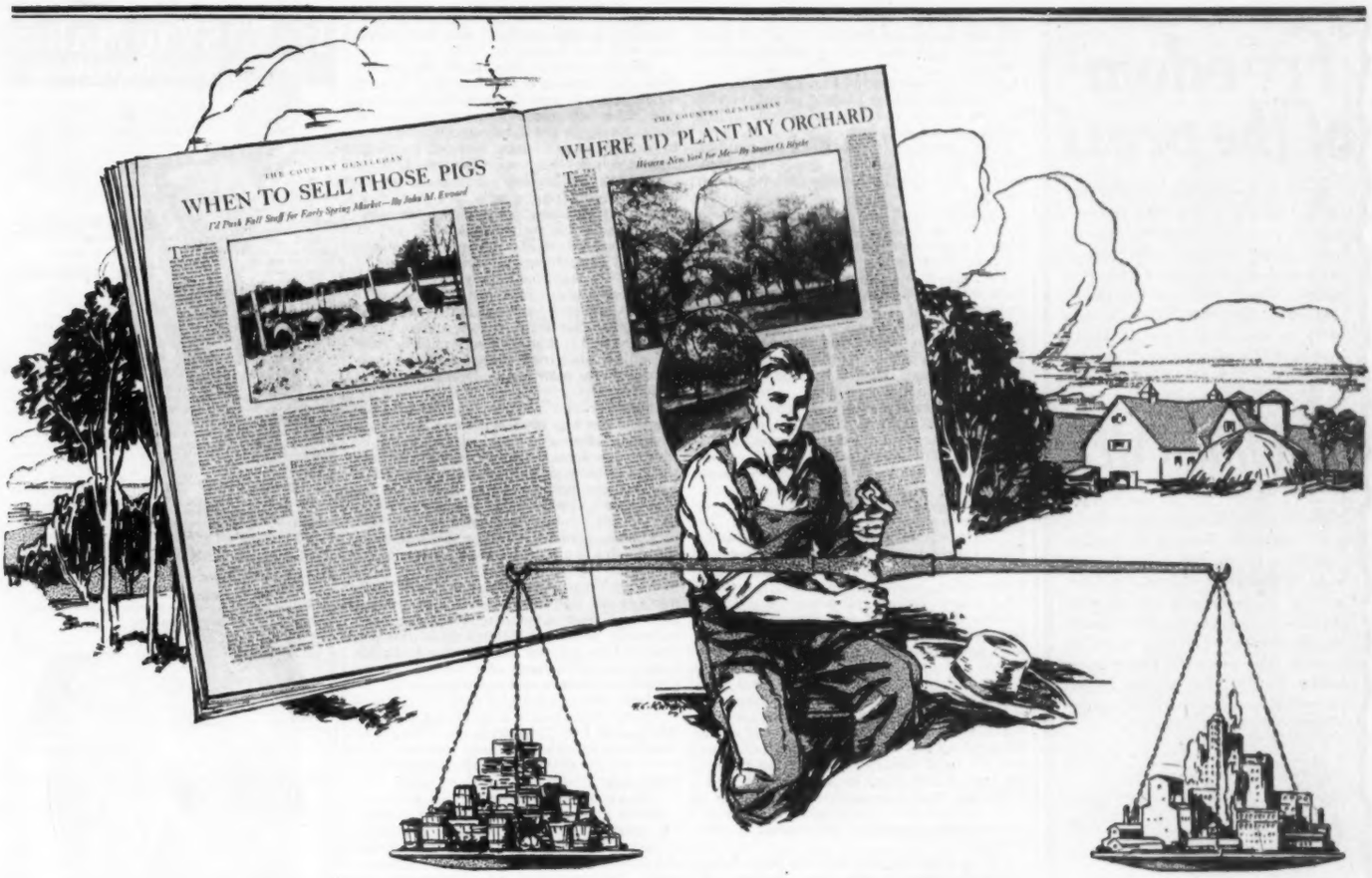
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(Continued from Page 162)

this here trade I'm figuring on, and it ain't in reason to s'pose you could afford nothing like that."

Magnerson examined him narrowly.

"On a small block I might go as far as 20 as long as it's you," he admitted. "It's making you a gift, but ——"

"I c'n see that," Uncle Clem interrupted gratefully. "I couldn't really ask that much. But this here trade 'd have to be handled ——"

He stopped. "Le's talk this over while we're eating dinner, Mr. Magnerson. It's kind of complicated, some ways; but I guess I c'n get it straight."

He leaned his elbows on the spotted cloth when the waitress had listened to their orders.

"Rec'lect that place where you passed me when you was driving into town? B'longs to old man Hadlow's daughter-in-law. Young Hadlow's dead and she wants to sell out and go back to the village. Mil'ner by trade, before she married him. Right tidy little farm too. It'd ought to fetch two thousand, and she's hanging out to get it. Old Hadlow won't pay a cent over sixteen hundred. Don't get on, them two."

Magnerson scowled.

"I don't see what ——"

"Gimme time and I'll show you." Uncle Clem leaned closer and his voice dropped a tone. "Get to know something about womenfolks, peddling. Sharper'n a needle, some ways. Rather sell a man any day, I would. But you get so's you can handle the women too. Great hands f'r swapping, they are." He chuckled. "Take and try to sell a woman a passel of tinware f'r a dollar cash, and she's bound to beat you down to maybe eighty cents. Take and offer her a dollar-fifty f'r a bunch of rags that's worth maybe two dollars, and she'll hang out all day to get two and a half. But you c'n most always swap her the tin for her rags, if you don't go talking cash first. Built that way, I guess."

He waited until the squeaking shoes of the waitress advertised her retreat to the kitchen.

"Now you was offering this here King Solomon stock to old man Hadlow f'r around ten cents on the dollar. S'pose you and me was to go out yonder this afternoon and swap Mis' Hadlow twenty thousand in stock f'r that there farm. Wouldn't wonder a mite if she'd do it."

Magnerson's jaws moved mechanically as he considered.

"Suppose she does. We'd have to sell the place to the old man to cash in, and he didn't look any too easy to me. If he wouldn't buy it I'd be stuck with a farm."

"He'll buy it all right." Uncle Clem nodded diagonally. "You gimme a chance to sell him that there place for less'n two thousand and I'll guarantee I c'n do it, same 's I sold him that Stylo Stylus this morning."

Magnerson slanted the little eyes toward him.

"A fifty-cent gimcrack's easier to sell than a two-thousand-dollar farm. Your work's smooth, all right; but ——"

"It don't matter what you're selling," insisted Uncle Clem. "It's who you're selling to 't counts. I c'n handle Hadlow. He's peddler's size, same's I told you."

Magnerson hesitated.

"Maybe, but suppose he ain't? Where'd I be, with a farm on my hands?"

"I'll tell you what. If I can't sell that farm to Hadlow for around what you pay for it, I'll buy it offen you myself. There!"

Magnerson chuckled.

"You? What with?"

Uncle Clem plunged a hand into his inner pocket and brought forth a worn pass book. He held it open at the last entry, which showed that the Pittland Savings Bank held a total of nearly eighteen hundred dollars to his credit. Magnerson's brows went up almost to his low-growing hair. He moistened his lips and drummed fat fingers on the untidy cloth.

"Here's the prop'sition," said Uncle Clem: "I'll help you buy Mis' Hadlow's place offen her so's you get it f'r two thousand dollars' worth of that there King Solomon stock, retail price. When you got it I'll either take and sell it to old man Hadlow f'r sixteen hundred cash, net to you, 'r else I'll take it offen your hands myself at what you paid. Guess that's fair enough, ain't it? Any way it works out you can't lose nothing."

Magnerson gave ground, his little eyes receding a bit farther into his skull.

"Maybe, but we'd have to get a deed drawn and acknowledged, and that would take time and bother."

"Won't, neither. Mis' Hadlow's got the deed all drawed only f'r the names. Soon's we get her sold you c'n drive her into town and have her acknowledge it in front of Judge Gregg, while Elmer and me stay out to her place and take care of her boy. Soon's you get back with her you and me c'n go over to Hadlow's and close up the deal. Easy as feeding milk to a shote."

Magnerson patently prolonged the argument against his inclination.

"Listens all right, but where do you come in? You doing this for your health?"

Uncle Clem grinned cheerfully.

"Guess it won't hurt my health none to pick up a tidy profit. Stand to make all I c'n get outen Hadlow over sixteen hundred, don't I? And you was mighty close to selling him that there stock for two thousand 's morning. Don't you fret about me."

Presently the waitress inquired tartly whether she was supposed to wait till suppertime before she could clear the table. Magnerson departed to reëngage the livery rig and Elmer waited on the porch while Uncle Clem performed an errand in the dingy brick block across the street. When he rejoined the boy he seemed in even better spirits. Elmer could hear him humming the doleful hymn tune as he crossed the sidewalk. Elmer scowled.

"What's the matter of you, son?" Elmer's frown tightened. Uncle Clem never gave him that name except when he was unusually pleased. "Don't look like you was glad we got this here chance to tackle some real big business. Ain't every day we c'n sell gold mines and real estate both."

Elmer swung a spiteful foot.

"I bet that man's a great big skinner, that's what I bet," he declared. "You beat him down easier'n that lady that was trying to sell the stove lids inside the rags that time. I bet ——"

"Sh-h! Yonder he comes."

Elmer glanced up, puzzled by the tone. For some reason Uncle Clem wasn't angry at him. The hand that dropped on his shoulder as Magnerson cramped the wheel before the horse block was unmistakably a friendly, approving hand. Elmer's spirits lifted. He even unbent so far as to accept Magnerson's noble gift of coltsfoot and licorice root, to which he devoted himself contentedly as the livery rig—a surrey this time, with a team of brisk trotters—outraced its dust cloud along the Glen road. On the front seat Uncle Clem was buoyantly optimistic.

"First-rate peddling weather," he announced. "Day like this a feller c'n take and sell most anything he's a mind to."

And Elmer, beginning on the second stick of licorice root, saw his uncle lick his lips as if he also tasted something good.

III

"AND Mr. Magnerson ain't only offering you a chance to come in spang on the ground floor of this here King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Corp'ration, Mis' Hadlow. It ain't only just the chance of a hull lifetime to get this here gold stock f'r ten cents on the dollar; it's more'n that—it's a chance to sell your place f'r a fair price, same 's you been wanting to sell it since last summer. You get two thousand dollars f'r the farm, Mis' Hadlow, and you get that there money all invested in this King Solomon stock—twenty thousand dollars' worth, Mis' Hadlow."

The woman spoke with a visible effort, her eyes moving from the peddler to Magnerson, his Stylo Stylus poised above the indorsement form on the back of the gilt-bordered certificate.

"It's right kind of you, Mr. Bixby, and I hate to look as if I didn't appreciate it; but"—she twisted her red fingers desperately—"but I got to sell the place for cash, or else stay right here. It's a roof over us, and we can make out to stay alive."

"I c'n see how you're fixed, Mis' Hadlow. Don't blame you a mite f'r wanting cash to open up your mil'n'ry store. And I'll tell you what I'll do, so's you c'n manage it whenever you're a mind to. Any time you want to sell this here stock I'll 'gree to sell it f'r you, Mis' Hadlow, 'r if I can't I'll buy it offen you myself. You only got to say so, and ——"

Her glance met his for a moment. She nodded wearily. "All right then, Mr. Bixby. It's mighty kind of you."

"What's the first name, Mrs. Hadlow?" Magnerson leaned forward over the table,

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the point of the Stylo Stylus describing tiny eager circles above the certificate. Uncle Clem raised his hand.

"Wait a minute! Guess you hadn't better write in Mis' Hadlow's name, Magnerson, long 's she wants I should get her the cash. You can just leave that space blank and write your own name down to the bottom. Then any time she goes to sell she can write in whatever name she sells to, without waiting to get a new c'tif'cate made out."

Magnerson shrugged and complied. He slid the indorsed certificate across to the woman, who lifted and studied it uncertainly.

"Now we'll drive in town and fix up that deed," said Magnerson briskly. "Bixby won't mind waiting here and taking care of your little boy, Mrs. Hadlow. Won't take over an hour before you're back again."

Mrs. Hadlow glanced at Clem Bixby as if in question. He nodded brightly.

"Good idee," he said. "Do you good to get a drive back of them high steppers, Mis' Hadlow. Me and Elmer'll take good care of Charlie. You go and get on your bonnet and fetch along that there blank deed while Mr. Magnerson unties the team."

Uncle Clem's cheerfully imperative gesture seemed to overbear her hesitation. Magnerson exploded in admiring whispers as the door closed after her.

"Sh-h! Better have the rig up to the door when she comes back." Uncle Clem touched a finger to his lip. "And, say, you might 's well bring Judge Gregg out with you when you come back. Kind of handy to have him over yonder when we got to transfer title to Hadlow."

Magnerson winked happily and departed. Uncle Clem waited by the inner door till the woman reappeared, ready for the drive.

"Might's well leave that there c'tif'cate, Mis' Hadlow, long 's you want I should sell it f'r you. Might get a chance to get you the cash right off."

She handed him the paper without argument, and he slipped it quickly into his pocket. The surrey, drawing up to the doorstep, interrupted her in a fumbling attempt at thanks. Uncle Clem led her out to it and stood watching until the dust cloud reached the bend in the road. He went around outside the house, to find Elmer and the solemn-faced Charlie each engaged with a fraying yellow twig of licorice root.

"Going to take a little walk, Elmer. You stay here and play with Charlie till I get back."

Elmer nodded.

"You sold it mighty slick, Uncle Clem. Bet you could, didn't I?"

Uncle Clem grinned.

"Guess it ain't so darn different from peddling, after all," he admitted. "Take good care of Charlie, Elmer. Be back pretty soon."

He rounded the house again, and keeping to a cow path through the pasture beyond the barn, walked briskly up the gentle slope toward a tongue of woods that shut off the view. His lips moved.

"Le's see. I'll say, 'This here King Solomon Black Sand's the reg'lar 'riferous kind 't don't need only a trip through one o' them there patent dredges to sieve the gold outen it same 's a thrashing machine gets the wheat outen straw. Yes, sir, I'll say, it ain't giving your dollar a fair deal without you leave it grow ——'"

IV

ELMER was puzzled as the team toiled up the slope toward Hadlow's. There had been no chance to question Uncle Clem about that short whispered talk with Mrs. Hadlow while the surrey waited out in front of the house. Elmer wondered what Uncle Clem could have said to make Charlie's mother cry that way, with her hands full of money. He wondered where Uncle Clem had got all those bills, too; he wondered why Magnerson's glowering face, turned at visible risk to the fat, short neck, didn't seem to make Uncle Clem stop talking.

"What ever happened to that there slick crook 't you ketched trying that seed-oats swindle?" Uncle Clem had already interfered with Magnerson's talk of King Solomon stock by prompting the judge to professional reminiscence. Now, in spite of Magnerson's facial rebuke, he interrupted again, just as Magnerson was explaining how the stock would bounce up when the first dredge started working up the auriferous black sand.

"We gave him four years down at Stillburn to think up a better one."

The judge spoke with evident relish. Uncle Clem chuckled.

"Sort of figured he'd get something like that." He addressed Magnerson: "Don't know as I ever struck a county 't's so down on swindlers as Tuck County is, specially since Judge Gregg's been county attorney. Jury don't give a crook hardly no show at all."

Magnerson grunted. The judge repeated another anecdote that seemed to bear out Uncle Clem's opinion. They stopped at Hadlow's side door and Magnerson tied the hitching rein with a sullen jerk. Hadlow, a stooped, gnarled figure in bagging black clothes, emerged to the porch, his lantern jaws close-set.

"You back?"

His tone and look made it clear that Uncle Clem was an unwelcome guest, but the peddler seemed content with the greeting.

"Yes, sir—me and Mr. Magnerson here been buying up some first-rate farm prop'ty and we figured we'd ought to give you a chance to bid on it, Mr. Hadlow. Been a right busy day f'r me so far, it has. Never figured I could come in here before sundown and offer you a bargain like this, No, sir. Wouldn't happen once in a month o' Sundays, Mr. Hadlow."

The words blurred as he moved past the surly old man, and Magnerson and Gregg followed him into the house. Through the open window, Elmer, agreeably occupied with the licorice root, caught an occasional fragment of the debate.

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Hadlow. That's just exactly what I was going to say myself. There ain't a ready sale for farm prop'ty, these times. That's why I talked Mr. Magnerson into coming up here to give you a chance to buy this here farm f'r half what it'd ought to fetch if he was to hang on to it. Yes, sir, if it wasn't like you say, I d'know if I c'd ha' made him do it."

Elmer nodded approvingly. Uncle Clem was just as good at selling a farm as he was at selling a lot of tinware. He listened to talk of prices; Hadlow, driven back on his reserves, haggled stubbornly now.

"You c'n set there and talk your head clean off," he snarled, "but you ain't goin' to talk me into givin' a cent over fifteen hundred f'r that farm, Bixby."

Elmer climbed down from the seat and approached the window.

"You figure you c'n talk me outen my eyeteeth, don't you?" Hadlow spoke bitterly. "Think I keep a bank under the floor somewheres? Know's well as I do t' I ain't got a cent of loose cash left." Decision came into his tone: "No, sir, if it's cash you want you're jest wastin' wind, Bixby."

"Tell you what—le's make it a trade then." Uncle Clem spoke in the key of one who concedes much. "Mr. Magnerson's in the gold-mine business, and you ain't. You're in the farm business and he don't know a thing about it. What say you trade him them two hundred shares in his gold



Buy Diamonds Direct
FROM JASON WEILER & SONS
of Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 47 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston,** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



This one carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in ladies' style 14K. solid gold setting. Order this diamond, take it to any expert, make any comparisons you wish—if you are not entirely satisfied your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**

1 carat $145.00



Newest style
Men's Diamond Ring
$150.00
Perfectly cut, blue-white diamond of fine brilliancy set in a men's solid 18K white gold mounting of Gypsy style. A remarkable value.



Ladies' All Platinum Diamond Ring
$200.00
Perfectly cut, blue white diamond of fine brilliancy in richly pierced and carved solid platinum ring of the newest design.

Our free Diamond Catalog shows all the latest styles in Ladies' and Men's Diamond Rings.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

¼ carat . .	$31.00	1½ carats .	$217.00
½ carat . .	50.00	2 carats .	290.00
¾ carat . .	73.00	3 carats .	435.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

If desired, rings will be sent to any **bank** you may name or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

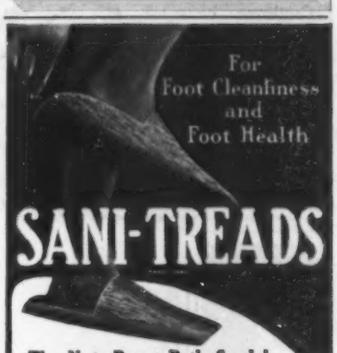
WRITE TODAY FOR THIS $5 CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities of a Million Dollars' worth of Diamonds, is considered an authority.



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361 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
Diamond Importers since 1876
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SANI-TREADS

The New Paper Bath Sandal
—Sanitary and Economical

Made of soft, tough, water-resisting fibre paper; clean, light, comfortable. An ideal bedroom and bath slipper; unequalled for travelling or visiting in trains, boats, hotels, clubs or private homes. No accumulated dust or germs as with ordinary slippers; inexpensive to replace when soiled. Special design and elasticity of material (patents pending) enable SANI-TREADS to fit any size or shape of foot comfortably. Two sizes only—ladies' and gentlemen's. Packed flat in sanitary sealed envelope; 4 pairs for 25 cents, at drug and department stores. (Price in Canada, 3 pairs for 25 cents).

Clubs and hotels find the supplying of SANI-TREADS is service greatly appreciated by guests and members.

Sales Agents: **Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.**
171 Madison Ave., New York

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail this coupon for a sample package, sent postpaid.

SANI-TREAD CO., Inc., 64 S. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.
I enclose One Dollar for 4 pkgs. (16 pairs) of SANI-TREADS (Ladies'_____pkgs.) (Gentlemen's_____pkgs.)
Name_____
Address_____

FREE A 15c box of Shinon Shoe Polish with any purchase of Shinon Products.
SALESMEN WANTED to sell above and other offers to the trade. Big commissions. A dandy side line. Roch. Chem. Co., Rochester, N.Y.

A Full Day's Pay

Do you have a steady job?
That pays good money?
All the money you want?
Or can you use an extra
$2.00 or $3.00 a day?

Without interfering in any way with your regular duties, here's an opportunity for you to give yourself a raise—to be generous to yourself.

Plus a $2.00 Bill

A FULL day's pay—plus a $2.00 bill! That's what literally scores of our workers are enjoying every week in the year—an extra $2.00 and more! Men and women with regular hours of employment who send us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.



Big Profits

It's a really delightful way of increasing your income, and the amount of money you can earn depends upon the amount of time you can give. Many subscriptions can be obtained during working hours; others will be easiest to obtain during the noon hour, in the evening or while going to and from work. Mr. Frank Hlavacek of Illinois has earned $3.00 extra in a single day and during working hours.

Why Not You, too?

Wouldn't you like an easy, dignified way of adding several dollars to your daily income? Then send us, without further delay, the coupon in the corner. It will bring you all the news of how, even though you have never had sales experience, an odd hour can be worth up to $1.50. Or how you can establish a permanent profitable business right in your own community.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
490 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IT'S EASY AND PLEASANT

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your cash offer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



"Save your breath, man—put shoe lacing hooks on your shoes."

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want.

SpeedWay



Speeds the job

That's the reason that you cannot afford to do without this portable SpeedWay U. L. D. if you sometimes drill holes away from the bench, in wood or metal. Sturdy and strong yet weighs only 11¾ pounds. Drills ½ inch hole in steel as quick as the biggest. Price only $55

Write for our Catalogue

Learn about other SpeedWay tools that will increase profits for Garages, Machine Shops, Contractors, etc. Shows 11 types Drills, 6 Hammer Drills, 4 Portable Grinders, Screw Drivers, Slate Drills, etc. Write today.

Let our Engineering Department help you

ELECTRO MAGNETIC TOOL CO.
1830 So. 52nd Ave., Cicero (adjoining Chicago), Ill.
Distributors: Please write, your territory may be open

mine f'r this here farm? Guess that's a fair swap, ain't it, Mr. Hadlow, considering what you give f'r the stock?"

An inarticulate noise escaped from Magnerson. Elmer was interested in the phenomenally red tint of his face. Uncle Clem continued briskly, while Hadlow scratched the white stubble at the side of his chin.

"'Course that there stock's worth two thousand, and a sight more, the same 's Mr. Magnerson's been telling the judge here; but so's the farm too. Looks to me like a swap 'd suit all hands. You get a two-thousand-dollar farm f'r a passel of gold-mine shares 't only cost you fourteen hundred and sixty, and Mr. Magnerson gets two thousand dollars' worth o' stock f'r a piece of land he's offering for sixteen hundred. Both of you making around five hundred dollars clean profit outen the deal, ain't you?"

Elmer, watching Magnerson, saw the purple tinge of his skin fade down to a muddy yellow, saw his little eyes twitch toward Judge Gregg, who contemplated him between attentive, half-closed eyelids, his chair blocking the doorway. Uncle Clem turned to the mining man.

"Suits you, don't it, Mr. Magnerson? This here stock's just the same as cash to you, ain't it? You can get two thousand f'r it any time you want to sell, 'r you c'n hang on to it and maybe get twenty thousand, soon's that there patent dredge starts in to sieve the gold outen that 'riferous black sand. Told you I'd get you what you give f'r the place, didn't I?" he chuckled. "Kind of funny, though, to get you back the same c'tif'cate you give Mis' Hadlow."

Magnerson slanted another glance at the judge.

"All right," he said, "I'll do it." He loosened his collar with a tremulous forefinger. "Fix up the deed and I'll sign it."

He pocketed the stock certificate when the transaction was completed and squeezed past the judge's chair to the doorway. Here for a moment he paused, his mouth opening as if for speech. Then, with a movement surprisingly swift for a fat man, he reached the hitching post, untied the strap and sprang to the seat. The surrey clattered downhill as the other men reached the porch.

"Looks like you'd have to walk back to town," said Hadlow. "Serves you right."

He slammed the door on them. Uncle Clem seemed only mildly displeased. He turned to the judge.

"Guess we c'n go cross lots and get Mis' Hadlow to drive us in town. It ain't far. Come over in ten minutes a while back, and Mis' Hadlow acted like she was kind of satisfied with the deal when I give her that fourteen-sixty."

Gregg chuckled as they started toward the fence.

"Pretty near talked my ear off driving out, trying to sell me some stock. Just about choked, trying not to laugh, I did." He laughed now. "You'd make a pretty good crook yourself, Bixby, if you went in for it."

"I bet he'd be better'n that Magnerson," said Elmer stoutly. "I said he was a great big skinner, didn't I, Uncle Clem?"

He felt carefully of his pocket; there was still quite a lot of coltsfoot left.

Uncle Clem's hand rested briefly on his shoulder.

"D'know 's I'd call him that exactly. Skinner, maybe, but I guess he ain't so much over peddler's size when you come right down to it. Beats all how many smart folks ain't, Elmer."

He seemed to be reminded of something. His hand moved from Elmer's shoulder with a jerk.

"Here's something you'd ought to have in your pocket, judge—the Stylo Stylus, the self-filling ink pencil 't positively can't clog, leak, scratch 'r ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

October 27, 1923

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Skookum Chuck: The Adventure of the Subliminal Quack—*Stewart Edward White*	3
Sixty Days—*George Weston*	8
Out for Himself—*Thomas McMorrow*	12
The Cold-Blooded Little Fish—*David William Moore*	16
The Stranger in the Village—*Philip Gibbs*	17
Ten Dollars a Hole for the Heathen—*Walter Prichard Eaton*	18
Peddler's Size—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	24
The Heart of a Sloganeer—*Richard Connell*	26

ARTICLES

The Fur Supply—*Hal G. Evarts*	5
The Star of Empire—*Albert W. Atwood*	6
Suds—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	10
The Night Has a Thousand Eyes and Man But Two—*Woods Hutchinson*	14
Working the Workers—*Forrest Crissey*	20
American Coöperation for World Peace—*David Jayne Hill*	29
Little Stories of the Old Days—*H. H. Kohlsaat*	38
The Hate Sowers—*William T. Ellis*	40
Why the Office Boy is Scarce—*James H. Collins*	152

SERIALS

My Book and Heart (Conclusion)—*Corra Harris*	22
Winnie O'Wynn and the Vultures (Conclusion)—*Bertram Atkey*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The West Sells and Saves with THE NEW MULTIGRAPH


Luther Grinder Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

In Wisconsin

The Luther Grinder Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee reports:

(1) Saves 30% to 35% on all printed material.
(2) Paid for itself in 7 months.
(3) Saves four to seven days in getting advertising campaigns under way.
(4) Prints halftones and two-color jobs.


Red Jacket Mfg. Co., Davenport, Ia.

In Iowa

"Our factory is working on orders totalling 12 carloads of pumps and cylinders, which is the result of 150 Multigraph-ed letters we sent out."

The Multigraph saved 50% of their printing costs in the past four years, reports the Red Jacket Manufacturing Company, Davenport. It will save for you, too.


E. & A. Opler, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

In Illinois

E. & A. Opler, Inc., Chicago, cocoa and chocolate products, with the aid of Multigraph-ed letters alone, opened up 968 wholesale accounts in 48 states during 1922 when cocoa was almost a drug on the market.

This company began with the New Multigraph but as business increased a Senior Multigraph became necessary.


American Building & Loan Assn., Topeka, Kan.

In Kansas

Savings with Multigraph are so commonplace that the American Building and Loan Association, Topeka, take it as a matter of course. "*On a dividend basis*, not considering service, convenience, or privacy, our equipment is worth *six times part*"

You cannot dispute its value in the face of such evidence.


Old Bankers Life Insurance Co., Lincoln, Neb.

In Nebraska

The Old Bankers Life Insurance Co., Lincoln, Multigraph user for years, is very enthusiastic.

"We recommend the Multigraph as a *paying* proposition to anyone who can use it."

And Multigraph uses are practically unlimited, as we would like to show *you*.

In Michigan

In three and one-half months—200,000 form letters, 33,000 order blanks, 33,000 post cards and the bulk of their office forms—all at an actual saving of more than 50%. That is the story of three and one-half months in the Multigraph Department of the Kalamazoo Stove Company. No wonder they're enthusiastic.


Kalamazoo Stove Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

In South Dakota

The Dallas Farmers Union Coöperative Mercantile Company of Dallas, spent $2,400.00 for advertising last year. Then they bought the New Multigraph. Now they are spending $600.00; cover more territory—increased sales and profits. They recommend this equipment to any merchant in any line of business.


Dallas Farmers Union Coöperative Mercantile Co., Dallas, S. D.

In North Dakota

The Ryder Mercantile Company of Ryder, N. D., using the New Multigraph spent during 1922, $696.49 for advertising as compared with $1,372.86 in 1921—a clear saving of 50%, and as they say—"we had better results from our advertising." Just another example of how the New Multigraph *saves* while it *sells*.


Ryder Mercantile Co., Ryder, N. D.

In Minnesota

Several circulars a month cost R. A. Paulson, owner of a general store at Henning, more than he could afford. He bought the New Multigraph. Now he prepares more sales material at a much lower cost and his sales are on the increase.

Big city or small town; big business or little—the Multigraph will increase profits.


R. A. Paulson, Henning, Minn.

In Missouri

The Fidelity National Bank and Trust Company of Kansas City, found their first Multigraph a paying investment. They have added more machines.

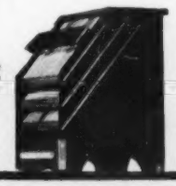
Banks are careful buyers. Their purchases must pay dividends. There are Multigraph equipped banks everywhere.


Fidelity National Bank and Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.

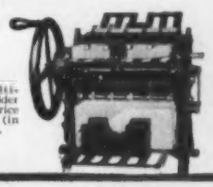
EVERYWHERE

Letters pour in from all over the United States and Canada—from large and small companies alike. Every line of business is represented. We have "Definite Facts" to present to you; telling of actual money saved and sales made *in your line of business* with the Multigraph. Write for your copy of "Definite Facts." The coupon will bring it.


This is the New Multigraph.


This is the Multigraph Typesetter.


The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment.


The Multigraph Folder Junior. Price $100.00 (in U. S. A.).

$30.00 DOWN Balance on Easy Terms or $150.00 CASH

Prices in Canada: $38.00 down; cash price $190.00. Printing Ink Attachment $37.50.



THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY
1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please give me, without obligation, more information on the New Multigraph and what it has done, and what it will do in my business.

My business is _____

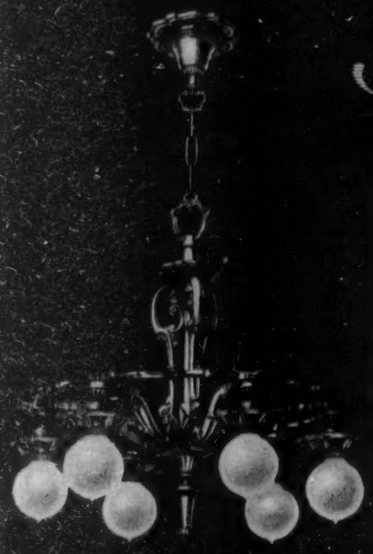
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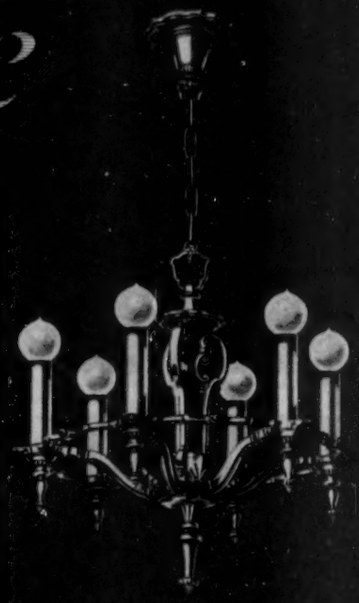
City _____ State _____

Street Address _____

S. E. P.-10-27.

Riddle





BECAUSE Riddle Fitments are selected for so many of the finer homes it is perhaps natural to assume that they are high priced. That is not, however, the case, the prices ranging from $4 to $57.50. Compare Riddle Fitments at these prices with ordinary lighting fixtures and you will appreciate the exceptional value you can secure in a Riddle installation, especially when you consider the individual style and the beauty of design and decoration that characterize all Riddle productions. Any dealer will gladly give you an estimate on fitments for a new residence or apartment or to replace old-style lighting fixtures. Folder showing styles in the new Esperanto Decoration sent on request.

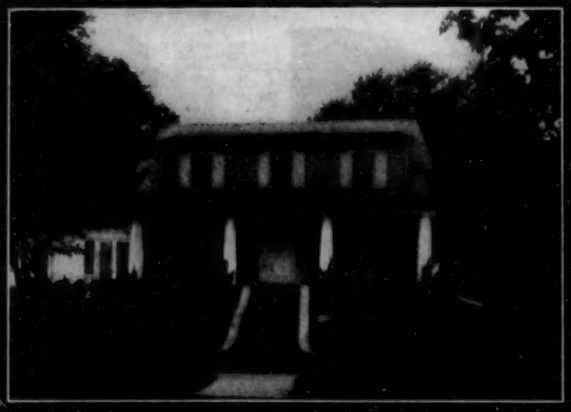
THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

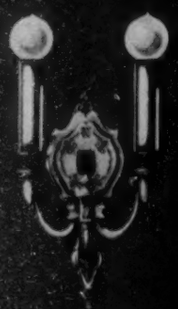




RESIDENCES IN COLUMBUS, OHIO
EQUIPPED WITH RIDDLE DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

The residence shown below is the Columbus Model Electrical Home for 1923, with Riddle Fitments throughout







Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



THIS floor of Armstrong's Brown Linoleum has been brightened by waxing and polishing—the only care a linoleum floor ordinarily requires.

You would enjoy living in this room

SOME living-rooms are cold and without life. Only the presence of people can animate them.

This room breathes the true spirit of a living-room. There is a harmony in its color and setting that welcomes even when no voice cries, "Come in." The room itself invites.

Imagine a different floor here and you have imagined a different room. This floor is linoleum, and a linoleum floor of well-chosen color and design becomes part of the room as well as of the house construction.

There is more than color and decoration to a linoleum floor. There are smoothness, quiet, warmth, and permanence. A properly laid floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is perhaps the easiest of all floors to clean. An occasional waxing and polishing restores its newness, and it never requires costly refinishing.

If your house needs new floors or if you expect to build, go to a furniture or department store and examine Armstrong's Linoleum. You will see plain colors, Jaspés, or two-tone effects, and distinctive parquetry, inlaid and printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid, for any room, from entrance hall to attic.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

You can make sure that you are getting Armstrong's Linoleum by looking for the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

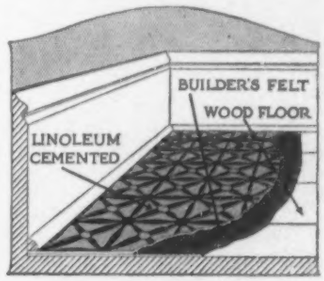
"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

800 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



Keeps

Food Utensils Wholesome and Hygienic

Old Dutch Cleanser works wonders in cleaning your stove and cooking utensils. It insures absolute cleanliness and makes everything wholesome and sanitary.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser free from lye, acid and hard, sharp grit. That's why it is so thorough and economical. Its fine particles, which are flat-shaped, cover a great amount of surface; and easily and quickly wipe away all grease, crusts, stains and impurities without scratching.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch for saving time and work. Use it for all cleaning.

